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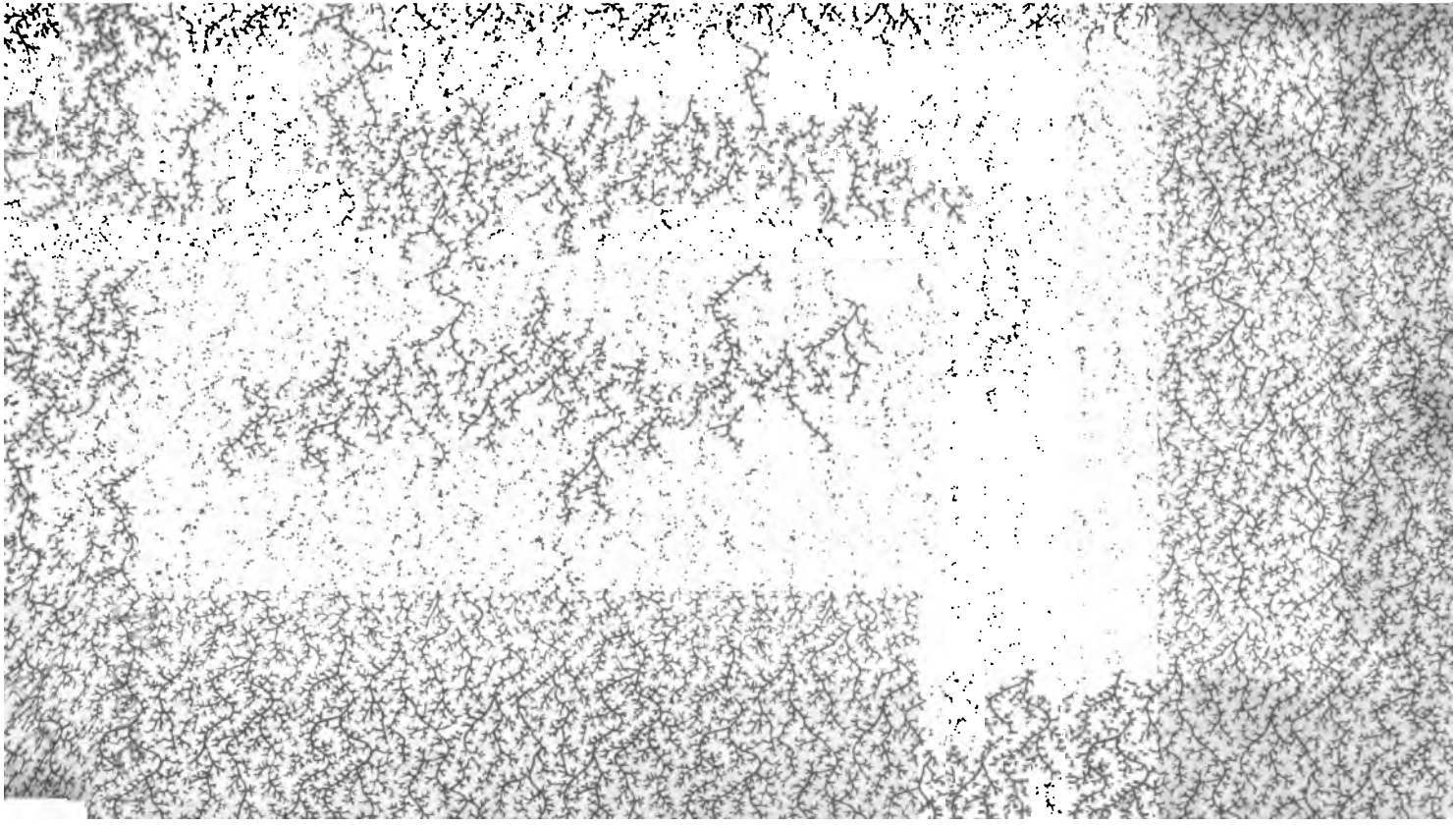

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

VOL. II.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN MOORE, M.D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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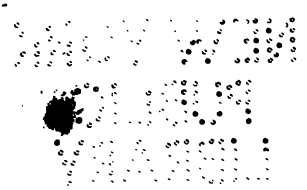

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following observations on Italy, and on Italian manners, occurred in the course of the same Tour in which those contained in a book lately published, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, were made. All who have read that Book will perceive, at first sight, that the present Work is a continuation of the former: but to those who have not, it was thought necessary to account for the abrupt manner in which the following Letters begin.

CLARGES STREET,
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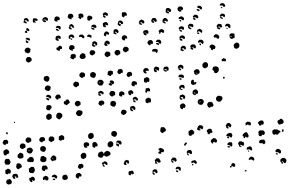

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A

VIEW

OF

SOCIETY AND MANNERS

IN

ITALY.

LETTER I.

DEAR SIR, *Venice.*

HAVING left Vienna, we proceeded through the duchies of Stiria, Carinthia, and Carniola, to Venice. Notwithstanding the mountainous nature of those countries, the roads are remarkably good. They were formed originally at a vast expense of labour to the inhabitants, but in such a durable manner, that it requires no great trouble to keep them in repair, to which all necessary attention seems to be paid. Some of the mountains are covered with wood, but more generally they are quite bare. Among them are many fields and valleys, fit for pasturage and the cultivation of grain; a few of these valleys are remarkably fertile, particularly in the duchy of Carniola. The bowels of the earth abound in lead, copper, and iron. Stirian steel is reckoned excellent: and the little town of Idra, in Carniola, is famous for the quicksilver mines in its neighbourhood.

It has been a matter of controversy among the learned, (for the learned dispute about many things which the ignorant think of little importance), by what road the original inhabitants came, who first peopled Italy? And it has been decided by some, that they must have entered by this very country of Carniola. These gentlemen lay it down as an axiom, that the first inhabitants of every

country in the world, that is not an island, must have come by land, and not by sea, on account of the ignorance of the early inhabitants of the earth in the art of navigation; but Italy being a peninsula, the only way to enter it by land, is at some part of the isthmus by which it is joined to the rest of Europe. The Alps form great part of that isthmus, and, in the early ages, would exclude strangers as effectually as the sea. The easiest, shortest, and only possible way of avoiding seas and mountains, in entering Italy, is by the duchy of Carniola and Friuli. *Ergo*, They came that way. Q. E. D.

In contradiction to the preceding demonstration, others assert, that the first inhabitants came in ships from Greece; and others have had the boldness to affirm, that Italy had as good a right as any other country to have inhabitants of its own original production, without being obliged to any vagrants whatever.

I thought it right to give you the opinion of the learned on this country, because it is not in my power to describe it from my own observation; for we passed through those duchies with a rapidity which baffles all *description*.

The inns are as bad as the roads are good; for which reason we chose to sleep on the latter rather than in the former; and actually travelled five days and nights, without stopping any longer than was necessary to change horses.

This method of travelling, however agreeable and improving it may be in other respects, is by no means calculated to give one the most perfect and lasting idea of the face of a country, or of the manners and characters of the inhabitants; and therefore I hope you will not insist upon an exact account of either.

Among other curiosities which our uninterrupted and expeditious movement prevented us from observing with due attention, was the town of Gratz, the capital of Stiria, through which we unfortunately passed in the middle of the night.

I did not regret this on account of the regularity of

the streets, the venerable aspect of the churches, the sublime site of the castle, and other things which we had heard extolled; but solely because we had not an opportunity of visiting the shrine of St. Allan, a native of England, who formerly was a Dominican monk of a convent in this town, and in high favour with the Virgin Mary, of which she gave him some proofs as strong as they were extraordinary. Amongst other marks of her regard, she used to comfort him with milk from her breasts. This, to be sure, is a mark of affection seldom bestowed upon favourites above a year old, and will, I dare say, surprise you a good deal. There is no great danger, however, that an example of this kind should spread among virgins. Of the fact in the present instance there can be no doubt; for it is recorded in an inscription underneath a portrait of the saint, which is carefully preserved in the Dominican convent of this city. We continued our journey, in the full resolution of reaching Venice before we indulged in any other bed than the post-chaise; but were obliged to stop short on a sudden for want of horses, at a small town called Wipach, bordering on the county of Goritia, in Carniola.

Before setting out from Vienna, we had been informed, that the archduke and his princess were about to return to Milan; for which reason we thought it advisable to remain at Vienna eight days after their departure, to avoid the inconveniences which might arise from a deficiency of post-horses on such an unfrequented road.

Having taken our measures with so much foresight, we little expected, when we actually did set out, to meet with any delay in our progress.

The archduke and his duchess, however, had thought proper to go out of the direct road as far as Trieste, to view the late improvements of that town, whose commerce is greatly encouraged and protected by the emperor; and remaining there a few days, all the post-horses which had been assembled to carry them to Trieste, were kept in the post-houses for their use; consequently we found none at

Wipach. It began to grow dark when we arrived; the postmaster was smoking his pipe at the door. As soon as the chaise stopped, we called to him to get ready the horses without loss of time; for, I added, with a tone of importance, that we could not possibly stay a moment. To this he replied coolly, that since we were in so very great a hurry, he should not attempt to detain us, but that he had no horses to carry us on. I asked, how soon they could be got. He answered, when they returned from attending the archduke; but whether that would be the next day, the following, or a day or two after, he could not tell.

It appeared a great hardship to be stopped short, so unexpectedly, at a little paltry inn, and we agreed that nothing could have happened more unfortunately. After a few hasty ejaculations, which regarded the posting establishment, and the lords of police of this country, we resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and bear our misfortunes with firmness and equanimity.

As we stepped out of the chaise, I ordered the postmaster, therefore, to get ready beds, a good supper, and some of his best wine. Instead of receiving these injunctions with marks of satisfaction, as I expected, he answered without emotion, that he had no wine but for his own drinking; that he never gave suppers to any but his own family; and that he had no bed, except that which he himself, his wife, and his child occupied, which could not easily hold any more than them three at a time.

I had not hitherto perceived that this man's house was not an inn: as soon as I was undeceived, I begged he would inform us where the inn was. He pointed with his pipe to a small house on the opposite side of the street.

There we were told, that all the victuals in the house were already devoured—three or four guests were in every spare room—the family going to bed—and they could not possibly receive any more company. We had nearly the same account at another little inn, and an absolute refusal at every house where we sued for admittance.

The town of Wipach is so near Goritia, that no travellers, except those of the meanest kind, ever think of stopping at the former; and therefore the inhabitants have no idea of making preparations for other guests.

In this dilemma I returned to our postmaster, who was still smoking his pipe before the door. I informed him of our bad success, and, in a more soothing tone of voice than that in which I had formerly addressed him, begged to know how we were to dispose of ourselves that night. He replied, with admirable composure, *that* was more than he could tell; but as the horses were expected in a few days, if I should send him word where we were to be found, he would take care to let us know the moment they should be ready; in the meantime, as it began to rain, and the evening was exceedingly cold, he wished us a very good night. So saying, he went into the house, shutting and bolting the door very carefully after him.

No philosopher, ancient or modern, ever supported the distresses of others with more equanimity than this man.

We were now fully convinced, that to be under the necessity of remaining all night at an inn, when they incline to proceed on their journey, is not the most unfortunate thing that can befal travellers, and would have now been happy in that situation which we had considered with horror an hour or two before.

In this forlorn condition I turned to an Italian servant of the duke of Hamilton's, a shrewd fellow, who seldom wanted a resource in times of difficulty. He seemed, however, a little nonplussed on the present emergency; he stood shrugging his shoulders, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length, starting as if he had that instant awaked, he muttered, 'Cent ore di maniconia non pangano un quattrino di debito,' and then walked away with an air not totally devoid of hope.

I attended him, without knowing upon what his expectations were founded. We came to a convent of monks, and got admittance; the Italian called for the superior,

and told him, in a few words, our condition. The venerable old man heard him, with an air of benevolence; he expressed sorrow at the treatment we had received, and, desiring me to accompany him, said he would endeavour to find us lodgings. He conducted us to a poor looking house, occupied by a widow and her children. As soon as the good monk had mentioned our case, she said we should be most welcome to such entertainment as she could afford. We had an excellent suppper of sour krout, and sallad. I shall never forget it. I found her wine excellent, and her beds delightful; the good monk seemed to enjoy the satisfaction we expressed, and positively refused to accept of any other recompense for his trouble.

Had we found the most elegant inn, and the most luxurious supper at our arrival, we might possibly have spent the evening in repining at being disappointed in post-horses; but the dread of so small a misfortune as passing the night supperless in the streets, reconciled us at once to the widow's hovel, and made us happy with her homely fare; so necessary is a certain portion of hardships or difficulties for giving a zest to enjoyment. Without them, the comforts of life are apt to become insipid; and we see that the people who, independent of any effort of their own, have every enjoyment at their command, are, perhaps, of all mankind, those who have the least enjoyment.

The widow, as we understood in the morning, had sat up all night with her family, that we might be accommodated with beds. She had no reason to repent her hospitality. The poor woman's gratitude made her talk loudly of the duke of Hamilton's generosity; which coming to the ears of the postmaster, induced him to make an effort to get the chaises dragged on to Goritia, without waiting the return of the post-horses.

This was performed by three cart-horses and two oxen, which were relieved in the most mountainous part of the road by buffalos. There is a breed of these animals in this country; they are strong, hardy, and docile, and found

preferable to either horses or oxen, for ploughing in a rough and hilly country.

When we arrived at Goritia, we found the inhabitants in their holiday dresses, at the windows, and in the streets, waiting with impatience for a sight of the grand duke and duchess. Having applied at the post-house for horses, we were informed that none could be granted, all being retained for the accommodation of his highness. I could not help remarking to the duke of Hamilton, that *dukes* seemed to be in a very different predicament from *prophets in their own countries.*

Things turned out better than we had reason to expect. Their highnesses arrived in the evening ; and as they did not propose to leave Goritia till next morning, the archduke had the politeness to give orders that the duke of Hamilton should have what horses he wanted from the post-houses.

We set out immediately, and arrived at the next stage between one and two in the morning. In that part of the world, raising the people at midnight, and harnessing the horses for two carriages, takes up, at least, as much time as driving two stages in some parts of England. Just as we were going out of the post-house court, the archduke's butler and cook arrived ; they were going forward, as usual, to prepare suppper, &c. at the inn where their highnesses intended to lie. They knew that the horses were all retained for their master, but had not heard of the particular order in favour of the duke of Hamilton. Seeing ten horses going to set out, they exclaimed against the postmaster, and threatened him with the vengeance of the whole house of Austria through all its branches, if he should permit a single horse to leave the post-house till the archduke and his suit had passed.

The man, terrified with these threats, ordered the postillions to dismount, and put up the horses. This mandate was by no means agreeable to the duke of Hamilton ; and the postmaster's fear of the indignation of the imperial family, was that instant lost in a danger which was

presented to his face, and more immediately threatened his person——he ordered the postillions to drive on.

The next post was at a small town in the Venetian state, where we found that orders had come from Venice to the same effect with those received at the different stages we had already past. The duke of Hamilton's Italian servant thought it would save time to make us pass for part of the company to which these orders related—he ordered horses in the name of the grand duke, and was instantly obeyed—but the butler and cook arriving soon after, told a different tale. Couriers were dispatched, one of whom overtook us, and, in the name of the magistrates, ordered the postillions to drive back, for we were a gang of impostors, who had no connection with the grand duke. The same arguments, however, which had so good an effect on the German postmaster, prevailed also on the courier to be silent, and the postillions to proceed.

It was midnight before we arrived at Mestre, a small town on the banks of the Lagune, five miles from Venice, where we remained all night. Next morning we hired a boat, and in two hours were landed in the middle of this city.

We have taken very delightful apartments at an inn, on the side of the great cannal. They had been just quitted by his royal highness the duke of Gloucester, who is at present at Padua. Thus at length we are arrived in Italy—

Per varios casus, et tot discrimina rerum.

LETTER II.

Venice.

A FEW days after our arrival at Venice, we met the archduke and duchess, at the house of the imperial ambassador. They were highly entertained with the history of their cook and butler, which I gave them at full length.

The company consisted entirely of foreigners, the Ve

netian nobility never visiting in the houses of foreign ministers.

Among other strangers was the son of the duke of Berwick. This young gentleman has lately allied himself to the family from which he is descended, by marrying the sister of the countess of Albany. I suppose you have heard that the pretender, now at Florence, has assumed the title of Count Albany.

Next day the duke of Hamilton accompanied the archduke and duchess to the arsenal. They were attended by a deputation from the senate.

Some Venetian ladies of the first distinction, in compliment to the archduchess, were of the party.

The arsenal at Venice is a fortification of between two and three miles in compass. On the ramparts are many little watch-towers, where sentinels are stationed. Like the arsenal at Toulon, it is at once a dock-yard and repository for naval and military stores. Here the Venetians build their ships, cast their cannon, make their cables, sails, anchors, &c. The arms are arranged here as in other places of the same kind, in large rooms divided into narrow walks by long walls of muskets, pikes, and halberts. Every thing having been prepared before the archduke and duchess arrived, a cannon was cast in their presence. After this the company were conducted on board the Bucentaur, or vessel in which the doge is carried to espouse the Adriatic. Here they were regaled with wine and sweetmeats, the Venetian nobles doing the honours of the entertainment.

The Bucentaur is kept under cover, and never taken out but for the espousals. It is formed for containing a very numerous company, is finely gilt and ornamented within, and loaded on the outside with emblematical figures in sculpture. This vessel may possibly be admired by landsmen, but will not much charm a seaman's eye, being a heavy broad-bottomed machine, which draws little water, and consequently may be easily overset in a gale of wind. Of this, however, there is no great danger,

as two precautions are taken to prevent such an accident; one of which seems calculated to quiet the minds of believers, and the other to give confidence to the most incredulous. The first is used by the patriarch, who, as soon as the vessel is afloat, takes care to pour into the sea some holy water, which is believed to have the virtue of preventing or allaying storms. The second is intrusted to the admiral, who has the discretionary power of postponing the marriage ceremony, when the bride seems in the smallest degree boisterous. One of the virtues of the holy water, that of allaying storms, is by this means rendered superfluous.

But when the weather is quite favourable, the ceremony is performed every ascension day. The solemnity is announced in the morning by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. About mid-day the doge, attended by a numerous party of the senate and clergy, goes on board the Bucentaur: the vessel is rowed a little way into the sea, accompanied by the splendid yachts of the foreign ambassadors, the gondolas of the Venetian nobility, and an incredible number of barks and galleys of every kind. Hymns are sung, and a band of music performs, while the Bucentaur and her attendants slowly move towards St. Lido, a small island, two miles from Venice. Prayers are then said: after which the doge drops a ring, of no great value, into the sea, pronouncing these words—Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii. The sea, like a modest bride, assents by her silence, and the marriage is deemed valid and secure to all intents and purposes.

Certain it is, the time has been, when the doge had entire possession of, and dominion over, his spouse; but, for a considerable time past, her favours have been shared by several other lovers; or, according to that violent metaphor of Otway's,

> ——— now
> Their great duke shrinks, trembling in his palace,
> And sees his wife, the Adriatic, plough'd,
> Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than his.

After viewing every thing in the arsenal, the archduke and duchess, with all the company, were invited on board some boats which had been prepared for their reception. They were directly rowed to that part of the lake from whence there was the most advantageous view of Venice, a band of music performing all the time; while the sailors, in two or three small boats, were employed in fishing oysters, which they opened and presented to the company.

The amusements of this day had all the advantage of novelty to render them agreeable to strangers, and every additional pleasure which the attentive and polite behaviour of the Venetian nobility could give.

LETTER III.

Venice.

As this is not the time of any of the public solemnities which draw strangers to Venice, it is fortunate that we happen to be here with the archduke and duchess. The great respect which this state is anxious of shewing the imperial family, has brought many of the nobility to Venice, who would otherwise have been at their country seats on the continent, and has also given us opportunities of seeing some things to more advantage than we could otherwise have done.

I had the honour of attending their highnesses when they went to visit the island of Murano. This is about a mile from Venice, was formerly a very flourishing place, and still boasts some palaces which bear the marks of former magnificence, though now in a state of decay. The island is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants. The great manufactories of looking-glasses are the only inducements which strangers have to visit this place. I saw one very fine plate, for a mirror, made in the presence of the archduke in a few minutes: though not so large as some I have seen of the Paris manufactory, yet it was much larger than I could have thought it in the power of human

lungs to blow. Instead of being cast, as in France and England, the Murano mirrors are all blown in the manner of bottles. It is astonishing to see with what dexterity the workman wields a long hollow cylinder of melted glass, at the end of an iron tube, which, when he has extended as much as possible, by blowing, and every other means his art suggests, he slits with a sharp instrument, removing the two extremities from each other, and folding back the sides: the cylinder now appears a large sheet of glass, which being once more introduced into the furnace, is brought out a clear, finished plate.

This manufactory formerly served all Europe with looking-glasses ; the quantity made here is still considerable; for although France and England, and some other countries, make their own mirrors, yet, by the natural progress of luxury, those countries which still get their mirrors and other things from Murano, use a much greater quantity now than formerly ; so that on the supposition that the Murano manufacturers have lost three-fourths of their customers, they may still retain half as much trade as they ever had. It is surprising that, instead of blowing, they do not adopt the method of casting, which I should think a much easier process, and by which larger plates may be made. Besides mirrors, an infinite quantity of glass trinkets (margaritini as they are called) of all shapes and colours are made here. Women of the inferior ranks wear them as ornaments, and as rosaries; they also mould this substance into many various whimsical forms, by way of ornamental furniture to houses and churches. In short, there are glass baubles enough made here to bribe into slavery half the inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

Since the departure of the archduke and duchess, the duke of Hamilton has passed his time mostly in the houses of the foreign ambassadors, the best resource here, next to the theatres, for strangers.

We were lately at a conversazione at the Spanish ambassador's; it might have passed for a pantomime entertainment. The ambassador, his lady, and daughters,

speak no language but Spanish; and unfortunately this was understood by none of the company but the duke of Berwick's son. Hearing that Mr. Montague resided at Venice, the duke of Hamilton has had the curiosity to wait on that extraordinary man. He met his grace at the stair-head, and led us through some apartments, furnished in the Venetian manner, into an inner room in quite a different style. There were no chairs, but he desired us to seat ourselves on a sopha, whilst he placed himself on a cushion on the floor, with his legs crossed in the Turkish fashion. A young black slave sat by him, and a venerable old man, with a long beard, served us with coffee.

After this collation some aromatic gums were brought, and burnt in a little silver vessel. Mr. Montague held his nose over the steam for some minutes, and snuffed up the perfume with peculiar satisfaction; he afterwards endeavoured to collect the smoke with his hands, spreading and rubbing it carefully along his beard, which hung in hoary ringlets to his girdle. This manner of perfuming the beard seems more cleanly, and rather an improvement upon that used by the Jews in ancient times, as described in the psalms translated by Sternhold and Hopkins.

'Tis like the precious ointment, that
Was pour'd on Aaron's head,
Which from the beard down to the skirts
Of his rich garments spread.

Or, as the Scotch translation has it,—

Like precious ointment on the head
That down the beard did flow;
Even Aaron's beard, and to the skirts
Did of his garments go.

Which of these versions is preferable, I leave to the critics in Hebrew and English poesy to determine. I hope, for the sake of David's reputation as a poet, that neither have retained all the spirit of the original. We had a great deal of conversation with this venerable looking person, who is, to the last degree, acute, communicative, and en-

tertaining, and in whose discourse and manners are blended the vivacity of a Frenchman with the gravity of a Turk. We found him, however, wonderfully prejudiced in favour of the Turkish characters and manners, which he thinks infinitely preferable to the European, or those of any other nation.

He describes the Turks in general as a people of great sense and integrity, the most hospitable, generous, and the happiest of mankind. He talks of returning, as soon as possible, to Egypt, which he paints as a perfect paradise; and thinks that, had it not been otherwise ordered for wise purposes, of which it does not become us to judge, the children of Israel would certainly have chosen to remain where they were, and have endeavoured to drive the Egyptians to the land of Canaan.

Though Mr. Montague hardly ever stirs abroad, he returned the duke's visit; and as we were not provided with cushions, he sat, while he staid, upon a sopha, with his legs under him, as he had done at his own house. This posture, by long habit, is now become the most agreeable to him, and he insists on its being by far the most natural and convenient; but, indeed, he seems to cherish the same opinion with regard to all the customs which prevail among the Turks. I could not help mentioning one, which I suspected would be thought both unnatural and inconvenient by at least one-half of the human race; that of the men being allowed to engross as many women as they can maintain, and confining them to the most insipid of all lives, within their harams. 'No doubt,' replied he, 'the women are all enemies to polygamy and concubinage; and there is reason to imagine, that this aversion of theirs, joined to the great influence they have in all Christian countries, has prevented Mahometanism from making any progress in Europe. The Turkish men, on the other hand,' continued he, 'have an aversion to Christianity, equal to that which the Christian women have to the religion of Mahomet: auricular confession is perfectly horrible to their imagination. No

Turk, of any delicacy, would ever allow his wife, particularly if he had but one, to hold private conference with a man, on any pretext whatever.'

I took notice, that this aversion to auricular confession, could not be a reason for the Turk's dislike to the *Protestant* religion. 'That is true,' said he, 'but you have other tenets in common with the Catholics, which renders your religion as odious as theirs. You forbid polygamy and concubinage, which, in the eyes of the Turks, who obey the dictates of the religion they embrace, is considered as an intolerable hardship. Besides, the idea which your religion gives of heaven, is by no means to their taste. If they believed your account, they would think it the most tiresome and comfortless place in the universe, and not one Turk among a thousand would go to the Christian heaven if he had it in his choice. Lastly, the Christian religion considers women, as creatures upon a level with men, and equally entitled to every enjoyment, both here and hereafter. When the Turks are told this,' added he, 'they are not surprised at being informed also, that women, in general, are better Christians than men; but they are perfectly astonished that an opinion, which they think so contrary to common sense, should subsist among the rational, that is to say, the male part of Christians. It is impossible,' added Mr. Montague, 'to drive it out of the head of a Mussulman, that women are creatures of a subordinate species, created merely to comfort and amuse men during their journey through this vain world, but by no means worthy of accompanying believers to paradise, where females, of a nature far superior to women, wait with impatience to receive all pious Mussulmen into their arms.'

It is needless to relate to you any more of our conversation. A lady, to whom I was giving an account of it the day on which it happened, could with difficulty allow me to proceed thus far in my narrative; but, interrupting me with impatience, she said, she was surprised I could repeat all the nonsensical, detestable, impious maxims of

those odious Mahometans; and she thought Mr. Montague should be sent back to Egypt, with his long beard, and not be allowed to propagate opinions, the bare mention of which, however reasonable they might appear to Turks, ought not to be tolerated in any Christian land.

LETTER IV.

Venice.

The view of Venice, at some little distance from the town, is mentioned by many travellers in terms of the highest admiration. I had been so often forewarned of the amazement with which I should be struck at first sight of this city, that when I actually did see it, I felt little or no amazement at all. You will behold, said those anticipators, a magnificent town,—or more frequently, to make the deeper impression, they gave it in detail—You will behold, said they, magnificent palaces, churches, towers, and steeples, all standing in the middle of the sea. Well; this, unquestionably, is an uncommon scene; and there is no manner of doubt that a town, surrounded by water, is a very fine sight; but all the travellers that have existed since the days of Cain, will not convince me, that a town, surrounded by land, is not a much finer. Can there be any comparison, in point of beauty, between the dull monotony of a watery surface, and the delightful variety of gardens, meadows, hills, and woods?

If the situation of Venice renders it less agreeable than another city, to behold at a distance, it must render it, in a much stronger degree, less agreeable to inhabit. For you will please to recollect, that, instead of walking or riding in the fields, and enjoying the fragrance of herbs, and the melody of birds; when you wish to take the air here, you must submit to be paddled about, from morning to night, in a narrow boat, along dirty canals; or, if you do not like this, you have one resource more, which is, that of walking in St. Mark's Place.

These are the disadvantages which Venice labours under, with regard to situation; but it has other peculiarities, which, in the opinion of many, overbalance them, and render it, on the whole, an agreeable town.

Venice is said to be built in the sea; that is, it is built in the midst of shallows, which stretch some miles from the shore, at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulf. Though those shallows, being now all covered with water, have the appearance of one great lake, yet they are called Laguna, or lakes, because formerly, as it is imagined, there were several. On sailing on the Laguna, and looking to the bottom, many large hollows are to be seen, which, at some former period, have, very possibly, been distinct lakes, though now, being all covered with a common surface of water, they form one large lake, of unequal depth. The intervals between those hollows, it is supposed, were little islands, and are now shallows, which, at ebb, are all within reach of a pole.

When you approach the city, you come along a liquid road, marked by rows of stakes on each side, which direct vessels, of a certain burden, to avoid the shallows, and keep in deeper water. These shallows are a better defence to the city than the strongest fortifications. On the approach of an enemy's fleet, the Venetians have only to pull up their stakes, and the enemy can advance no farther. They are equally beyond the insult of a land army, even in the midst of winter; for the flux and reflux of the sea, and the mildness of the climate, prevent such a strength of ice as could admit the approach of an army that way.

The lake in which Venice stands, is a kind of small inner gulf, separated from the large one by some islands, at a few miles distance. These islands, in a great measure, break the force of the Adriatic storms, before they reach the Laguna; yet, in very high winds, the navigation of the lake is dangerous to gondolas, and sometimes the gondoleers do not trust themselves, even on the canals within the city. This is not so great an inconveniency to

the inhabitants as you may imagine; because most of the houses have one door opening upon a canal, and another communicating with the street; by means of which, and of the bridges, you can go to almost any part of the town by land, as well as by water.

The number of inhabitants are computed at about 150,000; the streets, in general, are narrow; so are the canals, except the grand canal; which is very broad, and has a serpentine course through the middle of the city. They tell you, there are several hundred bridges in Venice. What pass under this name, however, are single arches thrown over the canals; most of them paltry enough.

The Rialto consists also of a single arch, but a very noble one, and of marble. It is built across the grand canal, near the middle, where it is narrowest. This celebrated arch is ninety feet wide on the level of the canal, and twenty-four feet high. Its beauty is impaired by two rows of booths, or shops, which are erected upon it, and divide its upper surface into three narrow streets. The view from the Rialto is equally lively and magnificent; the objects under your eye are the grand canal, covered with boats and gondolas, and flanked on each side with magnificent palaces, churches, and spires; but this fine prospect is almost the only one in Venice; for, except the Grand Canal, and the Canal Regio, all the others are narrow and mean; some of them have no keys; the water literally washes the walls of the houses. When you sail along those wretched canals, you have no one agreeable object to cheer the sight; and the smell is overwhelmed with the stench which, at certain seasons, exhales from the water.

LETTER V.

Venice.

As the only agreeable view in Venice is from the grand canal, so the only place where you can walk with ease and safety, is in the piazza di St. Marco. This is a kind of ir-

regular quadrangle, formed by a number of buildings, all singular in their kind, and very different from each other.

The ducal palace—the church of St. Mark—that of St. Giminiano—a noble range of buildings, called Procuratie, the new and the old, in which are the museum, the public library, and nine large apartments belonging to the procurators of St. Mark; all these buildings are of marble. There is an opening from St. Mark's Place to the sea, on which stand two lofty pillars of granite. Criminals condemned to suffer death publicly, are executed between these pillars; on the top of one of them is a lion, with wings; and on the other a saint—without wings;—there is, however, a large crocodile at his feet, which, I presume, belongs to him. At one corner of St. Mark's church, contiguous to the palace, are two statues of Adam and Eve; they have neither wings nor crocodile, nor any kind of attendant, not even their old acquaintance the serpent.

At the corner of the new Procuratie, a little distant from the church, stands the steeple of St. Mark. This is a quadrangular tower, about three hundred feet in height. I am told it is not uncommon in Italy for the church and steeple to be in this state of disunion; this shocked a clergyman of my acquaintance very much; he mentioned it to me, many years ago, amongst the errors and absurdities of the church of Rome. The gentleman was clearly of opinion, that church and steeple ought to be inseparable as man and wife, and that every church ought to consider its steeple as mortar of its mortar, and stone of its stone. An old captain of a ship, who was present, declared himself of the same way of thinking; and swore that a church divorced from its steeple, appeared to him as ridiculous as a ship without a mast.

A few paces from the church are three tall poles, on which ensigns and flags are hung on days of public rejoicing. These standards are in memory of the three kingdoms, Cyprus, Candia, and Negropont, which once belong-

ed to this republic; the three crowns are still kept in the ducal palace. Since the kingdoms are gone, I should think the crowns and the poles hardly worth preserving: they are, however, of the same value to Venice, that the title of king of France is to his Britannic majesty. At the bottom of the tower of St. Mark, is a small neat building of marble, called the Loggietta, where some of the procurators of St. Mark constantly attend to do business. Some people are of opinion that, particularly when the grand council, or the senate, are assembled, these procurators are placed there as state sentinels, to give warning in case of any appearance of discontent or commotion among the populace, which must necessarily shew itself at this place, as there is no other in Venice where a mob could assemble.

The patriarchal church of St. Mark, though one of the richest and most expensive in the world, does not strike the eye very much at first; the architecture is of a mixed kind, mostly Gothic, yet many of the pillars are of the Grecian orders; the outside is incrusted with marble; the inside, ceiling, and floor, are all of the finest marble; the numerous pillars which support the roof are of the same substance; the whole is crowned by five domes;—but all this labour and expense have been directed by a very moderate share of taste.

The front, which looks to the palace, has five brass gates, with historical bas-relieves: over the principal gate are placed the four famous bronze horses, said to be the workmanship of Lycippus; they were given to the emperor Nero, by Tiridates, king of Armenia; the fiery spirit of their countenances, and their animated attitudes, are perfectly agreeable to their original destination, of being harnessed to the chariot of the Sun.—Nero placed them on the triumphal arch consecrated to him, and they are to be seen on the reverse of some of his medals; they were removed from Rome to Constantinople, placed in the Hyppodrome by Constantine, and remained there till the taking of Constantinople by the French and Venetians in the

beginning of the thirteenth century, when they were carried to Venice, and placed upon the gate of St. Mark's church.

The treasury of St. Mark is very rich in jewels and relics; and it was necessary to apply to one of the procurators of St. Mark for leave to see it. I shall only mention a few of the most valuable effects kept here. Eight pillars from Solomon's temple at Jerusalem; a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, some of her hair, and a small portion of her milk; the knife used by our Saviour, at his last supper; one of the nails of the cross, and a few drops of his blood. After these it would be impertinent to enumerate the bones, and other relics, of saints and martyrs, of which there is a plentiful show in this church, and still less need I take up your time with an inventory of the temporal jewels kept here; it would be unpardonable, however, to omit mentioning the picture of the Virgin, by St. Luke. From this, compared with his other works, it is plain, that St. Luke was a much better evangelist than painter: some professions seem to be almost incompatible with each other. I have known many very good painters who would have made bad saints, and here is an instance of an excellent saint who was but an indifferent painter.

The old Procuratie is built of a kind of black marble; the new is of the pietra dura of Istria.

The church of St. Geminiano is an elegant piece of architecture, by Sansovino.

The ducal palace is an immense building, entirely of marble. Besides the apartments of the doge, there are also halls and chambers for the senate, and all the different councils and tribunals. The principal entrance is by a spacious stair, called the Giants Stair, on account of two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, placed at the top; they are of white marble, the work of Sansovino, and intended to represent the naval and military power of this state. Their gigantic size might be proper enough formerly, but they would be juster emblems of the present force of this republic if their stature were more moderate.

Under the portiooes, to which you ascend by this stair,

you may perceive the gaping mouths of lions, to receive anonymous letters, informations of treasonable practices, and accusations of magistrates for abuses in office.

From the palace there is a covered bridge of communication to a state prison, on the other side of the canal. Prisoners pass to and from the courts over this bridge, which is named Ponte Dei Sospiri.

The apartments and halls of the ducal palace are ornamented by the pencils of Titian, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Palma, the Bassans, and other painters. The rape of Europa, and the storming of Zara, both by Paul Veronese, are amongst the highest esteemed pieces of that master. The foot of Europa is honoured with the particular admiration of the connoisseurs: the bull seems to be of their way of thinking, for he licks it as he bears her along above the waves. Some people admire even this thought of the painter; I cannot say I am of the number: I think it is the only thing in the picture which is not admirable; it is making Jupiter enter a little too much into the character which he had assumed. There are a few pictures in this palace by Titian, but a great many by the other masters. The subjects are mostly taken from the history of Venice.

Within the palace there is a little arsenal, which communicates with the hall of the great council. Here a great number of muskets are kept, ready charged, with which the nobles may arm themselves on any sudden insurrection, or other emergency.

The lower gallery, or the piazza under the palace, is called the Broglio. In this the noble Venetians walk and converse: it is only here, and at council, where they have opportunities of meeting together; for they seldom visit openly, or in a family way, at each other's houses, and secret meetings would give umbrage to the state inquisitors; they choose, therefore, to transact their business on this public walk. People of inferior rank seldom remain on the Broglio for any length of time when the nobility are there.

LETTER VI.

Venice.

I was led, in my last, into a very particular (and I wish you may not have also found it a very tedious) description of St. Mark's Place. There is no help for what is past, but, for your comfort, you have nothing of the same kind to fear while we remain here; for there is not another square, or *place*, as the French with more propriety call them, in all Venice. To compensate, however, for their being but one, there is a greater variety of objects to be seen at this one, than in any half dozen of the squares, or places, of London or Paris.

After our eyes had been dazzled with looking at pictures, and our legs cramped with sitting in a gondola, it is no small relief, and amusement, to saunter in the place of St. Mark.

The number and diversity of objects which *there* present themselves to the eye, naturally create a very rapid succession of ideas. The sight of the churches awakens religious sentiments, and, by an easy transition, the mind is led to contemplate the influence of superstition. In the midst of this reverie, Nero's four horses appear, and carry the fancy to Rome and Constantinople. While you are forcing your way, sword in hand, with the heroic Henry Dandelo, into the capital of Asia, Adam and Eve stop your progress, and lead you to the garden of Eden. You have not long enjoyed a state of innocence and happiness in that delightful paradise, till Eve

> —— her rash hand in evil hour
> Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucks, she eats.

After that unfortunate repast, no more comfort being to be found there, you are glad to mount St. Mark's winged lion, and fly back to the ducal palace, where you will naturally reflect on the rise and progress of the Venetian state, and the various springs of their government. While you admire the strength of a constitution which has stood

firm for so many ages, you are appalled at the sight of the lion's mouth gaping for accusations; and turning with horror from a place where innocence seems exposed to the attacks of hidden malice, you are regaled with a prospect of the sea, which opens your return to a country of *real* freedom, where justice rejects the libel of the hidden accuser, and dares to try, condemn, and execute *openly* the highest, as well as the lowest, delinquent.

I assure you I have, more than once, made all this tour, standing in the middle of St. Mark's square; whereas, in the French places, you have nothing before your eyes but monuments of the monarch's vanity, and the people's adulation; and in the greater part of the London squares, and streets, what idea can present itself to the imagination, beyond that of the snug neatness and conveniency of substantial brick houses?

I have been speaking hitherto of a morning saunter; for in the evening there generally is, on St. Mark's Place, such a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; lawyers, knaves, and pick-pockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; women of quality, with masks; strumpets barefaced; and, in short, such a jumble of senators, citizens, gondoleers, and people of every character and condition, that your ideas are broken, bruised, and dislocated in the crowd, in such a manner, that you can think, or reflect, on nothing; yet this being a state of mind which many people are fond of, the place never fails to be well attended, and, in fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the shops, in the adjacent streets, lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect; and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffeehouses around, the place of St. Mark answers all the purposes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

It is not in St. Mark's Place that you are to look for the finest monuments of the art of Titian, or the genius of Palladio; for those you must visit the churches and palaces: but if you are inclined to make that tour, you

must find another Cicerone, for I shall certainly not undertake the office. I do not pretend to be a competent judge of painting or architecture; I have no new remarks to make on those subjects, and I wish to avoid a hackneyed repetition of what has been said by others.

Some people seem affected by paintings to a degree which I never could feel, and can scarcely conceive. I admire the works of Guido and Raphael, but there are amateurs who fall downright in love with every man, woman, or angel, produced by those painters.

When the subject is pathetic, I am often struck with the genius and execution of the artist, and touched with the scene represented, but without feeling those violent emotions of grief which some others display. I have seen a man so affected with the grief of Venus, for the death of Adonis, that he has wiped his eyes as if he had been shedding tears; and have heard another express as much horror at the martyrdon of a saint, as he could have done had he been present at the real execution. Horace's observation is perfectly just, as he applies it,—

Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—

He is treating of dramatic pieces,—

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,

is the preceding line. On the stage, what is actually represented, makes a stronger impression than what is only related; and in real life, no doubt, we should be more shocked by seeing a murder committed, than by hearing an account of it. But whether seeing a pathetic story expressed in painting, or hearing it related, has the most powerful effect, is a different question. I only say for myself, that, on contemplating a painted tragedy, I can never help recollecting that it is acted upon canvass. This never fails to dart such a ray of comfort into my heart, as cheers it up, in spite of all the blood and carnage I see before my eyes. With a mind so vulgarly fabricated, you will not be surprised when I acknowledge, that I have felt more compassion at the sight of a single highwayman

going to Tyburn, that at the massacre of two thousand innocents, though executed by Nicholas Poussin himself. This convinces me that I am not endued with the organs of a connoisseur.

But if you are violently bent upon being thought a man of very refined taste, there are books in abundance to be had, which will put you in possession of all the terms of technical applause, or censure, and furnish you with suitable expressions for the whole climax of sensibility. As for myself, I was long ago taught a lesson, which made a deep impression on my mind, and will effectually prevent me from every affectation of that kind. Very early in life, I resided above a year at Paris, and happened one day to accompany five or six of our countrymen, to view the pictures in the Palais Royal. A gentleman who affected an enthusiastic passion for the fine arts, particularly that of painting, and who had the greatest desire to be thought a connoisseur, was of the party He had read the lives of the painters, and had the Voyage Pittoresque de Paris by heart. From the moment we entered the rooms he began to display all the refinements of his taste; he instructed us what to admire, and drew us away with every sign of disgust when we stopped a moment at an uncelebrated picture. We were afraid of appearing pleased with any thing we saw, till he informed us whether or not it was worth looking at. He shook his head at some, tossed up his nose at others; commended a few, and pronounced sentence on every piece, as he passed along, with the most imposing tone of sagacity.—'Bad, that Caravaggio is too bad indeed, devoid of all grace;—but here is a Caracci that makes amends: how charming the grief of that Magdalen! The Virgin, you'll observe, gentlemen, is only fainting, but the Christ is quite dead. Look at the arm, did you ever see any thing so dead?—Aye, here's a Madona, which they tell you is an original, by Guido; but any body may see that it is only a tolerable copy.—Pray, gentlemen, observe this St. Sebastian, how delightfully he expires: Don't you all feel the arrow in your hearts? I'm

sure I feel it in mine. Do let us move on; I should die with agony if I looked any longer.'

We at length came to the St. John, by Raphael, and here this man of taste stopped short in an ecstasy of admiration.—One of the company had already passed it, without minding it, and was looking at another picture; on which the connoisseur bawled out—'Good God, sir! 'what are you about?' The honest gentleman started, and stared around to know what crime he had been guilty of.

'Have you eyes in your head, sir?' continued the connoisseur: 'Don't you know St. John when you see him?'

'St. John!' replied the other, in amazement, 'Aye, sir, St. John the Baptist *in propria persona*.'

'I don't know what you mean, sir,' said the gentleman, peevishly.

'Don't you?' rejoined the connoisseur; 'then I'll endeavour to explain myself. I mean St. John in the wilderness, by the divine Raffaelle Sanzio da Urbino, and there he stands by your side.—Pray, my dear sir, will you be so obliging as to bestow a little of your attention on that foot? Does it not start from the wall? Is it not perfectly out of the frame? Did you ever see such colouring? They talk of Titian. Can Titian's colouring excel that? What truth, what nature in the head! To the eloquence of the antique, here is joined the simplicity of nature.'

We stood listening in silent admiration, and began to imagine we perceived all the perfections he enumerated; when a person in the duke of Orleans' service came and informed us, that the original, which he presumed was the picture we wished to see, was in another room; the duke having allowed a painter to copy it. *That* which we had been looking at was a very wretched daubing, done from the original by some obscure painter, and had been thrown, with other rubbish, into a corner; where the Swiss had accidentally discovered it, and had hung it up merely by way of covering the vacant space on the wall, till the other should be replaced.

How the connoisseur looked on this trying occasion, I cannot say. It would have been barbarous to have turned an eye upon him.—I stepped into the next room, fully determined to be cautious in deciding on the merit of painting; perceiving that it was not safe, in this science, to speak even from the book.

LETTER VII.

Venice.

We acquire an early partiality for Rome, by reading the classics, and the history of the ancient republic. Other parts of Italy also interest us more on account of their having been the residence of the old Romans, than from the regard we pay to what has been transacted there during the last fourteen or fifteen centuries.

Venice claims no importance from ancient history, and boasts no connection with the Roman republic; it sprung from the ruins of that empire; and whatever its annals offer worthy of the attention of mankind, is independent of the prejudice we feel in favour of the Roman name.

The independence of Venice was not built on usurpation, nor cemented with blood; it was founded on the first law of human nature, and the undoubted rights of man.

About the middle of the fifth century, when Europe formed one continued scene of violence and bloodshed; a hatred of tyranny, a love of liberty, and a dread of the cruelty of barbarians, prompted the Veneti, a people inhabiting a small district of Italy, a few of the inhabitants of Padua, and some peasants who lived on the fertile banks of the Po, to seek an asylum from the fury of Attila, amongst the little islands and marshes at the bottom of the Adriatic Gulf.

Before this time some fishermen had built small houses, or huts, on one of these islands, called Rialto. The city of Padua, with a view to draw commercial advantages from this establishment, encouraged some of her inhabitants to settle there, and sent every year three or four citizens to act as magistrates. When Attila had taken and

destroyed Aquileia, great numbers from all the neighbouring countries fled to Rialto; whose size being augmented by new houses, took the name of Venice, from the district from which the greater number of the earliest refugees had fled. On the death of Attila, many returned to their former habitations; but those who preferred freedom and security to all other advantages, remained at Venice. Such was the beginning of this celebrated republic. Some nice distinguishers pretend, that this was the beginning of their freedom, but not of their independency; for they assert, that the Venetians were dependent on Padua, as their mother city. It is certain that the Paduans claimed such a prerogative over this infant state, and attempted to subject her to some commercial restrictions: these were rejected by the Venetians, as arbitrary and vexatious. Disputes arose very dangerous to both: but they ended in Venice entirely throwing off the jurisdiction of Padua. It is curious, and not unworthy of serious attention in the present age, to see the parent now totally subjected to the child whom she wished to retain in too rigorous a dependence.

The irruption of the Lombards into Italy, while it spread havoc and destruction over the adjacent country, was the cause of a great accession of strength to Venice, by the numbers of new refugees who fled to it with all the wealth they could carry, and became subjects of this state.

The Lombards themselves, while they established their kingdom in the northern parts of Italy, and subdued all the ancient district of the Veneti, thought proper to leave this little state unmolested, imagining that an attempt against it would be attended with more trouble than profit; and while they carried on more important conquests, they found it convenient to be on a good footing with Venice, whose numerous squadrons of small vessels could render the most essential services to their armies. Accordingly leagues and treaties were formed occasionally between the two states; the Lombards in all probability

imagining, that it would be in their power, at any time, to make themselves masters of this inconsiderable republic. But when that people had fully established their new kingdom, and were free from the expense of other wars, they then found Venice so much increased in strength, that, however much they might have wished to comprehend it within their dominions, it appeared no longer consistent with sound policy to make the attempt. They therefore chose rather to confirm that ancient alliance by fresh treaties.

When Charlemagne overturned the kingdom of the Lombards, and, after having sent their king Didier prisoner to France, was crowned emperor at Rome, by Leo III, the Venetian state cultivated the favour of that conqueror with so much address, that instead of attempting any thing against their independence, he confirmed the treaty they had made with the Lombards; by which, among other things, the limits, or boundaries, between the two states, were ascertained.

In the wars with the eastern empire, and in those of later date between France and the house of Austria, Venice always endeavoured to avoid the resentment of either of the contending parties; secretly, however, assisting that which was at the greatest distance from her own dominions, and, of consequence, the least formidable to her. Those great powers, on their parts, were so eager to humble, or destroy, each other, that the rising vigour of Venice was permitted to grow, for ages, almost unobserved. Like the fame of Marcellus, it might have been said of that republic,—

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.

And when, at length, she began to excite the jealousy of the great states of Europe, she had acquired strength and revenues sufficient to resist not only one, but great combinations of those powers leagued for her destruction.

This republic, in its various periods of increase, of meridian splendour, and of declension, has already existed for a longer time than any other of which his history makes

mention. The Venetians themselves assert, that this duration is owing to the excellent materials of which their government has been composed, by which they imagine it has long since been brought to the highest degree of perfection.

As I have bestowed some time since we came hither in considering the Venetian history and government, I shall, in my next, take a general view of those boasted materials, that we may able to judge whether or not this high eulogium is well founded.

LETTER VIII.

Venice.

THE first form of government established at Venice, was purely democratical. Magistrates were chosen by a general assembly of the people: they were called tribunes; and as this small community inhabited several little islands, a tribune was appointed to judge causes, and distribute justice on each of those islands. His power was continued one year; at the expiration of which, he was accountable for his conduct to the general assembly of the people, who annually elected a new set of tribunes.

This simple form of government, while it marks a strict regard to that freedom so delightful to the mind of man, was found sufficient, for the space of a hundred and fifty years, to maintain order in a small community, situated as this was. At length the bad administration of some of the tribunes, discord and animosity among others, and some suspicions that the Lombards promoted civil dissension, with a view to bring the republic under their dominion, awakened the fears of the people, and made them listen to the opinions of those who thought a change in the form of government necessary.

After various debates and proposals, it was finally determined, that a chief magistrate should be elected, as the centre of public authority, whose power might give such vigour and efficacy to the laws, as was absolutely neces-

sary in times of danger, and whose duty should be, to direct the force of the resources of the state with promptitude; unramped by that opposition, and consequent dilatoriness, which had been too apparent under the tribunes. This magistrate was not to be named king, but duke, which has since been corrupted to doge; the office was not to be hereditary, but elective; and the doge was to enjoy it for life. It was agreed that he should have the nomination of all the inferior magistrates, and the power of making peace, and declaring war, without consulting any but such of the citizens as he should think proper.

When the election took place, all the suffrages fell upon Paul Luc Anafeste, who entered into this new office in the year 697.

The Venetians must certainly have felt great inconveniences from their former government, or have been under great dread from domestic or foreign enemies, before they could submit to such a fundamental change in the nature of their constitution. It is evident, that, on this occasion, they seem to have lost that jealous attention to liberty which they formerly possessed; for while they withheld from their chief magistrate the name, they left him all the power, of a king. There is no period when real and enlightened patriots ought to watch with more vigilance over the rights of the people, than in times of danger from foreign enemies; for the public in general are then so much engrossed by the dangers from without, that they overlook the encroachments which are more apt, at those times than any other, to be made on their constitution from within: and it is of small importance that men defend their country from foreign foes, unless they retain such a share of internal freedom, as renders a country worth the defending.

It is highly probable, that the great degree of popularity which their first doge had acquired before he arrived at that dignity, and the great confidence the people had in his public and private virtues, rendered them unwilling to limit the power of a person who, they were convinced,

would make a good use of it. If the man had been immortal, and incorruptible, they would have been in the right; however, it must be confessed, that this doge justified their good opinion more than favourites of the people generally do.

In the councils which he called on any matter of importance, he sent messages to those citizens, for whose judgment he had the greatest esteem, *praying*, that they would come, and assist him with their advice. This method was observed afterwards by succeeding doges, and the citizens so sent for were called Pregadi. The doge's council are still called Pregadi, though they have long sat independent of his invitation.

The first, and second doge, governed with moderation and ability; but the third gave the Venetians reason to repent that they had not confined the powers of their chief magistrate within narrower limits. After having served the state by his military talents, he endeavoured to enslave it; his projects were discovered; but as the improvident people, in the last arrangement of their constitution, had preserved no legal remedy for such an evil, they were obliged to use the only means now in their power. They assaulted the doge in his palace, and put him to death without farther ceremony.

The people had conceived so much hatred for him, that, after his death, they resolved to abolish the office. In the general assembly it was agreed, that the chief magistrate, for the future, should be elected every year; that he should have the same power as formerly, while he remained in office; but, as this was to be for a short time, they imagined he would behave with equity and moderation; and as they had an equal dislike to doge and tribune, he was called Master of the Militia.

The form of government, introduced by this revolution, was but of short duration. Factions arose, and became too violent for the transient authority of the masters of the militia to restrain. The office expired five years after its institution; and, by one of those strange and unac-

countable changes of sentiment, to which the multitude are so subject, the authority of the doge was restored in the person of the son of their last doge, whom, in a fit of furious discontent, they had assassinated. This restoration happened about the year 730.

For a long time after this, the Venetian annals display many dreadful scenes of cruelty, revolt, and assassination; doges abusing their power, endeavouring to establish a permanent and hereditary despotism, by having their eldest sons associated in the office with themselves, and then oppressing the people with double violence. The people, on the other hand, after bearing, with the most abject patience, the capricious cruelty of their tyrants, rising at once, and murdering them, or driving them with ignominy, out of their dominions. Unable to bear either limited or absolute government, the impatient and capricious multitude wish for things which have always been found incompatible: the secrecy, promptitude, and efficacy, of a despotic government, with all the freedom and mildness of a legal and limited constitution.

It is remarkable, that when the doge was, even in a small degree, popular, he seldom found any difficulty in getting his son elected his associate in the sovereign authority; and when that was not the case, there are many instances of the son being chosen directly on the death of his father.

Yet, about the middle of the tenth century, the son of the doge, Peter Candiano, took arms, and rebelled against his father. Being soon after defeated, and brought in chains to Venice, he was condemned to banishment, and declared incapable of being ever elected doge. It appears, however, that this worthless person was a great favourite of the people; for no sooner was his father dead, than he was chosen to succeed him, and conducted, in great pomp, from Ravenna, the place of his exile, to Venice.

The Venetians were severely punished for this instance of levity. Their new doge shewed himself as tyrannical in the character of a sovereign, as he had been undutiful

in that of a son. He became a monster of pride and cruelty. The people began to murmur, and he became susceptible of that terror which usually accompanies tyrants. He established a body of life-guards, to defend his person, and lodged them within the palace. This innovation filled the people with indignation, and awakened all their fury. They attack the palace, are repulsed by the guards, and set fire to the contiguous houses. The wretched doge, in danger of being consumed by the flames, appears at the gate of the palace, with his infant son in his arms, imploring the compassion of the multitude; they, inexorable as demons, tear in pieces both father and child. At such an instance of savage fury, the human affections revolt from the oppressed people, and take part with their oppressor. We almost wish he had lived, that he might have swept from the earth a set of wretches more barbarous than himself.

Having spent their fury in the destruction of the tyrant, they leave the tyranny as before. No measures are taken to limit the power of the doge.

For some time after this, a spirit of superstition seemed to lay hold of those who filled that office, as if they had intended to expiate the pride of the late tyrant by their own humility. His three immediate successors, after each of them had reigned a few years with applause, abandoned their dignity, shut themselves up in convents, and passed the latter years of their lives as monks.

Whatever contempt those pious doges displayed for worldly things, their example made little impression on their subjects, who, about this time, began to monopolize the trade and riches of Europe. And some years after, when all Christendom was seized with the religious phrensy of recovering the Holy Land, the Venetians kept so perfectly free from the general infection, that they did not scruple to supply the Saracens with arms and ammunition, in spite of the edicts of their doges, and the remonstrances of the pope, and other pious princes.

Those commercial casuists declared, that religion is one

thing, and trade another; that, as children of the church, they were willing to believe all that their mother required; but, as merchants, they must carry their goods to the best market.

In my next, I shall proceed with my review of the Venetian government.

LETTER IX.

Venice.

The minds of the Venetians were not so totally engrossed by commercial ideas, as to make them neglect other means of aggrandizing their state. All Istria submitted itself to their government: many of the free towns of Dalmatia, harassed by the Narentines, a nation of robbers and pirates on that coast, did the same. Those towns which refused, were reduced to obedience, by Peter Urseolo, the doge of Venice, who had been sent with a fleet against them, in the year 1000. He carried his arms also into the country of the Narentines, and destroyed many of their towns.

On his return it was determined, in a general assembly of the people, that the conquered towns and provinces should be governed by magistrates sent from Venice. Those magistrates called Podestas, were appointed by the doge. The inhabitants of those new-acquired towns were not admitted to the privileges of citizens of Venice, nor allowed to vote at the general assembly: the same rule was observed with regard to the inhabitants of all the dominions afterwards acquired by the republic. It will readily occur, that this accession of dominions to the state greatly augmented the influence and power of the chief magistrate: this, and the practice of associating the son of the doge with his father, raised jealousies among the people, and a law was made, abolishing such associations for the future.

In the year 1173, after the assassination of the doge Michieli, a far more important alteration took place in the government. At this time there was no other tribunal at

Venice than that of forty judges. This court had been established many years before: it took cognizance of all causes, civil as well as criminal, and was called the council of forty. This body of men, in the midst of the disorder and confusion which followed the murder of the doge, formed a plan of new-modelling the government.

Hitherto the people had retained great privileges. They had votes in the assemblies; and, although the decendants of the ancient tribunes, and of the doges, formed a kind of nobility, yet they had no legal privileges, or exclusive jurisdiction; nothing to distinguish them from their fellow-citizens, but what their riches, or the spontaneous respect paid to the antiquity of their families, gave them. Any citizen, as well as them, might be elected to a public office. To acquire the honours of the state, it was absolutely necessary for the greatest and proudest Venetian, to cultivate the good-will of the multitude, whose voice alone could raise him to the rank of doge, and whose rage had thrown so many from that envied situation. The inconveniences, the discord, and confusion, of such a mixed multitude, had been long felt, but nobody had hitherto had the boldness to strike at this established right of the people.

The city was divided into six parts, called Sestiers. The council of forty procured it to be established, in the first place, that each of those sestiers should annually name two electors; that those twelve electors should have the right of choosing, from the whole body of the people, four hundred and seventy counsellors, who should be called the grand council, and who should have the same power, in all respects, which the general assembly of the people formerly enjoyed.

It was pretended, that this regulation was contrived merely to prevent confusion, and to establish regularity in the great national assembly; that the people's right of election remained as before, and, by changing the counsellors yearly, those who were not elected one year might retain hopes of being chosen the next. The people did not perceive that this law would be fatal to their import-

ance: it proved, however, the foundation of the aristocracy, which was soon after established, and still subsists.

The forty judges next proposed another regulation, still more delicate and important. That, to prevent the tumults and disorders which were expected at the impending election of a doge, they should (for that time only) name eleven commissioners, from those of the highest reputation for judgment and integrity in the state; that the choice of a doge should be left to those commissioners, nine suffrages being indispensably requisite to make the election valid.

This evidently pointed at the exclusion of the people from any concern whatever in the creation of the chief magistrate, and certainly was the object in view; yet as it was proposed only as a temporary expedient, to prevent disorders, when men's minds were irritated against each other, and factions ran high, the regulation was agred to.

Having, with equal dexterity and success, fixed those restraints on the power of the people, the council of forty turned their attention, in the next place, towards limiting the authority of the doge. This was considered as too exorbitant, even for good men; and, in the hands of wicked men, had always been perverted to the purposes of tyranny, and for which no remedy had hitherto been found, but what was almost as bad as the evils themselves; revolt on the part of the people, and all the horrors and excesses with which such an expedient is usually accompanied. The tribunal of forty therefore proposed, that the grand council should annually appoint six persons, one from each division of the city, who should form the privy council of the doge, and, without their approbation, none of his orders should be valid: so that, instead of appointing his own privy-council, which had been the custom hitherto, the authority of the chief magistrate would, for the future, in a great measure, depend on six men, who, themselves, depended on the grand council. To be constantly surrounded by such a set of counsellors, instead of creatures of his own, however reasonable it may seem in the eyes

of the impartial, would have been considered by one in possession of the dignity of doge, as a most intolerable innovation, and probably would have been opposed by all his influence; but there was no doge existing when the proposal was made, and consequently it passed into a law with universal approbation.

Lastly, it was proposed to form a senate, consisting of sixty members, which were to be elected, annually, out of the grand council. This assembly was in the room of that which the doge formerly had the power of convocating, on extraordinary occasions, by sending messages, praying certain citizens to come, and assist him with their advice. The members of the new senate, more fixed and more independent than those of the old, are still called the Pregadi. This also was agreed to without opposition; and immediately after the funeral of the late doge, all those regulations took place.

They began by choosing the grand council of four hundred and seventy, then the senate of sixty, than the six counsellors, and lastly, the eleven electors. These last were publicly sworn, that in the election now intrusted to them, rejecting every motive of private interest, they should give their voices for that person, whose elevation to the dignity of doge they believed, in their consciences, would prove most for the advantage of the state.

After this, they retired to a chamber of the palace, and Orio Malipier, one of the eleven, had the votes of his ten colleagues; but he, with a modesty which seems to have been unaffected, declined the office, and used all his influence with the electors to make choice of Sebastian Ziani, a man distinguished in the republic an account of his talents, his wealth, and his virtues; assuring them that, in the present emergency, *he* was a more proper person than himself for the office. Such was their opinion of Malipier's judgment, that his colleagues adopted his opinion, and Ziani was unanimously elected.

As this mode of election was quite new, and as there was reason to imagine that the bulk of the people, on reflec-

tion, would not greatly approve of it, and that the new doge would not be received with the usual acclamations, Ziani took care that great quantities of money should be thrown among the multitude, when he was first presented to them. No doge was ever received with louder acclamations.

During the reign of Ziani, the singular ceremony of espousing the sea was first instituted.

Pope Alexander III, to avoid the resentment of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, had taken refuge at Venice, and was protected by that state. The emperor sent a powerful fleet against it, under the command of his son Otho. Ziani met him with the fleet of Venice. A very obstinate engagement ensued, in which the Venetians were victorious. The doge returned in triumph, with thirty of the enemy's vessels, in one of which was their commander Otho. All the inhabitants of Venice rushed to the seashore, to meet their victorious doge: the pope himself came, attended by the senate and clergy. After embracing Ziani, his holiness presented him with a ring, saying, with a loud voice, 'take this ring; use it as a chain to retain the sea, henceforth, in subjection to the Venetian empire: espouse the sea with this ring, and let the marriage be solemnized annually, by you and your successors, to the end of time, that the latest posterity may know that Venice has acquired the empire of the waves, and that the sea is subjected to you, as a wife is to her husband.'

As this speech came from the head of the church, people were not surprised to find it a little mysterious: and the multitude, without considering whether it contained much reason or common sense, received it with the greatest applause. The marriage has been regularly celebrated every year since that time.

After the death of Ziani, if the terms which had been agreed upon previous to the election, had been literally adhered to, the grand council of four hundred and seventy would have proceeded to choose a doge, simply by the plurality of votes; but, for some reason which is not now known, that method was waved, and the following

adopted.—Four persons were chosen by the grand council, each of whom had the power of naming ten; and the whole forty had the appointing of the doge.

Their choice fell upon the same Orio Malipier, who had declined the dignity in favour of his friend Ziani.

Under the administration of Malipier, two new forms of magistracy were created; the first was that of the avogadors. Their duty is to take care that the laws in being shall be punctually executed; and while it is the business of other magistrates to proceed against the transgressors of the laws, it is theirs to bring a process against those magistrates who neglect to put them in execution. They decide also on the nature of accusations, and determine before which of the courts every cause shall be brought, not leaving it in the power of either of the parties to carry a cause to a high court, which is competent to be tried by one less expensive; and no resolution of the grand council, or senate, is valid, unless, at least, one of the three avogadors be present during the deliberation. It is also the duty of the avogadors to keep the originals of all the decisions and regulations of the grand council and senate, and to order them, and all other laws, to be read over, whenever they think proper, by way of refreshing the memories of the senators. If the senators are obliged to attend during those lectures, this is a very formidable power indeed. I am acquainted with senators in another country, who would sooner give their judges the power of putting them to death at once, in a less lingering manner.

The second class of magistrates, created at this time, was that called Judges al Forestieri; there are also three of them. It is their duty to decide, in all causes between citizens and strangers, and in all disputes which strangers have with each other. This institution was peculiarly expedient, at a time when the resort from all countries to Venice was very great, both on account of commerce, and of the crusades.

In the year 1192, after a very able administration,

Malipier, who was of a very philosophical turn of mind, abdicated the office of doge, and Henry Dandolo was elected in his place.

I am a great deal too much fatigued with the preceding narrative, to accompany one of his active and enterprising genius at present; and I have good reason to suspect, that you also have been, for some time past, inclined to repose.

LETTER X.

Venice.

Henry Dandolo had, in his early years, passed, with general approbation, through many of the subordinate offices of government; and had, a few years before he was elected to the dignity of doge, been ambassador at the court of Manuel, the Greek emperor at Constantinople. There, on account of his inflexible integrity, and his refusing to enter into the views of Manuel, which he thought contrary to the interest of his country, his eyes were almost entirely put out, by order of that tyrant. Notwithstanding this impediment, and his great age, being above eighty, he was now elected to the office of doge.

At this time, some of the most powerful princes and nobles of France and Flanders, instigated by the zeal of Innocent III, and still more by their own pious fervour, resolved, in a fourth crusade, to attempt the recovery of the Holy Land, and the sepulchre of Christ, from the hands of infidels; and being, by the fate of others, taught the difficulties and dangers of transporting armies by land, they resolved to take their passage from Europe to Asia by sea. On this occasion they applied to the Venetian state, who not only agreed to furnish ships for the transportation of the army, but also to join, with an armed fleet, as principals in the expedition.

The French army arrived soon after in the Venetian state; but so ill had they calculated, that, when every thing was ready for the embarkation, part of the sum

which they had agreed to pay for the transporting their troops, was deficient. This occasioned disputes between the French leaders and the state, which the doge put an end to, by proposing, that they should pay in military services what they could not furnish in money. This was accepted, and the first exploits of the crusade army were, the reduction of the town of Zara, and other places in Dalmatia, which had revolted from the Venetians. It had been previously agreed, that, after this service, the army should embark immediately for Egypt; but Dandolo, who had another project more at heart, represented that the season was too far advanced, and found means to persuade the French army to winter in Dalmatia.

During this interval, Dandolo, availing himself of some favourable circumstances, had the dexterity to determine the French crusaders, in spite of the interdiction of the pope, to join with the Venetian forces, and to carry their arms against the emperor of Constantinople; an expedition which, Dandolo asserted, would facilitate their original plan against the Holy Land, and which, he was convinced, would be attended with far greater advantages to both parties.

The crown of Constantinople was never surrounded with greater dangers, nor has it ever known more sudden revolutions than at this period.

Manuel, who had treated Dandolo, while ambassador, with so much barbarity, had been precipitated from the throne. His immediate successor had, a short time after, experienced the same fate. Betrayed by his own brother, his eyes had been put out, and, in that deplorable condition, he was kept close prisoner by the usurper. The son of this unfortunate man had escaped from Constantinople, and had arrived at Venice, to implore the protection of that state: the compassion which his misfortune naturally excited, had considerable effect in promoting the doge's favourite scheme of leading the French and Venetian forces against Constantinople. The indefatigable Dandolo went, in person, at the head of his

countrymen. The united army beat the troops of the usurper in repeated battles, obliged him to fly from Constantinople, placed his brother on the throne, and restored to him his son Alexis, who had been obliged to take refuge at Venice, from the cruelty of his uncle, and had accompanied Dandolo in this successful enterprise.

A misunderstanding soon after ensued between the united armies and Alexis, now associated with his father on the throne of Constantinople. The Greeks murmured at the favour which their emperor shewed to those foreigners, and thought his liberality to them inconsistent with his duty to his own subjects. The crusaders, on the other hand, imagined, that all the wealth of his empire was hardly sufficient to repay the obligations he owed to them. The young prince, desirous to be just to the one, and grateful to the other, lost the confidence of both; and, while he strove to conciliate the minds of two sets of men, whose views and interests were opposite, he was betrayed by Murtsuphlo, a Greek, who had gained his confidence, and whom he had raised to the highest dignities of the empire. This traitor insinuated to the Greeks, that Alexis had agreed to deliver up Constantinople to be pillaged, that he might satisfy the avarice and rapacity of those strangers who had restored his family to the throne. The people fly to arms, the palace is invested, Alexis and his father are put to death, and Murtsuphlo is declared emperor.

These transactions, though ascertained by the authenticity of history, seem as rapid as the revolutions of a theatrical representation.

The chiefs of the united army, struck with horror and indignation, assemble in council. Dandolo, always decisive in the moment of danger, gives it as his opinion, that they should immediately declare war against the usurper, and make themselves masters of the empire. This opinion prevails, and the conquest of the Greek empire is resolved upon.

After several bloody battles, and various assaults, the

united armies of France and Venice enter victorious into Constantinople, and divide the spoils of that wealthy city.

The doge, never so much blinded with success as to lose sight of the true interest of his country, did not think of procuring for the republic, large dominions on the continent. The Venetians had, for their share, the islands of the Archipelago, several ports on the coast of the Hellespont, the Morea, and the entire island of Candia. This was a judicious partition for Venice, the augmentation of whose strength depended on commerce, navigation, and the empire of the sea.

Though the star of Dandolo rose in obscurity, and shone with no extraordinary lustre at its meridian height, yet nothing ever surpassed the brilliancy of its setting rays.

This extraordinary man died at Constantinople, oppressed with age, but while the laurels, which adorned his hoary head, were in youthful verdure.

The annals of mankind present nothing more worthy of our admiration. A man, above the age of eighty, and almost entirely deprived of his sight, despising the repose necessary for age, and the secure honours which attended him at home; engaging in a hazardous enterprise, against a distant and powerful enemy; supporting the fatigues of a military life with the spirit of youth, and the perseverance of a veteran, in a superstitious age; and, whilst he led an army of religious enthusiasts, braving, at once, the indignation of the pope, the prejudices of bigots, and all the dangers of war; displaying the ardour of a conqueror, the judgment of a statesman, and the disinterested spirit of a patriot; preparing distant events, improving accidental circumstances, managing the most impetuous characters; and, with admirable address, making all subservient to the vast plan he had conceived, for the aggrandizing his native country. Yet this man passed his youth, manhood, and great part of his old age, unknown. Had he died at seventy, his name would have been swept, with the common rubbish of courts and capi-

During his administration, the Venetian code was, in some degree, reformed and abridged. One of the greatest inconveniences of freedom, is the number of laws necessary to protect the life and property of each citizen; the natural consequences of which are, a multitude of lawyers, with all the suits and vexations which they create; 'les peines, les déspenses, les longueurs, les dangers mêmes de la justice,' says Montesquieu, 'sont le prix que chaque citoyen donne pour sa liberté.' The more freedom remains in a state, of the higher importance will the life and property of each citizen be considered. A despotic government counts the life of a citizen as of no importance at all.

The doge Theipolo, who had himself been a lawyer, as many of the Venetian nobles at that time were, bestowed infinite labour in arranging and illuminating the vast chaos of laws and regulations in which the jurisprudence of a republic, so jealous of her liberty, had been involved. After a long reign, he abdicated the government; and, to prevent the inconveniency which had happened at his election, the number of electors, by a new decree of the senate, was augmented to forty-one.

In the reign of his successor, Marino Marsini, two judges, called Criminal Judges of the Night, were appointed. Their function is to judge of what are called nocturnal crimes, under which denomination are reckoned robberies, wilful fire, rapes, and bigamy. We find also, that Jews lying with Christian women, is enumerated among nocturnal crimes; though, by an unjustifiable partiality, a Christian man lying with a Jewish woman, whether by night or day, is not mentioned as any crime at all.

A few years after, in the reign of the doge Rainier Zeno, four more judges were added to this tribunal; and, during the interregnum which took place at his death, in the year 1268, a new form of electing the doge was fixed, which, though somewhat complicated, has been observed ever since.

All the members of the grand council, who are past

thirty years of age, being assembled in the hall of the palace, as many balls are put into an urn as there are members present; thirty of these balls are gilt, and the rest white. Each counsellor draws one; and those who get the gilt balls, go into another room, where there is an urn, containing thirty balls, nine of which are gilt. The thirty members draw again; and those who, by a second piece of good fortune, get the gilt balls, are the *first electors*, and have a right to choose forty, among whom they comprehend themselves.

Those forty, by balloting in the same manner as in the former instances, are reduced to twelve *second electors*, who choose twenty-five, the first of the twelve naming three, and the remaining eleven two, a-piece. All those being assembled in a chamber apart, each of them draws a ball from an urn, containing twenty-five balls, among which are nine gilt. This reduces them to nine *third electors*, each of whom chooses five, making in all forty-five; who, as in the preceding instances, are reduced by ballot, to eleven *fourth electors*, and they have the nomination of forty-one, who are the *direct electors* of the doge. Being shut up by themselves, they begin by choosing three chiefs, and two secretaries; each elector, being then called, throws a little billet into an urn, which stands on a table before the chiefs. On this billet is inscribed the person's name whom the elector wishes to be doge.

The secretaries then, in the presence of the chiefs, and of the whole assembly, open the billets. Among all the forty-one there are, generally, but a very few different names, as the election, for the most part, balances between two or three candidates. Their names, whatever is the number, are put into another urn, and drawn out one after another. As soon as a name is extracted, the secretary reads it, and, if the person to whom it belongs is present, he immediately retires. One of the chiefs then demands, with a loud voice, whether any crime can be laid to this person's charge, or any objection made to

his being raised to the sovereign dignity? If any objection is made, the accused is called in, and heard in his own defence; after which the electors proceed to give their decision, by throwing a ball into one of two boxes, one of which is for the Ayes, the other for the Noes. The secretaries then count the balls, and if there are twenty-five in the first, the election is finished; if not, another name is read, and the same inquisition made as before, till there are twenty-five approving balls.

This form, wherein judgment and chance are so perfectly blended, precludes every attempt to corrupt the electors, and all cabals for the ducal dignity; for who could dream, by any labour or contrivance, of gaining an election, the mode of whose procedure equally baffles the address of a politician and a juggler?

Lawrence Theipolo was the first doge chosen according to this mode. In his reign the office of grand chancellor was created.

Hitherto the public acts were signed by certain persons chosen by the doge himself, and called chancellors: but the grand council, which we find always solicitous to limit the power of the doge, thought *that* method improper; and now proposed, that a chancellor should be appointed by themselves, with rights and privileges entirely independent of the doge. At the same time, as the people had shewn symptoms of discontent, on account of the great offices being all in the distinguished families, it was thought expedient to ordain, that the chancellor should always be taken from among the secretaries of the senate, who were citizens. Afterwards, when the council of ten came to be established, it was ordained, that the chancellor might be chosen either from the secretaries of that court, or from those of the senate.

The grand chancellor of Venice is an officer of great dignity and importance; he has the keeping of the great seal of the commonwealth, and is privy to all the secrets of the state; he is considered as the head of the order of

citizens, and his office is the most lucrative in the republic; yet, though he must be present at all the councils, he has no deliberative voice.

In perusing the annals of this republic, we continually meet with proofs of the restless jealousy of this government; even the private economy of families sometimes created suspicion, however blameless the public conduct of the master might be. The present doge had married a foreign lady; his two sons followed his example; one of their wives was a princess. This gave umbrage to the senate; they thought that, by such means, the nobles might acquire an interest, and connexions, in other countries, inconsistent with their duty as citizens of Venice; and, therefore, in the interregnum which followed the death of Theipolo, a law was proposed by the correctors, and immediately passed, by which all future doges, and their sons, were interdicted from marriage with foreigners, under the pain of being excluded from the office of doge.

Though the people had been gradually, as we have seen, deprived of their original right of electing the chief magistrate; yet, on the elections which succeeded the establishment of the new mode, the doge had always been presented to the multitude assembled in St. Mark's Place, as if requesting their approbation; and the people, flattered with this small degree of attention, had never failed to announce their satisfaction by repeated shouts: but the senate seem to have been afraid of leaving them even this empty shadow of their ancient power; for they ordained, that, instead of presenting the doge to the multitude, to receive their acclamations, as formerly, a syndic, for the future, should, in the name of the people, congratulate the new doge on his election. On this occasion, the senate do not seem to have acted with their usual discernment. Show often affects the minds of men more than substance, as appeared in the present instance; for the Venetian populace displayed more resentment on being deprived of this noisy piece of form, than when the substantial right

had been taken from them. After the death of the doge, John Dandolo, before a new election could take place in the usual forms, a prodigious multitude assembled in St. Mark's Place, and, with loud acclamations, proclaimed James Theipolo; declaring, that this was more binding than any other mode of election, and that he was doge to all intents and purposes. While the senate remained in fearful suspense for the consequences of an event so alarming and unlooked-for, they were informed, that Theipolo had withdrawn himself from the city, with a determination to remain concealed, till he heard how the senate and people would settle the dispute.

The people, having no person of weight to conduct or head them, renounced, with their usual fickleness, a project which they had begun with their usual intrepidity.

The grand council, freed from alarm, proceeded to a regular election, and chose Peter Gradonico, a man of enterprise, firmness, and address, in whose reign we shall see the dying embers of democracy perfectly extinguished.

LETTER XII.

Venice.

Gradonico, from the moment he was in possession of the office of doge, formed a scheme of depriving the people of all their remaining power. An aversion to popular government, and resentment of some signs of personal dislike, which the populace had shewn at his election, seem to have been his only motives; for, while he completely annihilated the ancient rights of the people, he shewed no inclination to augment the power of his own office.

Although the people had experienced many mortifying deviations from the old constitution, yet, as the grand council was chosen annually, by electors of their own nomination, they flattered themselves that they still retained an important share in the government. It was this last hold of their declining freedom which Gradonico meditated to remove, for ever, from their hands. Such a pro-

ject was of a nature to have intimidated a man of less courage; but his natural intrepidity, animated by resentment, made him overlook all dangers and difficulties.

He began (as if by way of experiment) with some alterations respecting the manner of choosing the grand council; these, however, occasioned murmurs; and it was feared, that dangerous tumults would arise at the next election of that court.

But, superior to fear, Gradonico inspired others with courage; and, before the period of the election arrived, he struck the decisive blow.

A law was published in the year 1297, by which it was ordained, that those who actually belonged to the grand council, should continue members of it for life; and that the same right should descend to their posterity, without any form of election whatever. This was at once forming a body of hereditary legislative nobility, and establishing a complete aristocracy, upon the ruins of the ancient popular government.

This measure struck all the citizens, who were not then of the grand council, with concern and astonishment; but, in a particular manner, those of ancient and noble families; for although, as has been already observed, there was, strictly speaking, no nobility with exclusive privileges before this law, yet there were in Venice, as there must be in the most democratical republics, certain families considered as more honourable than others, many of whom found themselves, by this law, thrown into a rank inferior to that of the least considerable person who happened, at this important period, to be a member of the grand council. To conciliate the minds of such dangerous malcontents, exceptions were made in their favour, and some of the most powerful were immediately received into the grand council; and to others it was promised that they should, at some future period, be admitted. By such hopes, artfully insinuated, and by the great influence of the members who actually composed the grand council, all immediate insurrections were prevented; and foreign wars, and

objects of commerce, soon turned the people's attention from this mortifying change in the nature of the government.

A strong resentment of those innovations, however, festered in the breasts of some individuals, who a few years after, under the direction of one Marino Bocconi, formed a design to assassinate Gradonico, and massacre all the grand council, without distinction. This plot was discovered, and the chiefs, after confessing their crimes, were executed between the pillars.

The conspiracy of Bocconi was confined to malcontents of the rank of citizens; but one of a more dangerous nature, and which originated among the nobles themselves, was formed in the year 1309.

This combination was made up of some of the most distinguished of those who were not of the grand council when the reform took place, and who had not been admitted afterwards, according to their expectations; and of some others of very ancient families, who could not bear to see so many citizens raised to a level with themselves, and who, besides, were piqued at what they called the pride of Gradonico. These men chose for their leader, the son of James Theipolo, who had been proclaimed doge by the populace. Their object was, to dispossess Gradonico, and restore the ancient constitution; they were soon joined by a great many of inferior rank, within the city, and they engaged considerable numbers of their friends and dependents from Padua, and the adjacent country, to come to Venice, and assist them, at the time appointed for the insurrection. Considering the numbers that were privy to this undertaking, it is astonishing that it was not discovered till the night preceding that on which it was to have taken place. The uncommon concourse of strangers created the first suspicion, which was confirmed by the confession of some who were acquainted with the design. The doge immediately summoned the council, and sent expresses to the governors of the neighbouring towns and forts, with orders for them to hasten

with their forces to Venice. The conspirators were not disconcerted; they assembled, and attacked the doge and his friends, who were collected in a body around the palace. The place of St. Mark was the scene of this tumultuous battle, which lasted many hours, but was attended with more noise and terror among the inhabitants, than bloodshed to the combatants. Some of the military governors arriving with troops, the contest ended in the rout of the conspirators. A few nobles had been killed in the engagement; a greater number were executed by order of the senate. Theipolo, who had fled, was declared infamous, and an enemy to his country; his goods and fortune were confiscated, and his house razed to the ground. After these executions, it was thought expedient to receive into the grand council several of the most distinguished families of citizens.

Those two conspiracies having immediately followed one another, spread an universal diffidence and dread over the city, and gave rise to the court called the Council of Ten, which was erected about this time, merely as a temporary tribunal, to examine into the causes, punish the accomplices, and destroy the seeds of the late conspiracy: but which, in the sequel, became permanent. I shall wave farther mention of this court, till we come to the period when the state inquisitors were established; but it is proper to mention, that the ecclesiastical court of inquisition was also erected at Venice, in the reign of the doge Gradonico.

The popes had long endeavoured to introduce this court into every country in Europe; they succeeded too well in many; but though it was not entirely rejected by the state of Venice, yet it was accepted under such restrictions as have prevented the dismal cruelties which accompany it in other countries.

This republic seems, at all times, to have a strong impression of the ambitious and encroaching spirit of the court of Rome; and has, on all occasions, shewn the greatest unwillingness to intrust power in the hands of ecclesi-

astics. Of this, the Venetians gave an undoubted proof at present; for while they established a new civil court of inquisition, with the most unlimited powers, they would not receive the ecclesiastical inquisitions, except on conditions to which it had not been subjected in any other country.

The court of Rome never displayed more address than in its attempts to elude those limitations, and to prevail on the senate to admit the inquisition at Venice, on the same footing as it had been received elsewhere; but the senate was as firm as the pope was artful, and the court of inquisition was at last established, under the following conditions.—

That three commissioners from the senate should attend the deliberations of that court, none of whose decrees could be executed without the approbation of the commissioners.

Those commissioners were to take no oath of fidelity, or engagement of any kind, to the inquisition; but were bound by oath to conceal nothing from the senate which should pass in the holy office.

That heresy should be the only crime cognizable by the inquisition; and, in case of the conviction and condemnation of any criminal, his goods and money should not belong to the court, but to his natural heirs.

That Jews and Greeks should be indulged in the exercise of their religion, without being disturbed by this court.

The commissioners were to prevent the registration of any statute made at Rome; or anywhere out of the Venetian state.

The inquisitors were not permitted to condemn books as heretical, without the concurrence of the senate: nor were they allowed to judge any to be so, but those already condemned by the edict of Clement VIII.

Such were the restrictions under which the inquisition was established at Venice; and nothing can more clearly prove their efficacy, than a comparison of their numbers,

who have suffered for heresy here, with those who have been condemned to death by that court in every other place where it was established.

An instance is recorded of a man, named Narino, being condemned to a public punishment, for having composed a book in defence of the opinions of John Huss. For this (the greatest of all crimes in the sight of inquisitors) his sentence was, that he should be exposed publicly on a scaffold, dressed in a gown, with flames and devils painted on it. The moderation of the civil magistrate appears in this sentence. Without his interposition, the flames which surrounded the prisoner would, in all probability, not have been *painted*. This, which is mentioned in the History of Venice as an instance of severity, happened at a time, when, in Spain and Portugal, many wretches were burnt, by order of the inquisition, for smaller offences.

In 1354, during the interregnum after the death of Andrew Dandolo, it was proposed, by the correctors of abuses, that, for the future, the three chiefs of the criminal council of forty should be members of the college; and this passed into a law.

It may be necessary to mention, that the college, otherwise called the seigniory, is the supreme cabinet council of the state. This court was originally composed of the doge and six counsellors only; but to these, at different periods, were added, first, six of the grand council, chosen by the senate; they were called Savii, or Sages, from their supposed wisdom; and afterwards, five savii, of the Terra Firma, whose more immediate duty is to superintend the business of the towns and provinces belonging to the republic, on the continent of Europe, particularly what regards the troops. At one time there were also five savii for maritime affairs, but they had little business after the Venetian navy became inconsiderable; and now, in the room of them, five young noblemen are chosen by the senate every six months, who attend the meetings of the seigniory, without having a vote, though they give their

opinions when asked. This is by way of instructing, and rendering them fit for the affairs of state. They are called Sages of the Orders, and are chosen every six months.

To those were added, the three chiefs of the criminal court of forty; the court then consisting, in all, of twenty-six members.

The college is, at once, the cabinet council, and the representative of the republic. This court gives audience, and delivers answers, in the name of the republic, to foreign ambassadors, to the deputies of towns and provinces, and to the generals of the army; it also receives all requests and memorials on state affairs, summons the senate at pleasure, and arranges the business to be discussed in that assembly.

In the Venetian government, great care is taken to balance the power of one court by that of another, and to make them reciprocal checks on each other. It was probably from a jealousy of the power of the college, that three chiefs of the criminal court of forty were now added to it.

LETTER XIII.

Venice.

The history of no nation presents a greater variety of singular events than that of Venice. We have seen a conspiracy against this state, originating among the citizens, and carried on by people of that rank only. We saw another, soon after, which took its origin among the body of the nobles; but the year 1355 presents us with one of a still more extraordinary nature, begun, and carried on, by the doge himself. If ambition, or the augmentation of his own power, had been the object, it would not have been so surprising; but his motive to the conspiracy was as small as the intention was dreadful.

Marino Falliero, doge of Venice, was, at this time, eighty years of age; a time of life when the violence of the passions is generally pretty much abated. He had, even then, however, given a strong instance of the rash-

ness of his disposition, by marrying a very young woman. This lady imagined she had been affronted by a young Venetian nobleman at a public ball, and she complained bitterly of the insult to her husband. The old doge, who had all the desire imaginable to please his wife, determined, in this matter at least, to give her ample satisfaction.

The delinquent was brought before the judges, and the crime was exaggerated with all the eloquence that money could purchase; but they viewed the affair with unprejudiced eyes, and pronounced a sentence no more than adequate to the crime. The doge was filled with the most extravagant rage, and, finding that the body of the nobles took no share in his wrath, he entered into a conspiracy with the admiral of the arsenal, and some others, who were discontented with the government on other accounts, and projected a method of vindicating his wife's honour, which seems rather violent for the occasion. It was resolved by those desperadoes, to massacre the whole grand council. Such a scene of bloodshed, on account of one woman, has not been imagined since the Trojan war.

This plot was conducted with more secrecy than could have been expected, from a man who seems to have been deprived of reason, as well as humanity. Every thing was prepared: and the day, previous to that which was fixed for the execution, had arrived, without any person, but those concerned in the conspiracy, having the least knowledge of the horrid design.

It was discovered in the same manner in which that against the king and parliament of England was brought to light in the time of James I.

Bertrand Bergamese, one of the conspirators, being desirous to save Nicolas Lioni, a noble Venetian, from the general massacre, called on him, and earnestly admonished him, on no account, to go out of his house the following day; for, if he did, he would certainly lose his life. Lioni pressed him to give some reason for this ex-

traordinary advice; which the other obstinately refusing, Lioni ordered him to be seized, and confined; and, sending for some of his friends of the senate, by means of promises and threats, they at length prevailed on the prisoner to discover the whole of this horrid mystery.

They send for the avogadors, the council of ten, and other high officers, by whom the prisoner was examined; after which, orders were given for seizing the principal conspirators in their houses, and for summoning those of the nobility and citizens, on whose fidelity the council could rely. These measures could not be taken so secretly as not to alarm many, who found means to make their escape. A considerable number were arrested, among whom were two chiefs of the conspiracy under the doge. They being put to the question, confessed the whole. It appeared, that only a select body of the principal men had been privy to the real design; great numbers had been desired to be prepared with arms, at a particular hour, when they would be employed in attacking certain enemies of the state, which were not named; they were desired to keep those orders a perfect secret, and were told, that upon their fidelity and secrecy their future fortunes depended. Those men did not know of each other, and had no suspicion that it was not a lawful enterprise for which they were thus engaged; they were therefore set at liberty; but all the chiefs of the plot gave the fullest evidence against the doge. It was proved, that the whole scheme had been formed by his direction, and supported by his influence. After the principal conspirators were tried, and executed, the council of ten next proceeded to the trial of the doge himself. They desired that twenty senators, of the highest reputation, might assist upon this solemn occasion; and that two relations of the Falliero family, one of whom was a member of the council of ten, and the other an avogador, might withdraw from the court.

The doge, who hitherto had remained under a guard in his own apartments in the palace, was now brought be-

fore this tribunal of his own subjects. He was dressed in the robes of his office.

It is thought he intended to have denied the charge, and attempted a defence; but when he perceived the number and nature of the proofs against him, overwhelmed by their force, he acknowledged his guilt, with many fruitless and abject entreaties for mercy.

That a man, of eighty years of age, should lose all firmness on such an occasion, is not marvellous; that he should have been incited, by a trifling offence, to such an inhuman, and such a deliberate plan of wickedness, is without example.

He was sentenced to lose his head. The sentence was executed in the place where the doges are usually crowned.

In the great chamber of the palace, where the portraits of the doges are placed, there is a vacant space between the portraits of Falliero's immediate predecessor and successor, with this inscription.—

Locus Marini Fallieri decapitati.

The only other instance which history presents to our contemplation, of a sovereign tried according to the forms of law, and condemned to death by a tribunal of his own subjects, is that of Charles I of Great Britain. But how differently are we affected by a review of the two cases!

In the one, the original errors of the misguided prince are forgotten in the severity of his fate, and in the calm majestic firmness with which he bore it. Those who, from public spirit, had opposed the unconstitutional measures of his government, were no more; and the men now in power were actuated by far different principles. All the passions of humanity, therefore, take part with the royal sufferer; nothing but the ungenerous spirit of party can seduce them to the side of his enemies. In his trial we behold, with a mixture of pity and indignation, the unhappy monarch delivered up to the malice of hy-

pocrites, the rage of fanatics, and the insolence of a low-born law ruffian.

In the other, every sentiment of compassion is effaced by horror at the enormity of the crime.

In the year 1361, after the death of the doge John Delfino, when the last electors were confined in the ducal chamber to choose his successor, and while the election vibrated between three candidates, a report arrived at Venice, that Laurentius Celsus, who commanded the fleet, had obtained a complete victory over the Genoese, who were at that time at war with the Venetians. This intelligence was communicated to the electors, who immediately dropped all the three candidates, and unanimously chose this commander. Soon after it was found, that the rumour of the victory was entirely groundless. This could not affect the validity of the election; but it produced a decree to prevent, on future occasions of the same kind, all communication between the people without, and the conclave of electors.

This doge's father displayed a singular instance of weakness and vanity, which some of the historians have thought worth transmitting to us. I do not know for what reason, unless it be to comfort posterity with the reflection, that human folly is much the same in all ages, and that their ancestors have not been a great deal wiser than themselves. This old gentleman thought it beneath the dignity of a father to pull off his cap to his own son; and that he might not seem to condescend so far, even when all the other nobles shewed this mark of respect to their sovereign, he went, from the moment of his son's election, upon all occasions, and in all weathers, with his head uncovered. The doge being solicitous for his father's health, and finding that no persuasion nor explanation of the matter, that could be given, were sufficient to overcome this obstinacy, recollected that he was as devout as he was vain, which suggested an expedient that had the desired effect. He placed a cross on the front of

his ducal coronet. The old man was as desirous to testify his respect to the cross, as he was averse to pay obeisance to his son; and unable to devise any way of pulling off a cap which he never wore, his piety, at length, got the better of his pride: he resumed his cap, as formerly, that, as often as his son appeared, he might pull it off in honour of the cross.

During the reign of Laurentius Celsus, the celebrated poet Petrarch, who resided for some time at Venice, and was pleased with the manners of the people, and the wisdom of their government, made a present to the republic, of his collection of books; which, at that time, was reckoned very valuable.

This was the foundation of the great library of St. Mark.

In perusing the annals of Venice, we continually meet with new institutions. No sooner is any incoveniency perceived, than measures are taken to remove it, or guard against its effects. About this time, three new magistrates were appointed, whose duty is to prevent all ostentatious luxuries in dress, equipage, and other expensive superfluities, and to prosecute those who transgress the sumptuary laws, which comprehend such objects. Those magistrates are called Sopra Proveditori alle Pompé; they were allowed a discretionary power of levying fines, from people of certain professions, who deal entirely in articles of luxury. Of this number, that of public courtesans was reckoned. This profession, according to all accounts, formerly flourished at Venice, with a degree of splendour unknown in any other capital of Europe; and very considerable exactions were raised to the use of the state, at particular times, from the wealthiest of those dealers. This excise, it would appear, has been pushed beyond what the trade could bear; for it is at present in a state of wretchedness and decay; the best of the business, as is said, being now carried on, for mere pleasure, by people who do not avow themselves of the profession.

LETTER XIV.

Venice.

No government was ever more punctual, and impartial, than that of Venice, in the execution of the laws. This was thought essential to the well-being, and very existence of the state. For this, all respect for individuals, all private considerations whatever, and every compunctious feeling of the heart, is sacrificed. To execute law with all the rigour of justice, is considered as the chief virtue of a judge; and, as there are cases in which the sternest may relent, the Venetian government has taken care to appoint certain magistrates, whose whole business is to see that others perform their duty upon all occasions.

All this is very fine in the abstract, but we often find it detestable in the application.

In the year 1400, while Antonio Venier was doge, his son having committed an offence which evidently sprung from mere youthful levity, and nothing worse, was condemned in a fine of one hundred ducats, and to be imprisoned for a certain time.

While the young man was in prison, he fell sick, and petitioned to be removed to a purer air. The doge rejected the petition; declaring, that the sentence must be executed literally; and that his son must take the fortune of others in the same predicament. The youth was much beloved, and many applications were made, that the sentence might be softened, on account of the danger which threatened him. The father was inexorable, and the son died in prison. Of whatever refined substance this man's heart may have been composed, I am better pleased that mine is made of the common materials.

Carlo Zeno was accused, by the council of ten, of having received a sum of money from Francis Carraro, son of the seignior of Padua, contrary to an express law, which forbids all subjects of Venice, on any pretext whatever, accepting any salary, pension, or gratification, from a foreign prince or state. This accusation was grounded

on a paper found among Carraro's accounts, when Padua was taken by the Venetians. In this paper was an article of four hundred ducats paid to Carlo Zeno, who declared, in his defence, that while he was, by the senate's permission, governor of the Milanese, he had visited Carraro, then a prisoner in the castle of Asti; and finding him in want of common necessaries, he had advanced to him the sum in question; and that this prince, having been liberated some short time after, had, on his return to Padua, repaid the money.

Zeno was a man of acknowledged candour, and of the highest reputation: he had commanded the fleets and armies of the state with the most brilliant success; yet neither this, nor any other considerations, prevailed on the court to depart from their usual severity. They owned that, from Zeno's usual integrity, there was no reason to doubt the truth of his declaration; but the assertions of an accused person were not sufficient to efface the force of the presumptive circumstances which appeared against him.—His declaration might be convincing to those who knew him intimately, but was not legal evidence of his innocence: and they adhered to a distinguishing maxim of this court, that it is of more importance to the state, to intimidate every one from even the appearance of such a crime, than to allow a person, against whom a presumption of guilt remained, to escape, however innocent he might be. This man, who had rendered the most essential services to the republic, and had gained many victories, was condemned to be removed from all his offices, and to be imprisoned for two years.

But the most affecting instance of the odious inflexibility of Venetian courts, appears in the case of Foscari, son to the doge of that name.

This young man had, by some imprudences, given offence to the senate, and was, by their orders, confined at Treviso, when Almor Donato, one of the council of ten, was assassinated, on the 5th of November 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for this, or any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who would discover the planner, or perpetrator, of this crime. No such discovery was made.

One of young Foscari's footmen, named Olivier, had been observed loitering near Donato's house on the evening of the murder;—he fled from Venice next morning. These, with other circumstances of less importance, created a strong suspicion that Foscari had engaged this man to commit the murder.

Olivier was taken, brought to Venice, put to the torture, and confessed nothing; yet the council of ten, being prepossessed with an opinion of their guilt, and imagining that the master would have less resolution, used him in the same cruel manner.—The unhappy young man, in the midst of his agony, continued to assert, that he knew nothing of the assassination. This convinced the court of his firmness, but not of his innocence; yet as there was no legal proof of his guilt, they could not sentence him to death. He was condemned to pass the rest of his life in banishment, at Canéa, in the island of Candia.

This unfortunate youth bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died.—All his applications were fruitless; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour, for fear of giving offence to the obdurate council, or had interfered in vain.

After languishing five years in exile, having lost all hope of return, through the interposition of his own family, or countrymen, in a fit of despair he addressed the duke of Milan, putting him in mind of services which the doge, his father, had rendered him, and begging that he would use his powerful influence with the state of Venice,

that his sentence might be recalled. He intrusted his letter to a merchant, going from Canéa to Venice, who promised to take the first opportunity of sending it from thence to the duke; instead of which, this wretch, as soon as he arrived at Venice, delivered it to the chiefs of the council of ten.

This conduct of young Foscari appeared criminal in the eyes of those judges; for, by the laws of the republic, all its subjects are expressly forbid claiming the protection of foreign princes, in any thing which relates to the government of Venice.

Foscari was therefore ordered to be brought from Candia, and shut up in the state prison. There the chiefs of the council of ten ordered him once more to be put to the torture, to draw from him the motives which determined him to apply to the duke of Milan. Such an exertion of law is, indeed, the most flagrant injustice.

The miserable youth declared to the council, that he had wrote the letter, in the full persuasion that the merchant, whose character he knew, would betray him, and deliver it to them; the consequence of which, he foresaw, would be, his being ordered back a prisoner to Venice, the only means he had in his power of seeing his parents and friends; a pleasure for which he had languished, with unsurmountable desire, for some time, and which he was willing to purchase at the expense of any danger or pain.

The judges, little affected with this generous instance of filial piety, ordained, that the unhappy young man should be carried back to Candia, and there be imprisoned for a year, and remain banished to that island for life; with this condition, that if he should make any more applications to foreign powers, his imprisonment should be perpetual. At the same time they gave permission, that the doge, and his lady, might visit their unfortunate son.

The doge was, at this time, very old; he had been in possession of the office above thirty years. Those wretched parents had an interview with their son in one of the

apartments of the palace; they embraced him with all the tenderness which his misfortunes, and his filial affection, deserved. The father exhorted him to bear his hard fate with firmness; the son protested, in the most moving terms, that this was not in his power; that however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship, and the reciprocal endearments of social life; without which his soul sunk into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused; he conjured him, by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father, and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the council to mitigate their sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved.—'My son,' replied the doge, 'submit to the laws of your country, and do not ask of me what it is not in my power to obtain.'

Having made this effort, he retired to another apartment; and, unable to support any longer the acuteness of his feelings, he sunk into a state of insensibility, in which condition he remained till sometime after his son had sailed on his return to Candia.

Nobody has presumed to describe the anguish of the wretched mother; those who are endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, and who have experienced distresses in some degree similar, will have the justest idea of what it was.

The accumulated misery of those unhappy parents touched the hearts of some of the most powerful senators, who applied with so much energy for a complete pardon for young Foscari, that they were on the point of obtaining it; when a vessel arrived from Candia, with tidings,

that the miserable youth had expired in prison a short time after his return.

Some years after this, Nicholas Erizzo, a noble Venetian, being on his deathbed, confessed that, bearing a violent resentment against the senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which the unhappy family of Foscari had suffered so much.

At this time the sorrows of the doge were at an end; he had existed only a few months after the death of his son. His life had been prolonged, till he beheld his son persecuted to death for an infamous crime; but not till he should see this foul stain washed from his family, and the innocence of his beloved son made manifest to the world.

The ways of heaven never appeared more dark and intricate, than in the incidents and catastrophe of this mournful story. To reconcile the permission of such events to our ideas of infinite power and goodness, however difficult, is a natural attempt in the human mind, and has exercised the ingenuity of philosophers in all ages; while, in the eyes of Christians, those seeming perplexities afford an additional proof, that there will be a future state, in which the ways of God to man will be fully justified.

LETTER XV.

Venice.

I DEFERRED giving you any account of the council of ten, till I came to mention the state inquisitors, as the last was ingrafted in the former, and was merely intended to strengthen the hands, and augment the power, of that court.

The council of ten consists, in effect, of seventeen members: for, besides the ten noblemen chosen annually by the grand council, from whose number this court receives its name, the doge presides, and the six counsellors

of the seigniory assist, when they think proper, at all deliberations.

This court was first instituted in the year 1310, immediately after Theipolo's conspiracy.

It is supreme in all state crimes. It is the duty of three chiefs, chosen every month from this court, by lot, to open all letters addressed to it; to report the contents, and assemble the members, when they think proper. They have the power of seizing accused persons, examining them in prison, and taking their answers in writing, with the evidence against them; which being laid before the court, those chiefs appear as prosecutors.

The prisoners, all this time, are kept in close confinement, deprived of the company of relations and friends, and not allowed to receive any advice by letters. They can have no counsel to assist them, unless one of the judges chooses to assume that office; in which case he is permitted to manage their defence, and plead their cause; after which the court decide, by a majority of votes, acquitting the prisoner, or condemning him to private or public execution, as they think proper; and if any persons murmur at the fate of their relations or friends, and talk of their innocence, and the injustice they have met with, these malcontents are in great danger of meeting with the same fate.

I am convinced you will think that such a court was sufficiently powerful to answer every good purpose of government. This, it would appear, was not the opinion of the grand council of Venice; who thought proper, in the year 1501, to create the tribunal of state inquisitors, which is still more despotic and brief in its manner of proceeding.

This court consists of three members, all taken from the council of ten; two literally from the ten, and the third from the counsellors of the seigniory, who also make a part of that council.

These three persons have the power of deciding, with-

out appeal, on the lives of every citizen belonging to the Venetian state; the highest of the nobility, even the doge himself, not being excepted. They keep the keys of the boxes into which anonymous informations are thrown. The informers who expect a recompense, cut off a little piece of their letter, which they afterwards shew to the inquisitor, when they claim a reward. To those three inquisitors is given the right of employing spies, considering secret intelligence, issuing orders to seize all persons whose words or actions they think reprehensible, and afterwards trying them when they think proper. If all the three are of one opinion, no farther ceremony is necessary; they may order the prisoner to be strangled in prison, drowned in the canal Orfano, hanged privately in the night-time, between the pillars, or executed publicly, as they please; and whatever their decision be, no farther inquisition can be made on the subject; but if any one of the three differs in opinion from his brethren, the cause must be carried before the full assembly of the council of ten. One would naturally imagine, that by those the prisoner would have a good chance of being acquitted; because the difference in opinion of the three inqusitors shews, that the case is, at least, dubious; and in dubious cases one would expect the leaning would be to the favourable side; but this court is governed by different maxims from those you are acquainted with. It is a rule here to admit of smaller presumptions in all crimes which affect the government, than in other cases; and the only difference they make between a crime fully proved, and one more doubtful, is, that, in the first case, the execution is in broad day-light; whereas, when there are doubts of the prisoner's guilt, he is only put to death privately. The state inquisitors have keys to every apartment of the ducal palace, and can, when they think proper, penetrate into the very bedchamber of the doge, open his cabinet, and examine his papers. Of course they may command access to the house of every individual in the state. They continue in office only one year, but are not responsible af-

terwards for their conduct while they were in authority.

Can you think you would be perfectly composed, and easy in your mind, if you lived in the same city with three persons, who had the power of shutting you up in a dungeon, and putting you to death when they pleased, and without being accountable for so doing?

If, from the characters of the inquisitors of one year, a man had nothing to dread, still he might fear that a set, of a different character, might be in authority the next; and although he were persuaded, that the inquisitors would always be chosen from among men of the most known integrity in the state, he might tremble at the malice of informers, and secret enemies; a combination of whom might impose on the understandings of upright judges, especially where the accused is excluded from his friends, and denied counsel to assist him in his defence; for, let him be never so conscious of innocence, he cannot be sure of remaining unsuspected, or unaccused; nor can he be certain, that he shall not be put to the rack, to supply a deficiency of evidence: and finally, although a man were naturally possessed of so much firmness of character as to feel no inquietude from any of those considerations on his own account, he might still be under apprehensions for his children, and other connections, for whom some men feel more anxiety than for themselves.

Such reflections naturally arise in the minds of those who have been born, and accustomed to live, in a free country, where no such despotic tribunal is established; yet we find people apparently easy in the midst of all those dangers; nay, we know that mankind show the same indifference in cities, where the emperor, or the bashaw, amuses himself, from time to time, in cutting off the heads of those he happens to meet with in his walks; and I make no doubt, that if it were usual for the earth to open, and swallow a proportion of its inhabitants every day, mankind would behold this with as much coolness as at present they read the bills of mortality. Such is the

effect of habit on the human mind, and so wonderfully does it accommodate itself to those evils for which there is no remedy.

But these considerations do not account for the Venetian nobles suffering such tribunals as those of the council of ten, or the state inquisitors, to exist, because these are evils which it unquestionably is in their power to remedy; and attempts have been made, at various times, by parties of the nobility, to remove them entirely, but without success; the majority of the grand council having, upon trial, been found for preserving these institutions.

It is believed to be owing to the attention of these courts, that the Venetian republic has lasted longer than any other; but, in my opinion, the chief object of a government should be, to render the people happy; and if it fails in that, the longer it lasts, so much the worse. If they are rendered miserable by that which is supposed to preserve the state, they cannot be losers by removing it, be the consequence what it may; and I fancy most people would rather live in a convenient, comfortable house, which could stand only a few centuries, than in a gloomy Gothic fabric, which would last to the day of judgment. These despotic courts, the state inquisitors, and council of ten, have had their admirers, not only among the Venetian nobility, but among foreigners; even among such as have, on other occasions, professed principles very unfavourable to arbitrary power.

I find the following passage in a letter of Bishop Burnet, relating to Venice.—

'But this leads me to say a little to you of that part of the constitution, which is so censured by strangers, but is really both the greatest glory, and the chief security, of this republic; which is, the unlimited power of the inquisitors, that extends not only to the chief of the nobility, but to the duke himself; who is so subject to them, that they may not only give him severe reprimands, but search his papers, make his process, and, in

conclusion, put him to death, without being bound to give any account of their proceedings, except to the council of ten. This is the dread, not only of all the subjects, but of the whole nobility, and all that bear office in the republic, and makes the greatest among them tremble, and so obliges them to an exact conduct.'

Now, for my part, I cannot help thinking, that a tribunal which keeps the doge, the nobility, and *all* the subjects, in dread, and makes the greatest among them tremble, can be no great blessing in any state. To be in continual fear, is certainly a very unhappy situation; and if the doge, the nobility, and *all* the subjects, are rendered unhappy, I should imagine, with all submission, that the glory and security of the rest of the republic must be of very small importance.

In the same letter which I have quoted above, his lordship, speaking of the state inquisitors, has these words.— 'When they find any fault, they are so inexorable, and so quick as well as severe in their justice, that the very fear of this is so effectual a restraint, that, perhaps, the only preservation of Venice, and of its liberty, is owing to this single piece of their constitution.'

How would you, my good friend, relish that kind of liberty in England, which could not be preserved without the assistance of a despotic court? Such an idea of liberty might have been announced from the throne, as one of the mysteries of government, by James I or II; but we are amazed to find it published by a counsellor, and admirer of William III. It may, indeed, be said, that the smallness of the Venetian state, and its republican form of government, render it liable to be overturned by sudden tumults, or popular insurrections: this renders it the more necessary to keep a watchful eye over the conduct of individuals, and guard against every thing that may be the source of public commotion or disorder. The institution of state inquisitors may be thought to admit of some apology in this view, like the extraordinary and irregular punishment of the

Ostracism established at Athens, which had a similar foundation. In a large state, or in a less popular form of government, the same dangers from civil commotions cannot be apprehended; similar precautions for preventing them are therefore superfluous; but, notwithstanding every apology that can be made, I am at a loss to account for the existence of this terrible tribunal for so long a time in the Venetian republic, because all ranks seem to have an interest in its destruction; and I do not see on what principle any one man, or any set of men, should wish for its preservation. It cannot be the doge, for the state inquisitors keep him in absolute bondage; nor would one naturally imagine that the nobles would relish this court, for the nobles are more exposed to the jealousy of the state inquisitors than the citizens, or inferior people; and least of all ought the citizens to support a tribunal, to which none of them can ever be admitted. As, however, the body of the nobility alone can remove this tribunal from being part of the constitution, and yet, we find, they have always supported it; we must conclude, that a junto of that body which has sufficient influence to command a majority of their brethren, has always retained the power in their own hands, and found means of having the majority, at least of the council of ten, chosen from their own members; so that this arbitrary court is, perhaps, always composed, by a kind of rotation, of the individuals of a junto. But if the possibility of this is denied, because of the precaution used in the form of electing by ballot, the only other way I can account for a tribunal of such a nature being permitted to exist, is, by supposing that a majority of the Venetian nobles have so great a relish for unlimited power, that, to have a chance of enjoying it for a short period, they are willing to bear all the miseries of slavery for the rest of their lives.

The encouragement given by this government to anonymous accusers, and secret informations, is attended with consequences which greatly outweigh any benefit

that can arise from them. They must destroy mutual confidence, and promote suspicions and jealousies among neighbours; and, while they render all ranks of men fearful, they encourage them to be malicious. The laws ought to be able to protect every man who openly and boldly accuses another.

If any set of men, in a state, are so powerful, that it is dangerous for an individual to charge them with their crimes openly, there must be a weakness in that government which requires a speedy remedy; but let not that be a remedy worse than the disease.

It is no proof of the boasted wisdom of this government, that, in the use of the torture, it imitates many European states, whose judicial regulations it has avoided where they seem far less censurable. The practice of forcing confession, and procuring evidence by this means, always appeared to me a complication of cruelty and absurdity. To make a man suffer more than the pains of death, that you may discover whether he deserves death, or not, is a manner of distributing justice which I cannot reconcile to my idea of equity.

If it is the intention of the legislature, that every crime shall be expiated by the sufferings of somebody, and is regardless whether this expiation is made by the agonies of an innocent person, or a guilty, then there is no more to be said; but, if the intention be to discover the truth, this horrid device of the torture will very often fail; for nineteen people out of twenty will declare whatever they imagine will soonest put an end to their sufferings, whether it be truth or falsehood.

LETTER XVI.

Venice.

ALTHOUGH many important events have happened since the establishment of the state inquisition, which have greatly affected the power, riches, and extent of dominion of this republic, yet the nature of the government has re-

mained much the same. In what I have to add, therefore, I shall be very short and general.

I have already observed, that it was the usual policy of this republic to maintain a neutrality, as long as possible, in all the wars which took place among her neighbours; and when obliged, contrary to her inclinations, to declare for either party, she generally joined with that state whose distant situation rendered its power and prosperity the least dangerous of the two to Venice.

This republic seems, however, to have too much neglected to form defensive alliances with other states, and by the continual jealousy she shewed of them, joined to her immense riches, at last became the object of the hatred and envy of all the powers in Europe. This universal jealousy was roused, and brought into action, in the year 1508, by the intriguing genius of Pope Julius II. A confederacy was secretly entered into at Cambray, between Julius, the emperor Maximilian, Lewis XII, and Ferdinand of Arragon, against the republic of Venice. A bare enumeration of the powers which composed this league, gives a very high idea of the importance of the state against which it was formed.

The duke of Savoy, the duke of Farrara, and the duke of Mantua, acceded to this confederacy, and gave in claims to part of the dominions of Venice. It was not difficult to form pretensions to the best part of the dominions of a state, which originally possessed nothing but a few marshy islands at the bottom of the Aridatic Gulf. It was the general opinion of Europe, that the league of Cambray would reduce Venice to her original possessions.

The Venetians, finding themselves deprived of all hopes of foreign assistance, sought support from their own courage, and resolved to meet the danger which threatened them, with the spirit of a brave and independent people.

Their general, Count Alviano, led an army against Lewis, who, being prepared before the other confederates, had already entered Italy. However great the magnanimity

of the senate, and the skill of their general, the soldiery were by no means equal to the disciplined troops of France, led by a martial nobility, and headed by a gallant monarch. The army of Alviano was defeated; new enemies poured on the republic from all sides; and she lost, in one campaign, all the territories in Italy which she had been ages in acquiring.

Venice now found that she could no longer depend on her own strength and resources, and endeavoured to break, by policy, a combination which she had not force to resist. The Venetian senate, knowing that Julius was the soul of the confederacy, offered to deliver up the towns he claimed, and made every other submission that could gratify the pride, and avert the anger, of that ambitious pontiff; they also find means to separate Ferdinand from the alliance. Lewis and Maximilian being now their only enemies, the Venetians are able to sustain the war, till Julius, bearing no longer any resentment against the republic, and seized with remorse at beholding his native country ravaged by French and German armies, unites with Venice to drive the invaders out of Italy; and this republic is saved, with the loss of a small part of her Italian dominions, from a ruin which all Europe had considered as inevitable. The long and expensive wars between the different powers of Europe, in which this state was obliged to take part, prove that her strength and resources were not exhausted.

In the year 1570, the Venetians were forced into a ruinous war with the Ottoman empire, at a time when the senate, sensible of the great need they stood in of repose, had, with much address and policy, kept clear of the quarrels which agitated the rest of Europe. But Solymon II, upon the most frivolous pretext, demanded from them the island of Cyprus.

It was evident to all the world, that he had no better foundation for this claim, than a strong desire, supported by a sufficient power, of conquering the island. This

kind of right might not be thought complete in a court of equity; but, in the jurisprudence of monarchs, it has always been found preferable to every other.

The Turks make a descent, with a great army, on Cyprus; they invest Famagousta, the capital; the garrison defends it with the most obstinate bravery; the Turks are repulsed in repeated assaults; many thousands of them are slain; but the ranks are constantly supplied by reinforcements. Antonio Bragadino, the commander, having displayed proofs of the highest military skill, and the most heroic courage, his garrison being quite exhausted with fatigue, and greatly reduced in point of numbers, is obliged to capitulate.

The terms were, that the garrison should march out with their arms, baggage, and three pieces of cannon, and should be transported to Candia in Turkish vessels; that the citizens should not be pillaged, but allowed to retire with their effects.

Mustapha, the Turkish bashaw, no sooner had possession of the place, than he delivered it up to be pillaged by the Janisaries; the garrison were put in chains, and made slaves on board the Turkish galleys. The principal officers were beheaded, and the gallant Bragadino was tied to a pillar, and, in the bashaw's presence, flayed alive.

We meet with events in the annals of mankind, that make us doubt the truth of the most authentic history. We cannot believe that such actions have ever been committed by the inhabitants of this globe, and by creatures of the same species with ourselves. We are tempted to think we are perusing the records of hell, whose inhabitants, according to the most authentic accounts, derive a constant pleasure from the tortures of each other, as well as of all foreigners.

The conquest of the island of Cyprus is said to have cost the Turks fifty thousand lives. At this time, not Venice only, but all Christendom, had reason to dread the progress of the Turkish arms. The state of Venice soli-

cited assistance from all the Catholic states; but France was, at that time, in alliance with the Turks; Maximilian dreaded their power; the crown of Portugal was possessed by a child, and Poland was exhausted by her wars with Russia. The Venetians, on this pressing occasion, received assistance from Rome, whose power they had so often resisted, and from Spain, their late enemy.

Pope Pius V and Philip II joined their fleets with that of the republic. The confederate fleet assembled at Messina. The celebrated Don John of Austria, natural son to Charles V, was generalissimo; Mark Antonio Colonna commanded the pope's division, and Sebastian Veniero the Venetian. The Turkish fleet was greatly superior in the number of vessels.

The two fleets meet in the gulf of Lepanta: it is said, that the Turkish galleys were entirely worked by Christian slaves, and the galleys of the Christians by Turkish; a shocking proof of the barbarous manner in which prisoners of war were treated in that age; and, in this instance, as absurd as it was barbarous; for a cartel for an exchange of prisoners would have given freedom to the greater number of those unhappy men, without diminishing the strength of either navy. The fleets engage, and the Turks are entirely defeated. Historians assert, that twenty thousand Turks were killed in the engagement, and one half of their fleet destroyed. This is a prodigious number to be killed on one side, and in a sea fight; it ought to be remembered, that there is no Turkish writer on the subject.

Pius V died soon after the battle of Lepanta. Upon his death the war languished on the side of the allies; Philip became tired of the expense, and the Venetians were obliged to purchase a peace, by yielding the island of Cyprus to the Turks, and agreeing to pay them, for three years, an annual tribute of one hundred thousand ducats. Those circumstances have no tendency to confirm the accounts which Christian writers have given, of the immense loss which the Turks met with at the battle of Lepanta.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, the republic had a dispute with the pope, which, in that age, was thought a matter of importance, and engaged the attention of all Christendom.

Paul V shewed as eager a disposition as any of his predecessors to extend the papal authority. He had an inveterate prejudice against the Venetian republic, on account of her having, on every occasion, resisted all ecclesiastical encroachments.

He sought, with impatience, an opportunity of manifesting his hatred, and expected that he should be assisted by the pious princes of Europe, in bringing this refractory child of the church to reason. He began by demanding a sum of money, for the purpose of carrying on the war against the Turks in Hungary; he complained of certain decrees of the senate, relating to the internal government of the republic, particularly one which forbad the building of any more new churches, without the permission of that assembly, and which, he said, smelt strongly of heresy; and above all, he exclaimed against the council of ten, for having imprisoned an ecclesiastic, and prepared to bring him to a public trial. This reverend person, for whom his holiness interested himself so warmly, was accused of having poisoned five people, one of whom was his own father. He was also accused of having caused another to be assassinated; and, to prevent a discovery, had afterwards poisoned the assassin.

The senate refused the money, confirmed their decree against the building of churches, and applauded the conduct of the council of ten, in prosecuting the ecclesiastic.

The authors of the age arranged themselves on the one side, or the other, and this became a war of controversy, in which, though there was no blood shed, yet it appeared by the writings of the partisans, that a considerable number of understandings were greatly injured. Those who supported the pope's cause insisted, that the temporal power of princes is subordinate to his; that he has a right to deprive them of their dominions, and release their sub-

jects from their oaths of fidelity, as often as this shall be for the glory of God, and for the good of the church; of which nobody could be so good a judge as the pope, since all the world knew he was infallible; that ecclesiastics were not subjected to the civil power; that an ecclesiastical court, or the pope, only, had authority over that body of men; and nothing could be more abominable, than to continue a prosecution against a prisoner, whatever his crimes might be, after the father of the church, who had the undoubted power of absolving sinners, had interfered in his favour.

The senate, in their answers, acknowledged, that the pope was supreme head of the church, and that, in all subjects of religious belief, his power was unbounded; for which reason they remained implicit and submissive believers; that they were far from disputing the infallibility of his holiness in ecclesiastical matters, particularly within his own dominions; but, with regard to the government of their subjects, they would certainly take the whole trouble of that on themselves, and would administer as impartial justice to ecclesiastics, as to those of other professions. They imagined also, that they were competent judges when, and for what purposes, they ought to levy money upon their own subjects, and whether it would be necessary to build any new churches in Venice, or not. Finally, they flattered themselves, that the prosecuting a murderer was no way inconsistent with the glory of God.

The greater number of the princes of Christendom seemed to think the senate were in the right. The pope was disappointed in his expectations; and finding himself unsupported, was glad to shelter his pride under the mediation of Henry IV of France, who endeavoured to give his holiness's defeat the appearance of victory.

LETTER XVII.

Venice.

The year 1618 is distinguished in the annals of Venice, by a conspiracy of a more formidable nature than any hitherto mentioned. The design of other conspiracies was a change in the form of government, or, at most, the destruction of some particular class of men in power; but the present plot had for its object the total annihilation of the Venetian republic. I speak of the conspiracy formed by the marquis of Bedmar, ambassador from the court of Spain, in conjunction with the duke of Ossono, and the Spanish governor of the Milanese.

The interesting manner in which this dark design has been described by the abbé St. Real, has made it more universally known than any other part of the Venetian story. This writer is accused of having ornamented his account with some fanciful circumstances, an objection often enviously urged against some of the most agreeable writers, by authors whom nature has guarded from the possibility of committing such an error: men, whose truths are less interesting than fictions, and whose fictions are as dull as the most insipid truths. Does any reader believe that the speeches of the generals before a battle, as recorded by Livy, were actually pronounced in the terms of that author? Or, can any one wish they were expunged from his history? Abbé St. Real has also put speeches into the mouths of the conspirators, and has embellished, without materially altering, the real circumstances of the story. For my own part, I feel a degree of gratitude to every person who has entertained me; and while my passions are agreeably agitated with St. Real's lively history, I cannot bear that a phlegmatic fellow should interrupt my enjoyment; and, because of a few embellishments, declare, with an affected air of wisdom, that the whole is an idle romance.

The discovery of this plot, and the impressions of

jealousy and terror which it left on the minds of the inhabitants of Venice, probably first suggested a plan of a more wicked nature than any of the conspiracies we have hitherto mentioned, and which was actually put in execution.

A set of villains combined together to accuse some of the nobility of treasonable practices, merely for the sake of the rewards bestowed upon informers. This horrid crime may be expected in all governments where spies and informers are encouraged; it certainly occurs frequently at Venice; sometimes, no doubt, without being detected, and sometimes it is detected, without being publicly punished, for fear of discouraging the business of information: but on the discovery of the present combination, all Venice was struck with such horror, that the senate thought proper to publish every circumstance.

A certain number of those miscreants acted the part of accusers; the others, being seized by the information of their accomplices, appeared as witnesses.

A noble Venetian, of a respectable character, and advanced in years, of the name of Foscarini, fell a victim to this horrid cabal; and Venice beheld with astonishment and sorrow, one of her most respectable citizens accused, condemned, and executed as a traitor.

At length, accusations followed each other so close, that they created suspicions in the minds of the judges. The informers themselves were seized, and examined separately, and the whole dreadful scheme became manifest. These wretches suffered the punishment due to such complicated villany; the honour of Foscarini was re-instated, and every possible compensation made to his injured family. An instance like this, of the despotic precipitancy of the inquisitors, more than counterbalances all the benefit which the state ever receives from them, or the odious race of informers they encourage.

If the trial of the unfortunate Foscarini had been *open*, or *public*, and not in secret, according to the form of the inquisitor's court; and if he had been allowed to call ex-

culpatory evidence, and assisted by those friends who knew all his actions, the falsehood and villany of these accusers would probably have been discovered, and his life saved.

In the year 1645, the Turks made an unexpected and sudden descent on the island of Candia. The senate of Venice did not display their usual vigilance on this occasion. They had seen the immense warlike preparations going forward, and yet allowed themselves to be amused by the grand seignior's declaring war against Malta, and pretending that the armament was intended against that island. The troops landed without opposition, and the town of Canéa was taken after an obstinate defence.

This news being brought to Venice, excited an universal indignation against the Turks: and the senate resolved to defend, to the utmost, this valuable part of the empire. Extraordinary ways and means of raising money were fallen upon: among others, it was proposed to sell the rank of nobility. Four citizens offered one hundred thousand ducats each for this honour; and, notwithstanding some opposition, this measure was at last carried. Eighty families were admitted into the grand council, and to the honour and privileges of the nobility. What an idea does this give of the wealth of the inhabitants of Venice?

The siege of Candia, the capital of the island of that name, is, in some respects, more memorable than that of any town, which history, or even which poetry, has recorded. It lasted twenty-four years. The amazing efforts made by the republic of Venice astonished all Europe; their courage interested the gallant spirits of every nation; volunteers from every country came to Candia, to exercise their valour, to acquire knowledge in the military art, and assist a brave people whom they admired. The duke of Beaufort, so much the darling of the Parisian populace during the war of the Fronde, was killed here, with many more gallant French officers.

During this famous siege, the Venetians gained many

important victories over the Turkish fleets. Sometimes they were driven from the walls of Candia, and the Turkish garrison of Canéa was even besieged by the Venetian fleets. The slaughter made of the Turkish armies is without example; but new armies were soon found to supply their place, by a government which boasts such populous dominions, and which has despotic authority over its subjects.

Mahomet IV, impatient at the length of this siege, came to Negropont, that he might have more frequent opportunities of hearing from the vizier, who carried on the siege. An officer sent with dispatches, was directed by the vizier, to explain to Mahomet the manner in which he made his approaches, and to assure him that he would take all possible care to save the lives of the soldiers. The humane emperor answered, that he had sent the vizier to take the place, and not to spare the lives of soldiers; and he was on the point of ordering the head of the officer who brought this message, to be cut off, merely to quicken the vizier in his operations, and to show him how little he valued the lives of men.

In spite of the vizier's boasted parsimony, this war is said to have cost the lives of two hundred thousand Turks. Candia capitulated in the year 1668; the conditions on this occasion were honourably fulfilled. Morsini, the Venetian general, after displaying prodigies of valour and capacity, marched out of the rubbish of this well-disputed city, with the honours of war.

The expense of such a tedious war greatly exhausted the resources of Venice, which could not now repair them so quickly as formerly, when she enjoyed the rich monopoly of the Asiatic trade; the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope having long since opened that valuable commerce to the Portuguese and other nations.

This republic remained in a state of tranquillity, endeavouring, by the arts of peace, and cultivation of that share of commerce which she still retained, to fill her empty exchequer, till she was drawn into a new war, in the

year 1683, by the insolence of the Ottoman court. The Venetians had for some time endeavoured, by negotiation, and many conciliatory representations, to accommodate matters with the Turks; and though the haughty conduct of her enemies afforded small hopes of success, yet such was her aversion to war on the present occasion, that she still balanced, whether to bear those insults, or repel them by arms; when she was brought to decision by an event which gave the greatest joy to Venice, and astonished all Europe. This was the great victory gained over the Turkish army before the walls of Vienna, by Sobieski, king of Poland.

In this new war, their late general Morsini again had the command of the fleets and armies of the republic, and sustained the great reputation he had acquired in Candia. He conquered the Morea, which was ceded formally to Venice, with some other acquisition, at the peace of Carlowitz, in the last year of the last century.

During the war of the succession, the state of Venice observed a strict neutrality. They considered that dispute as unconnected with their interests, taking care, however, to keep on foot an army on their frontiers in Italy, of sufficient force to make them respected by the contending powers. But, soon after the peace of Utrecht, the Venetians were again attacked by their old enemies the Turks; who, beholding the great European powers exhausted by their late efforts, and unable to assist the republic, thought this the favourable moment for recovering the Morea, which had been so lately ravished from them. The Turks obtained their object, and at the peace of Passarowitz, which terminated this unsuccessful war, the Venetian state yielded up the Morea; the grand seignior, on his part, restoring to them the small islands of Cerigo and Cerigotto, with some places which his troops had taken during the course of the war in Dalmatia. Those, with the islands of Corfou, Santa Maura, Zante, and Cephalonia, the remains of their dominions in the

Levant, they have since fortified, at a great expense, as their only barriers against the Turk.

Since this period no essential alteration has taken place in the Venetian government, nor has there been any essential increase, or diminution, in the extent of their dominions. They have little to fear at present from the Turks, whose attention is sufficiently occupied by a more formidable enemy than the republic and the house of Austria united. Besides, if the Turks were more disengaged, as they have now stripped the republic of Cyprus, Candia, and their possessions in Greece, what remains in the Levant is hardly worth their attention.

The declension of Venice did not, like that of Rome, proceed from the increase of luxury, or the revolt of their own armies in the distant colonies, or from civil wars of any kind. Venice has dwindled in power and importance, from causes which could not be foreseen; or guarded against by human prudence, although they had been foreseen. How could this republic have prevented the discovery of a passage to Asia by the Cape of Good Hope? or hinder other nations from being inspired with a spirit of enterprise, industry, and commerce? In their present situation there is little probability of their attempting new conquests; happy if they are allowed to remain in the quiet possession of what they have. Venice has a most formidable neighbour in the emperor, whose dominions border on those of this republic on all sides. The independency of the republic entirely depends on his moderation; or, in case he should lose that virtue, on the protection of some of the great powers of Europe.

I have now finished the sketch I proposed, of the Venetian government, with which I could not help intermingling many of the principal historical events; indeed I enlarged on these, after you informed me, that you intended to give your young friend copies of my letters on this subject, before he begins his tour. I wish they were more perfect on his account; they will, at least, prevent

his being in the situation of some travellers I have met with, who, after remaining here for many months, knew no more of the ancient or modern state of Venice, than that the inhabitants went about in boats instead of coaches, and, generally speaking, wore masks.

LETTER XVIII.

Venice.

HAVING travelled with you through the splendid eras of the Venetian story, and presented their statesmen and heroes to your view, let us now return to the present race, in whose life and conversation, I forewarn you, there is nothing heroic. The truth is, that in every country, as well as Venice, we can only *read* of heroes; they are seldom to be *seen:* for this plain reason, that while they are to be seen we do not think them heroes. The historian dwells upon what is vast and extraordinary; what is common and trivial finds no place in his records. When we hear the names of Epaminondas, Themistocles, Camillus, Scipio, and other great men of Greece and Rome, we think of their great actions, we know nothing else about them;—but when we see the worthies of our own times, we unfortunately recollect their whole history. The citizens of Athens and Rome, who lived in the days of the heroes above mentioned, very probably had not the same admiration of them that we have; and our posterity, some eight or ten centuries hence, will, it is to be hoped, have a higher veneration for the great men of the present age, than their intimate acquaintance are known to have, or than these can be supposed to form, who daily behold them lounging in gaming-houses. All this, you perceive, is little more than a commentary on the old observation, That no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre. The number of playhouses in Venice is very extraordinary, considering the size of the town, which is not thought to contain above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, yet there are eight or nine theatres here, including

the opera-houses. You pay a trifle at the door for admittance; this entitles you to go into the pit, where you may look about, and determine what part of the house you will sit in. There are rows of chairs placed in the front of the pit, next the orchestra: the seats of these chairs are folded to their backs, and fastened by a lock. Those who choose to take them, pay a little more money to the door-keeper, who immediately unlocks the seat. Very decent-looking people occupy these chairs; but the back part of the pit is filled with footmen and gondoleers, in their common working clothes. The nobility, and better sort of citizens, have boxes retained for the year; but there are always a sufficient number to be let to strangers; the price of those varies every night, acording to the season of the year, and the piece acted.

A Venetian playhouse has a dismal appearance in the eyes of people accustomed to the brilliancy of those of London. Many of the boxes are so dark, that the faces of the company in them can hardly be distinguished at a little distance, even when they do not wear masks. The stage, however, is well illuminated, so that the people in the boxes can see, perfectly well, every thing that is transacted there; and when they choose to be seen themselves, they order lights into their boxes. Between the acts you sometimes see ladies walking about, with their cavalieri serventés, in the back part of the pit, when it is not crowded. As they are masked, they do not scruple to reconnoitre the company, with their spying-glasses, from this place: when the play begins, they return to their boxes. This continual moving about from box to box, and between the boxes and the pit, must create some confusion, and, no doubt, is disagreeable to those who attend merely on account of the piece. There must, however, be found some *douceur* in the midst of all this obscurity and confusion, which, in the opinion of the majority of the audience, overbalances these obvious inconveniences.

The music of the opera here is reckoned as fine as in

any town in Italy; and, at any rate, is far superior to the praise of so very poor a judge as I am. The dramatic and poetical parts of those pieces are little regarded: the poet is allowed to indulge himself in as many anachronisms, and other inconsistences, as he pleases. Provided the music receives the approbation of the critic's ear, his judgment is not offended with any absurdities in the other parts of the composition. The celebrated Metastasio has disdained to avail himself of this indulgence in his operas, which are fine dramatic compositions. He has preserved the alliance which ought always to subsist between sense and music.

But as for the music of the serious operas, it is, in general, infinitely too fine for my ear; to my shame I must confess, that it requires a considerable effort for me to sit till the end.

It is surely happy for a man to have a real sensibility for fine music; because he has, by that means, one source of enjoyment more, than those whose auditory nerves are less delicately strung. It is, however, equally absurd and silly to affect an excessive delight in things which nature has not framed us to enjoy; yet how many of our acquaintance, accused of this folly, have we seen doing painful penance at the Hay-market; and, in the midst of unsuppressable yawnings, calling out, Charming! exquisite! bravissimo, &c.

It is amazing what pains some people take to render themselves ridiculous; and it is a matter of real curiosity to observe, in what various shapes the little despicable spirit of affectation shews itself among mankind.

I remember a very honest gentleman, who understood little or nothing of French; but having picked up a few phrases, he brought them forward on every occasion, and affected, among his neighbours in the country, the most perfect knowledge, and highest admiration, of that language. When any body, in compliance with his taste, uttered a sentence in that tongue, though my good friend did not understand a syllable of it, yet he never failed to

spite of the pains some people take to conceal it, we all know the reason; but I own I did not expect to find the same preference of dancing to music in Italy.

After seeing the dancing at the French opera, and coming so lately from Vienna, where we had seen some of Novere's charming ballets very well executed, we could have no high admiration of those performed here, though there are at present some dancers highly esteemed, who perform every night.

The Italians, I am informed, have a greater relish for agility and high jumping in their dancers, than for graceful movements.

It is extraordinary that they do not vary the ballets oftener. They give the same every night during the run of the opera. There is a propriety in continuing the same opera for a considerable time; because music is often better relished after it becomes a little familiar to the ear, than at first; but a ballet might be changed, without much difficulty, every night.

LETTER XIX.

Venice.

MANY people are surprised, that, in a government so very jealous of its power as that of Venice, there is no military establishment within the city to support the executive power, and repress any popular commotion. For my own part, I am strongly of opinion, that it proceeds from this very jealousy in government, that there is no military garrison here.

An arbitrary prince is fond of a standing army, and loves to be always surrounded by guards; because he, being the permanent fountain of honours and promotion, the army will naturally be much attached to him, and become, on all occasions, the blind instruments of his pleasure: but at Venice, there is no visible permanent object, to which the army can attach itself. The doge would not be allowed the command of the garrison, if there was one.

The three state inquisitors are continually changing; and before one set could gain the affections of the soldiers, another would be chosen; so that government could not be supported, but much more probably would be overturned, by a numerous garrison being established in Venice; for it might perhaps not be difficult for a few of the rich and powerful nobles to corrupt the garrison, and gain over the commander to any ambitious plan of their own, for the destruction of the constitution.

But although there is no formal garrison in a military uniform, yet there is a real effective force sufficient to suppress any popular commotion, at the command of the senate, and council of ten. This force, besides the sbirri, consists of a great number of stout fellows, who, without any distinguishing dress, are kept in the pay of government, and are at the command of that council. There is also the whole body of the gondoleers, the most hardy and daring of the common Venetians. This body of men are greatly attached to the nobility, from whom they have most of their employment, and with whom they acquire a certain degree of familiarity, by passing great part of their time, shut up in boats, in their company, and by being privy to many of their love intrigues. Great numbers of these gondoleers are in the service of particular nobles; and there is no doubt, that, in case of any popular insurrection, the whole would take the side of the nobility and senate, against the people. In short, they may be considered as a kind of standing militia, ready to rise as soon as the government requires their services.

Lastly, there is the grand council itself, which, in case of any violent commotion of the citizens and populace, could be armed directly, from the small arsenal within the ducal palace, and would prove a very formidable force against an unarmed multitude; for the laws of Venice forbid, under pain of death, any citizen to carry fire-arms; a law which is very exactly executed by the state inquisitors.

By those means the executive power of government is

as irresistible at Venice, as at Petersburgh or Constantinople, while there is a far less chance of the government itself being overthrown here by the instruments of its own power; for, although a regular army, or garrison, might be corrupted by the address of an ambitious doge, or by a combination of a few rich and popular nobles, in which case a revolution would take place at once; it is almost impossible to conceive, that all the different powers above mentioned could be engaged to act in favour of one man, or a small combination of men, without being detected by the vigilance of the inquisitors, or the jealousy of those who were not in the conspiracy. And if we suppose a majority of the nobles inclinable to any change in the form of the government, they have no occasion to carry on a secret plot; they may come to the council chamber, and dictate whatever alterations they think proper.

LETTER XX.

Venice.

THERE is unquestionably much reflection, and great depth of thought, displayed in the formation of the political constitution of Venice; but I should admire it much more, if the council of ten, and state inquisitors, had never formed any part of it. Their institution, in my opinion, destroys the effect of all the rest. Like those misers who actually starve themselves, by endeavouring to avoid the inconveniences of poverty, the Venetians, in whatever manner it is brought about, actually support a despotic tribunal, under the pretext of keeping out despotism. In some respects this system is worse than the fixed and permanent tyranny of one person; for that person's character and maxims would be known, and, by endeavouring to conform themselves to his way of thinking, people might have some chance of living unmolested; but according to this plan, they have a freethinker for their tyrant to-day, and a bigot to-morrow. One

year a set of inquisitors, who consider certain parts of conduct as innocent, which, in the sight of their successors, may appear state crimes; men do not know what they have to depend upon. An universal jealousy must prevail, and precautions will be used to avoid the suspicions of government, unknown in any other country. Accordingly we find, that the noble Venetians are afraid of having any intercourse with foreign ambassadors, or with foreigners of any kind; they are even cautious of visiting at each other's houses, and hardly ever have meetings together, except at the courts, or on the Broglio. The boasted secrecy of their public councils proceeds, in all probability, from the same principle of fear. If all conversation on public affairs were forbid, under pain of death, and if the members of the British parliament were liable to be seized in the night-time by general warrants, and hanged at Tyburn, or drowned in the Thames, at the pleasure of the secretaries of state, I dare swear the world would know as little of what passes in either house of parliament, as they do of what is transacted in the senate of Venice

It is not safe for a noble Venetian to acquire, in a high degree, the love and confidence of the common people. This excites the jealousy of the inquisitors, and proves a pretty certain means of excluding him from any of the high offices. A government which displays so much distrust and suspicion where there is little or no ground, will not fail to shew marks of the same disposition where, in the general opinion, there is some reason to be circumspect. Ecclesiastics, of every denomination, are excluded, by the constitution of Venice, from a place in the senate, or holding any civil office whatever; nor is it permitted them, directly or indirectly, to intermeddle in state affairs. In many instances, they are deprived of that kind of influence which, even in Protestant countries, is allowed to the clergy. The patriarch of Venice has not the disposal of the offices belonging to St. Mark's church: all the deans are named by the doge and senate.

Though it is forbid to the nobility, and to the clergy, to hold any conversation with strangers upon politics, or affairs of state; yet it is remarked, the gondoleers are exceeding ready to talk upon these, or any other subjects, with all who give them the smallest encouragement. Those who are not in the immediate service of any particular nobleman, are often retained by government, like the valets-de-place at Paris, as spies upon strangers. It is said, that while those fellows row their gondolas, in seeming inattention to the conversation, they are taking notice of every thing which is said, that they may report it to their employers, when they imagine it any way concerns the government. If this is true, those are to be pitied who are obliged to listen to all the stuff that such politicians may be supposed to relate. As soon as a stranger arrives, the gondoleers who brought him to Venice immediately repair to a certain office, and give information where they took him up, to what house they conducted him, and of any other particulars they may have picked up. All those precautions recalled to my memory the garrison of Darmstadt, of which I gave you an account in a letter from that place, where the strictest duty is kept up by day and night, in winter as well as summer, and every precaution used, as if an enemy were at the gates; though no mortal has the smallest design against the place, and though it is perfectly understood by all the inhabitants, that if an army was in reality to come with hostile intentions, the town could not hold out a week. In the same manner, I cannot help thinking, that all this jealousy and distrust, those numerous engines set a-going, and all this complicated system for the discovery of plots, and the defence of the constitution of this republic, serves only to harass their own subjects. Their constitution is certainly in no such danger as to require such an apparatus of machines to defend it, unless, indeed, the emperor were to form a plot against it; and, in that case, it is much to be feared, that the spies, gondoleers, lions mouths, and state inquisitors, would hardly prevent its success.

Exclusive of this state inquisition, my abhorrence to which, I perceive, leads me sometimes away from my purpose, all ranks of people here might be exceeding happy. The business of the various courts, and the great number of offices in the state, form a constant employment for the nobles, and furnish them with proper objects to excite industry and ambition. The citizens form a respectable body in the state; and, though they are excluded from the senate, they may hold some very lucrative and important offices. By applying to the arts and sciences, which are encouraged at Venice, they have a fair chance of living agreeably, and laying up a competency for their families. Private property is nowhere better secured than at Venice; and notwithstanding she no longer enjoys the trade of Asia without competitors, yet her commerce is still considerable, and many individuals acquire great wealth by trade. The manufactories established here employ all the industrious poor, and prevent that squalid beggary, that pilfering and robbery, one or other, or all of which, prevail in most other countries of Europe.

Their subjects on the Terra Firma, I am informed, are not at all oppressed; the senate has found that mild treatment, and good usage, are the best policy, and more effectual than armies, in preventing revolts. The podestas, therefore, are not allowed to abuse their power, by treating the people with severity or injustice. Those governors know, that any complaints produced against them, will be scrutinized by the senate very carefully. This prevents many abuses of power on their part, and makes the neighbouring provinces which formerly belonged to this state, regret the chance of war which ravished them from the equitable government of their ancient masters.

LETTER XXI.

Venice.

Though the Venetian government is still under the influence of jealousy, that gloomy demon is now entirely ba-

nished from the bosoms of individuals. Instead of the confinement in which women were formerly kept at Venice, they now enjoy a degree of freedom unknown even at Paris. Of the two extremes, the present, without doubt, is the preferable.

The husbands seem at last convinced, that the chastity of their wives is safest under their own guardianship, and that when a woman thinks her honour not worth her own regard, it is still more unworthy of his. This advantage, with many others, must arise from the present system; that when a husband believes that his wife has faithfully adhered to her conjugal engagement, he has the additional satisfaction of knowing, that she acts from a love to him, or some honourable motive; whereas, formerly, a Venetian husband could not be certain that he was not obliged, for his wife's chastity, to iron bars, bolts, and padlocks.

Could any man imagine, that a woman, whose chastity was preserved by such means only, was, in fact, more respectable than a common prostitute? The old plan of distrust and confinement, without even securing what was its object, must have had a strong tendency to debase the minds of both the husband and the wife; for what man, whose mind was not perfectly abject, could have pleasure in the society of a wife, who, to his own conviction, languished to be in the arms of another man? Of all the humble employments that ever the wretched sons of Adam submitted to, surely that of watching a wife from morning to night, and all night too, is the most perfectly humiliating. Such ungenerous distrust must also have had the worst effect on the minds of the women; made them view their gaolers with disgust and horror; and we ought not to be much surprised if some preferred the common gondoleers of the lakes, and the vagrants of the streets, to such husbands. Along with jealousy, *poison* and the *stiletto* have been banished from Venetian gallantry, and the innocent mask is substituted in their places. According to the best information I have

received, this same mask is a much more innocent matter than is generally imagined. In general it is not intended to conceal the person who wears it, but only used as an apology for his not being in full dress. With a mask stuck in the hat, and a kind of black mantle, trimmed with lace of the same colour, over the shoulders, a man is sufficiently dressed for any assembly at Venice.

Those who walk the streets, or go to the playhouses with masks actually covering their faces, are either engaged in some love intrigue, or would have the spectators think so; for this is a piece of affectation which prevails here, as well as elsewhere; and I have been assured, by those who have resided many years at Venice, that *refined* gentlemen, who are fond of the reputation, though they shrink from the catastrophe, of an intrigue, are no uncommon characters here; and I believe it the more readily, because I daily see many feeble gentlemen tottering about in masks, for whom a basin of warm restorative soup seems more expedient than the most beautiful woman in Venice.

One evening at St. Mark's Place, when a gentleman of my acquaintance was giving an account of this curious piece of affectation, he desired me to take notice of a Venetian nobleman of his acquaintance, who, with an air of mystery, was conducting a female mask into his cassino. My acquaintance knew him perfectly well, and assured me, he was the most innocent creature with women he had ever been acquainted with. When this gallant person perceived that we were looking at him, his mask fell to the ground as if by accident; and after we had got a complete view of his countenance, he put it on with much hurry, and immediately rushed, with his partner, into the cassino.

Fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

You have heard, no doubt, of those little apartments, near St. Mark's Place, called Cassinos. They have the misfortune to labour under a very bad reputation; they are accused of being temples entirely consecrated to law-

less love, and a thousand scandalous tales are told to strangers concerning them. Those tales are certainly not believed by the Venetians themselves, the proof of which is, that the cassinos are allowed to exist; for I hold it perfectly absurd to imagine, that men would suffer their wives to enter such places, if they were not convinced that those stories were ill-founded; nor can I believe, after all we have heard of the profligacy of Venetian manners, that women, even of indifferent reputations, would attend cassinos in the open manner they do, if it were understood that more liberties were taken with them there than elsewhere.

The opening before St. Mark's church is the only place in Venice where a great number of people can assemble. It is the fashion to walk here a great part of the evening, to enjoy the music, and other amusements; and although there are coffeehouses, and Venetian manners permit ladies, as well as gentlemen, to frequent them, yet it was natural for the noble and most wealthy to prefer little apartments of their own, where, without being exposed to intrusion, they may entertain a few friends in a more easy and unceremonious manner than they could do at their palaces. Instead of going home to a formal supper, and returning afterwards to this place of amusement, they order coffee, lemonade, fruit, and other refreshments, to the cassino.

That those little apartments may be occasionally used for the purposes of intrigue, is not improbable; but that this is the ordinary and avowed purpose for which they are frequented is, of all things, the least credible.

Some writers who have described the manners of the Venetians, as more profligate than those of other nations, assert at the same time, that the government encourages this profligacy, to relax and dissipate the minds of the people, and prevent their planning, or attempting, any thing against the constitution. Were this the case, it could not be denied, that the Venetian legislators display their patriotism in a very extraordinary manner, and

have fallen upon as extraordinary means of rendering their people good subjects. They first erect a despotic court to guard the public liberty, and next they corrupt the morals of the people, to keep them from plotting against the state. This last piece of refinement, however, is no more than a conjecture of some theoretical politicians, who are apt to take facts for granted, without sufficient proof, and afterwards display their ingenuity in accounting for them. That the Venetians are more given to sensual pleasures than the inhabitants of London, Paris, or Berlin, I imagine will be difficult to prove; but as the state inquisitors do not think proper, and the ecclesiastical are not allowed, to interfere in the affairs of gallantry; as a great number of strangers assemble twice or thrice a year at Venice, merely for the sake of amusement; and, above all, as it is the custom to go about in masks, an idea prevails, that the manners are more licentious here than elsewhere. I have had occasion to observe, that this custom of wearing a mask, by conveying the ideas of concealment and intrigue, has contributed greatly to give some people an impression of Venetian profligacy. But, for my own part, it is not a piece of white or black paper, with distorted features, that I suspect, having often found the most complete worthlessness concealed under a smooth smiling piece of human skin.

LETTER XXII.

Venice.

I am very sensible, that it requires a longer residence at Venice, and better opportunities than I have had, to enable me to give a character of the Venetians. But were I to form an idea of them from what I have seen, I should paint them as a lively ingenious people, extravagantly fond of public amusements, with an uncommon relish for humour, and yet more attached to the real en-

joyments of life, than to those which depend on ostentation, and proceed from vanity.

The common people of Venice display some qualities very rarely to be found in that sphere of life, being remarkably sober, obliging to strangers, and gentle in their intercourse with each other. The Venetians in general are tall and well made. Though equally robust, they are not so corpulent as the Germans. The latter also are of fair complexions, with light-grey or blue eyes; whereas the Venetians are for the most part of a ruddy brown colour, with dark eyes. You meet in the streets of Venice many fine manly countenances, resembling those transmitted to us by the pencils of Paul Veronese and Titian. The women are of a fine style of countenance, with expressive features, and a skin of a rich carnation. They dress their hair in a fanciful manner, which becomes them very much. They are of an easy address, and have no aversion to cultivating an acquaintance with those strangers, who are presented to them by their relations, or have been properly recommended.

Strangers are under less restraint here, in many particulars, than the native inhabitants. I have known some, who, after having tried most of the capitals of Europe, have preferred to live at Venice, on account of the variety of amusements, the gentle manners of the inhabitants, and the perfect freedom allowed in every thing, except in blaming the measures of government. I have already mentioned in what manner the Venetians are in danger of being treated who give themselves that liberty. When a stranger is so imprudent as to declaim against the form or the measures of government, he will either receive a message to leave the territories of the state, or one of the sbirri will be sent to accompany him to the pope's or the emperor's dominions.

The houses are thought inconvenient by many of the English; they are better calculated, however, for the climate of Italy, than if they were built according to the London model, which, I suppose, is the plan those critics

approve. The floors are of a kind of red plaster, with a brilliant glossy surface, much more beautiful than wood, and far preferable in case of fire, whose progress they are calculated to check.

The principal apartments are on the second floor. The Venetians seldom inhabit the first, which is often entirely filled with lumber: perhaps, they prefer the second, because it is farthest removed from the moisture of the lakes; or perhaps they prefer it, because it is better lighted, and more cheerful; or they may have some better reason for this preference than I am acquainted with, or can imagine. Though the inhabitants of Great Britian make use of the first floors for their chief apartments, this does not form a complete demonstration that the Venetians are in the wrong for preferring the second. When an acute sensible people universally follow one custom, in a mere matter of conveniency, however absurd that custom may appear in the eyes of a stranger at first sight, it will generally be found, that there is some real advantage in it, which compensates all the apparent inconveniences. Of this travellers, who do not hurry with too much rapidity through the countries they visit, are very sensible: for, after having had time to weigh every circumstance, they often see reason to approve what they had formerly condemned. I could illustrate this by many examples; but your own recollection must furnish you with so many, that any more would be superfluous. Custom and fashion have the greatest influence on our taste of beauty or excellence of every kind. What, from a variety of causes, has become the standard in one country, is sometimes just the contrary in another. The same thing that makes a low-brimmed hat appear genteel at one time, and ridiculous at another, has made a different species of versification be accounted the model of perfection in old Rome and modern Italy, at Paris, or at London. In matters of taste, particularly in dramatic poetry, the prejudices which each particular nation acquires in favour of its own is difficult to be removed. People seldom obtain such a perfect

knowledge of a foreign language and foreign manners, as to understand all the niceties of the one and the allusions to the other: of consequence, many things are insipid to them, for which a native may have a high relish.

The dialogues in rhyme of the French plays appear unnatural and absurd to Englishmen when they first attend the French theatre; yet those who have remained long in France, and acquired a more perfect knowledge of the language, assure us, that without rhyme the dignity of the tragic muse cannot be supported; and that, even in comedy, they produce an additional elegance, which overbalances every objection. The French language being more studied and better understood by the English than our language is by the French nation, we find many of our countrymen who relish the beauties, and pay the just tribute of admiration to the genius of Corneille, while there is scarcely a single Frenchman to be found who has any idea of the merit of Shakespeare.

Without being justly accused of partiality, I may assert that, in this instance, the English display a fairness and liberality of sentiment superior to the French. The irregularities of Shakespeare's drama are obvious to every eye, and would, in the present age, be avoided by a poet not possessed of a hundredth part of his genius. His peculiar beauties, on the other hand, are of an excellence which has not, perhaps, been attained by any poet of any age or country; yet the French critics, from Voltaire down to the poorest scribbler in the literary journals, all stop at the former, declaim on the barbarous taste of the English nation, insist on the grotesque absurdity of the poet's imagination, and illustrate both by partial extracts of the most exceptionable scenes of Shakespeare's plays.

When a whole people, with that degree of judgment which even the enemies of the British nation allow them to have, unite in the highest admiration of one man, and continue, for ages, to behold his pieces with unsated delight, it might occur to those Frenchmen, that there possibly was some excellence in the works of this poet, though

they could not see it; and a very moderate share of candour might have taught them, that it would be more becoming to spare their ridicule, till they acquired a little more knowledge of the author against whom it is pointed.

An incident which occurred since my arrival at Venice, though founded on a prejudice much more excusable than the conduct of the critics above mentioned, has brought home to my conviction the rashness of those who form opinions, without the knowledge requisite to direct their judgment.

I had got, I don't know how, the most contemptuous opinion of the Italian drama. I had been told, there was not a tolerable actor at present in Italy, and I had been long taught to consider their comedy as the most despicable stuff in the world, which could not amuse, or even draw a smile from any person of taste, being quite destitute of true humour, full of ribaldry, and only proper for the meanest of the vulgar. Impressed with these sentiments, and eager to give his Grace a full demonstration of their justness, I accompanied the duke of Hamilton to the stage-box of one of the playhouses the very day of our arrival at Venice.

The piece was a comedy, and the most entertaining character in it was that of a man who stuttered. In this defect, and in the singular grimaces with which the actor accompanied it, consisted a great part of the amusement.

Disgusted at such a pitiful substitution for wit and humour, I expressed a contempt for an audience which could be entertained by such buffoonery, and who could take pleasure in the exhibition of a natural infirmity.

While we inwardly indulged sentiments of self-approbation, on account of the refinement and superiority of our own taste, and supported the dignity of those sentiments by a disdainful gravity of countenance, the stutterer was giving a piece of information to Harlequin which greatly interested him, and to which he listened with every mark of eagerness. This unfortunate speaker had just arrived at the most important part of his narrative,

which was, to acquaint the impatient listener where his mistress was concealed, when he unluckily stumbled on a word of six or seven syllables, which completely obstructed the progress of his narration. He attempted it again and again, but always without success. You may have observed that, though many other words would explain his meaning equally well, you may as soon make a saint change his religion, as prevail on a stutterer to accept of another word in place of that at which he has stumbled. He adheres to his first word to the last, and will sooner expire with it in his throat, than give it up for any other you may offer. Harlequin, on the present occasion, presented his friend with a dozen; but he rejected them all with disdain, and persisted in his unsuccessful attempts on that which had first come in his way. At length, making a desperate effort, when all the spectators were gaping in expectation of his safe delivery, the cruel word came up with its broad side foremost, and stuck directly across the unhappy man's wind-pipe. He gaped, and panted, and croaked; his face flushed, and his eyes seemed ready to start from his head. Harlequin unbuttoned the stutterer's waistcoat, and the neck of his shirt; he fanned his face with his cap, and held a bottle of hartshorn to his nose. At length, fearing his patient would expire, before he could give the desired intelligence, in a fit of despair he pitched his head full in the dying man's stomach, and the word bolted out of his mouth to the most distant part of the house.

This was performed in a manner so perfectly droll, and the humorous absurdity of the expedient came so unexpectedly upon me, that I immediately burst into a most excessive fit of laughter, in which I was accompanied by the duke, and by your young friend Jack, who was along with us; and our laughter continued in such loud, violent, and repeated fits, that the attention of the audience being turned from the stage to our box, occasioned a renewal of the mirth all over the playhouse with greater vociferation than at first.

When we returned to the inn, the duke of Hamilton asked me, if I were as much convinced as ever, that a man must be perfectly devoid of taste, who could condescend to laugh at an Italian comedy ?

LETTER XXIII.

Padua.

We were detained at Venice several days longer than we intended, by excessive falls of rain, which rendered the road to Verona impassable. Relinquishing, therefore, the thoughts of visiting that city for the present, the duke determined to go to Ferrara by water. For this purpose I engaged two barks; in one of which the chaises, baggage, and some of the servants, proceeded directly to Ferrara, while we embarked in the other for Padua.

Having crossed the Lagune, we entered the Brenta, but could continue our route by that river no farther than the village of Doglio, where there is a bridge; but the waters were so much swelled by the late rains, that there was not room for our boat to pass below the arch. Quitting the boat, therefore, till our return, we hired two open chaises, and continued our journey along the banks of the Brenta to Padua.

Both sides of this river display gay, luxuriant scenes of magnificence and fertility, being ornamented by a great variety of beautiful villas, the works of Palladio and his disciples. The verdure of the meadows and gardens here is not surpassed by that of England.

The Venetian nobility, I am told, live with less restraint, and entertain their friends with greater freedom, at their villas, than at their palaces in town. It is natural to suppose, that a Venetian must feel peculiar satisfaction when his affairs permit him to enjoy the exhilarating view of green fields, and to breath the free air of the country,

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy; each rural sight, each rural sound.

I confess, for my own part, I never felt the beauty of those lines of Milton with greater sensibility, than when I passed through the charming country which is watered by the Brenta, after having been pent up in the terraqueous town of Venice. As one reason which induced his Grace to visit Padua at this time was, that he might pay his duty to his royal highness the duke of Glocester, we waited on that prince as soon as we had his permission. His royal highness has been here for some time with his duchess. He was very ill at Venice, and has been advised to remove to this place for the benefit of the air. It is with much satisfaction I add, that he is now out of danger, a piece of intelligence with which you will have it in your power to give pleasure to many people in England.

No city in the world has less affinity with the country than Venice, and few can have more than Padua; for great part of the circuit within the walls is unbuilt, and the town in general so thinly inhabited, that grass is seen in many places in the interstices of the stones with which the streets are paved. The houses are built on porticoes, which, when the town was well inhabited, and in a flourishing condition, may have had a magnificent appearance; but, in its present state, they rather give it a greater air of melancholy and of gloom.

The Franciscan church, dedicated to St. Antonio, the great patron of this city, was the place we were first led to by the cicerone of our inn. The body of this holy person is inclosed in a sarcophagus, under an altar in the middle of the chapel, and is said to emit a very agreeable and refreshing flavour. Pious Catholics believe this to be the natural effluvia of the saint's body; while heretics assert, that the perfume (for a perfume there certainly is) proceeds from certain balsams rubbed on the marble every

morning, before the votaries come to pay their devotions. I never presume to give an opinion on contested points of this kind; but I may be allowed to say, that if this sweet odour really proceeds from the holy Franciscan, he emits a very different smell from any of the brethren of that order whom I ever had an opportunity of approaching.

The walls of this church are covered with votive offerings of ears, eyes, arms, legs, noses, and every part almost of the human body, in token of cures performed by this saint; for whatever part has been the seat of the disease, a representation of it is hung up in silver or gold, according to the gratitude and wealth of the patient.

At a small distance from this church is a place called the School of Antonio. Here many of the actions of the saint are painted in fresco; some of them by Titian. Many miracles of a very extraordinary nature are here recorded. I observed one in particular, which, if often repeated, might endanger the peace of families. The saint thought proper to loosen the tongue of a new-born child, and endue it with the faculty of speech; on which the infant, with an imprudence natural to its age, declared, in an audible voice, before a large company, who was its *real* father. The miracles attributed to this celebrated saint greatly exceed in number those recorded by the Evangelists of our Saviour; and although it is not asserted, that St. Antonio has as yet raised himself from the dead, yet his admirers here record things of him which are almost equivalent. When an impious Turk had secretly placed fireworks under the chapel, with an intention to blow it up, they affirm, that St. Antonio hallooed three times from his marble coffin, which terrified the infidel, and discovered the plot. This miracle is the more miraculous, as the saint's tongue was cut out, and is actually preserved in a crystal vessel, and shewn as a precious relic to all who have a curiosity to see it. I started this as a difficulty which seemed to bear a little against the authenticity of the miracle; and the ingenious person to whom the objection was made, seemed at first somewhat nonplussed;

but, after recollecting himself, he observed, that this, which at first seemed an objection, was really a confirmation of the fact; for the saint was not said to have spoken, but only to have hallooed, which a man can do without a tongue; but if his tongue had not been cut out, added he, there is no reason to doubt that the saint would have revealed the Turkish plot in plain articulate language.

From the tower of the Franciscan church we had a very distinct view of the beautiful country which surrounds Padua. All the objects, at a little distance, seemed delightful and flourishing; but every thing under our eyes indicated wretchedness and decay.

LETTER XXIV.

Padua.

The next church, in point of rank, but far superior in point of architecture, is that of St. Justina, built from a design of Palladio, and reckoned, by some people, one of the most elegant he ever gave. St. Justina is said to have suffered martyrdom where the church is built, which was the reason of erecting it on that particular spot. It would have been fortunate for the pictures in this church if the saint had suffered on a piece of drier ground, for they seem considerably injured by the damps which surround the place where it now stands. There is a wide area in front of the church, called the Prato della Valle, where booths and shops are erected for all kinds of merchandise during the fairs. Part of this, which is never allowed to be profaned by the buyers and sellers, is called Campo Santo, because there a great number of Christian martyrs are said to have been put to death.

St. Justina's church is adorned with many altars, embellished with sculpture. The pavement is remarkably rich, being a kind of Mosaic work, of marble of various colours. Many other precious materials are wrought as ornaments to this church, but there is one species of jewels

in which it abounds, more than, perhaps, any church in Christendom; which is, the bones of martyrs. They have here a whole well full, belonging to those who were executed in the Prato della Valle; and what is of still greater value, the Benedictines, to whom this church belongs, assert, that they are also in possession of the bodies of the two evangelists St. Matthew and St. Luke. The Franciscans belonging to a convent at Venice dispute the second of those two great prizes, and declare, that *they* are possessed of the true body of St. Luke, this in St. Justina's church being only an imposture. The matter was referred to the pope, who gave a decision in favour of one of the bodies; but this does not prevent the proprietors of the other from still persisting in their original claim, so that there is no likelihood of the dispute being finally determined till the day of judgment.

The hall of the town-house of Padua is one of the largest I ever saw. From the best guess I could make, after stepping it, I should think it about three hundred English feet long, by one hundred in breadth: the emblematic and astrological paintings, by Giotto, are much decayed. This immense hall is on the second floor, and is ornamented with the busts and statues of some eminent persons. The cenotaph of Livy, the historian, who was a native of Padua, is erected here. The university, formerly so celebrated, is now, like every thing else in this city, on the decline; the theatre for anatomy could contain five or six hundred students, but the voice of the professor is like that of him who crieth in the wilderness. The licentious spirit of the students, which formerly was carried such unwarrantable lengths, and made it dangerous to walk in the streets of this city at night, is now entirely extinct: it has gradually declined with the numbers of the students. Whether the ardour for literature, for which the students of this university were distinguished, has abated in the same proportion, I cannot determine; but I am informed, that by far the greater number of the young men who now attend the university, are designed

for the priesthood, and apply to the study of divinity as a science, for comprehending and preaching the mysterious parts of which, a very small portion of learning has been observed to succeed better, than a great deal.

There is a cloth manufactory in this city; and I was told, that the inhabitants of Venice, not excepting the nobles, wear no other cloth than what is made here. This particular manufactory, it may therefore be supposed, succeeds very well; but the excessive number of beggars with which this place swarms, is a strong proof that trade and manufactures in general are by no means in a flourishing condition. In the course of my life I never saw such a number of beggars at one time, as attacked us at the church of St. Antonio. The duke of Hamilton fell into a mistake, analogous to that of Sable in the Funeral, who complains, that the more money he gave his mourners to look sad, the merrier they looked. His Grace gave all he had in his pocket to the clamorous multitude which surrounded him, on condition that they would hold their tongues, and leave us; on which they became more numerous, and more vociferous than before. Strangers who visit Padua will do well, therefore, to observe the gospel injunction, and perform their charities in secret.

LETTER XXV.

The Po.

In my letter from Padua I neglected to mention her high pretensions to antiquity; she claims Antenor, the Trojan, as her founder; and this claim is supported by classical authority. In the first book of the Æneid, Venus complains to Jupiter, that her son Æneas is still a vagabond on the seas, while Antenor has been permitted to establish himself, and build a city in Italy.

Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit.

Lucan also, in his Pharsalia, describing the augur who read in the skies the events of that decisive day, alludes to the same story of Antenor.—

Euganeæ, si vera fides memorantibus, augur
Colle sedens, Aponûs terris ubi fumifer exit,
Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi
Venit summa dies, geritur res maxima dixit;
Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæsaris arma.

Some modern critics have asserted, that the two poets have been guilty of a geographical mistake, as the river Timavus empties itself into the Adriatic Gulf near Trieste, about a hundred miles from Padua; and that the Aponus is near Padua, and about the same distance from Timavus.

If, therefore, Antenor built a city where the river Timavus rushes into the sea, that city must have been situated at a great distance from where Padua now stands. The Paduan antiquarians, therefore, accuse Virgil, without scruple, of this blunder, that they may retain the Trojan prince as their ancestor. But those who have more regard for the character of Virgil than the antiquity of Padua, insist upon it, that the poet was in the right, and that the city which Antenor built, was upon the banks of Timavus, and exactly a hundred miles from modern Padua. As for Lucan, he is left in the lurch by both sides, though, in my poor opinion, we may naturally suppose, that one of the streams which run into Timavus was, at the time he wrote, called Aponus, which vindicates the poet, without weakening the relation between the Paduans and Antenor.

The inhabitants of Padua themselves seem to have been a little afraid of trusting their claim entirely to classical authority; for an old sarcophagus having been dug up in the year 1283, with an unintelligible inscription upon it, this was declared to be the tomb of Antenor, and was placed in one of the streets, and surrounded with a ballustrade; and, *to put the matter out of doubt*, a Latin inscription assures the reader, that it contains the body of the renowned Antenor, who, having escaped from Troy, had drove the Euganei out of the country, and built this identical city of Padua.

Though the Paduans find that there are people ill-natured enough to assert, that this sarcophagus does not contain the bones of the illustrious Trojan, yet they can defy the malice of those cavillers to prove, that they belong to any other person; upon which negative proof, joined to what has been mentioned above, they rest the merit of their pretensions.

After remaining a few days at Padua, we returned to the village of Doglio, where we had left our vessel. We stopped, and visited some of the villas on the banks of the Brenta. The apartments are gay and spacious, and must be delightful in summer; but none of the Italian houses seem calculated for the winter, which, nevertheless, I am informed, is sometimes as severe in this country as in England.

Having embarked in our little vessel, we soon entered a canal, of about twenty-two Italian miles in length, which communicates with the Po, and we were drawn along, at a pretty good rate, by two horses. We passed last night in the vessel, as we shall this; for there is no probability of our reaching Ferrara till to-morrow. The banks of this famous river are beautifully fertile. Finding that we could keep up with the vessel, we amused ourselves the greatest part of the day in walking. The pleasure we feel on this classical ground, and the interest we take in all the objects around, is not altogether derived from their own native beauties; a great part of it arises from the magic colouring of poetical description.

The accounts we have had lately of the king of Prussia's bad health, I suppose, are not true; or if they are, I have good hopes he will recover: I found them on the calm and serene aspect which Eridanus wears at present, which is not the case when the fate of any very great person is depending. You remember, what a rage he was in, and what a tumult he raised, immediately before the death of Julius Cæsar.

> Proluit insano contorquens vortice sylvas
> Fluviorum Rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes;
> Cum stabulis armenta tulit.

Dryden translates these lines,—

Then rising in his might, the King of Floods
Rush'd through the forests, tore the lofty woods;
And, rolling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and labouring hinds away.

Rising in his might is happy, but the rest is not so simple as the original, and much less expressive; there wants the *insano contorquens vortice* sylvas.

It is not surprising that the Po is so much celebrated by the Roman poets, since it is, unquestionably, the finest river in Italy.—

Where every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

It seems to have been the favourite river of Virgil.—

Gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.

And Mr. Addison, at the sight of this river, is inspired with a degree of enthusiasm, which does not always animate his poetry.—

Fired with a thousand raptures, I survey,
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray;
The King of Floods! that, rolling o'er their plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Notwithstanding all that the Latin poets, and, in imitation of them, those of other nations, have sung of the Po, I am convinced that no river in the world has been so well sung as the Thames.—

Thou too great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear,
Not Neptune's self, from all her streams, receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling poets lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes.

If you are still refractory, and stand up for the pane-

gyrists of the Po, I must call Denham in aid of my argument, and I hope you will have the taste and candour to acknowledge, that the following are, beyond comparison, the noblest lines that ever were written on a river.

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs:
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their children overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But, godlike, his unweary'd bounty flows:
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers,
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
So that, to us, no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream,
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost.

You will suspect that I am hard pushed to make out a letter, when I send you such long quotations from the poets. This, however, is not my only reason. While we remain on the Po, rivers naturally become the subject

of my letter. I asserted, that the Thames has been more sublimely sung than the favourite river of classical authors, and I wished to lay some of my strongest proofs before you at once, to save you the trouble of turning to the originals.

LETTER XXVI.

Ferrara.

We arrived here early this morning. The magnificent streets and number of fine buildings shew that this has formerly been a rich and flourishing city. The present inhabitants, however, who are very few in proportion to the extent of the town, bear every mark of poverty.

The happiness of the subjects in a despotic government depends much more on the personal character of the sovereign, than in a free state; and the subjects of little princes, who have but a small extent of territory, are more affected by the good and bad qualities of those princes, than the inhabitants of great and extensive empires. I had frequent opportunities of making this remark in Germany, where, without having seen the prince, or heard his character, one may often discover his dispositions and turn of mind, from examining into the circumstances and general situation of the people. When the prince is vain and luxurious, as he considers himself equal in rank, so he endeavours to vie in magnificence with more powerful sovereigns, and those attempts always terminate in the oppression and poverty of his subjects; but when the prince, on the other hand, is judicious, active, and benevolent, as the narrow limits of his territories make it easy for him to be acquainted with the real situation and true interest of his subjects, his good qualities operate more directly and effectually for their benefit, than if his dominions were more extensive, and he himself obliged to govern by the agency of ministers.

The duchy of Ferrara was formerly governed by its own dukes, many of whom happened to be of the charac-

ter last mentioned, and the Farrarese was, for several generations, one of the happiest and most flourishing spots in Italy. In the year 1597 it was annexed to the ecclesiastical state, and has ever since been gradually falling into poverty and decay. It must be owing to some essential error in the government, when a town like this, situated in a fertile soil, upon a navigable river near the Adriatic, remains in poverty. Except the change of its sovereign, all the other causes, which I have heard assigned for the poverty of Ferrara, existed in the days of its prosperity.

Though the citizens of Ferrara have not been able to preserve their trade and industry, yet they still retain an old privilege of wearing swords by their sides. This privilege extends to the lowest mechanics, who strut about with great dignity. Fencing is the only science in a flourishing condition in this town, which furnishes all the towns in Italy with skilful fencing-masters. Ferrara was famous formerly for a manufactory of sword-blades. The Scotch Highlanders, who had a greater demand for swords, and were nicer in the choice of their blades than any other people, used to get them from a celebrated maker in this town, of the name of Andrea di Ferrara. The best kind of broad-swords are still called by the Highlanders True Andrew Ferraras.

There are two brass statues opposite to one of the principal churches. One is of Nicholo marquis of Este, and the other of Borso of Este, the first duke of Ferrara, whose memory is still held in great veneration in this city. I had the curiosity to go to the Benedictine church merely to see the place where Ariosto lies buried. The degree of importance in which men are held by their cotemporaries and by posterity, is very different. This fine fanciful old bard has done more honour to modern Italy, than forty-nine in fifty of the popes and princes to which she has given birth, and while those, who were the gaze of the multitude during their lives, are now entirely forgotten, his fame increases with the progress of time. In his life-

time, perhaps, his importance, in the eyes of his countrymen, arose from the protection of the family of Este; now he gives importance, in the eyes of all Europe, to the illustrious names of his patrons, and to the country where he was born.

The emperor, and two of his brothers, lodged lately at the inn where we now are. Our landlord is so vain of this, that he cannot be prevailed on to speak on any other subject; he has entertained me with a thousand particulars about his illustrious guests; it is impossible he should ever forget those anecdotes, for he has been constantly repeating them ever since the royal brothers left his house. I asked him what we could have for supper. He answered, that we should sup in the very same room in which his imperial majesty had dined. I repeated my question; and he replied, he did not believe there were three more affable princes in the world. I said, I hoped supper would be soon ready; and he told me, that the archduke was fond of fricassee, but the emperor preferred a fowl plain roasted. I said, with an air of impatience, that I should be much obliged to him if he would send in supper. He bowed, and walked to the door; but, before he disappeared, he turned about and assured me, that although his majesty ate no more than an ordinary man, yet he paid like an emperor.

To perpetuate the memory of this great event, of the emperor and his two brothers having dined at this house, the landlord got an ecclesiastic of his acquaintance to compose the following pompous inscription, which is now engraven upon a stone at the door of his inn.—

QUOD
TABERNA HÆC DIVERSORIA
HOSPITES HABUERIT TRES FRATRES
CONSILIIS, MORIBUS, ET IN DEUM PIETATE,
PRÆCLAROS,
MARIÆ THERES. BOHEMIÆ ET HUNG.
REGINÆ, &c. &c.

ET TANTÆ MATRIS VIRTUTI SIMILLIMOS
MAXIMILIANUM AUSTRIÆ ARCHIDUCEM,
CENÆ ET QUIETATIS CAUSA,
TERTIO CALEND. JUNII M.DCC.LXXV.
DIE POSTERO PRANDIUM SUMPTUROS
PETRUM LEOP. MAGN. HETRUC. DUCEM,
ET JOSEPHUM SECUND. ROM. IMPERATOREM,
SECULI NOSTRI ORNAMENTUM ET DECUS,
NE TEMPORIS LONGITUDO
HUJUSCE LOCI FELICITATEM OBLITERET
PERENNE HOC MONUMENTUM.

No three persons ever acquired immortality on easier terms: it has only cost them one night's lodging at an indifferent inn, when better quarters could not be had.

LETTER XXVII.

Bologna.

When we left Ferrara, our landlord insisted on our taking six horses to each chaise, on account of the badness of the roads, the soil about the town being moist and heavy. I attempted to remonstrate that four would be sufficient; but he cut me short by protesting, that the roads were so very deep, that he would not allow the best friend he had in the world, not even the emperor himself, were he there in person, to take fewer than six. There was no more to be said after this; the same argument would have been irresistible, had he insisted on our taking twelve.

As you draw near to Bologna, the country gradually improves in cultivation; and, for some miles before you enter the town, seems one continued garden. The vineyards are not divided by hedges, but by rows of elms and mulberry trees; the vines hanging, in a most beautiful picturesque manner, in festoons from one tree to another. This country is not only fertile in vines, but likewise in corn, olives, and pasturage, and has, not without foundation, acquired the name of Bologna la Grassa

This town is well built and populous; the number of inhabitants amounting to seventy, or perhaps eighty thousand. The houses in general have lofty porticoes, which would have a better effect if the streets were not so narrow: but in this particular, magnificence is sacrificed to convenience; for, in Italy, shade is considered as a luxury.

The duchy of Bologna had conditions granted to it, upon submitting to the papal dominion. Those conditions have been observed with a degree of punctuality and good faith, which many zealous Protestants would not expect in the church of Rome.

Bologna retains the name of a republic, sends an ambassador to the pope's court, and the word Libertas is inscribed on the arms and coin of the state, with the flattering capitals S. P. Q. B. The civil government and police of the town is allowed to remain in the hands of the magistrates, who are chosen by the senate, which formerly consisted of forty members; but since this republic came under the protection, as it is called, of the pope, he thought proper to add ten more, but the whole fifty still retain the name of the Quaranta. Mankind, in general are more alarmed by a change of name, in things which they have long regarded with veneration, than by a real change in the nature of the things themselves. The pope may have had some good political reason for augmenting the number of the council to fifty; but he could have none for calling them the council of fifty, if the people chose rather to call fifty men assembled together the council of *forty*. One of the senators presides in the senate, and is called the Gonfalonier; from his carrying the standard (gonfalone) of the republic. He is chief magistrate, is attended by guards, and is constantly at the palace, or near it, to be ready on any emergency; but he remains only two months in office, and the senators take it by turns.

In the midst of all this appearance of independency, a cardinal legate from Rome governs this republic: he is

appointed by the pope, with a vice legate, and other assistants. The orders which the legate issues, are supposed to be with the approbation of the senate; at least, they are never disputed by that prudent body of men. The office, which is of higher dignity than any other now in the gift of the court of Rome, continues for three years: at the expiration of that time, his holiness either appoints a new legate, or confirms the old one in the office for three years longer.

This ecclesiastical viceroy lives in great magnificence, and has a numerous suit of pages, equerries, and halberdiers, who attend him in the city. When he goes into the country, he is accompanied by guards on horseback.

The gonfalonier and magistrates regulate all the usual matters which regard the police, and decide, in common causes, according to the laws and ancient forms of the republic; but there is no doubt that, in affairs of great importance, and, indeed, as often as he chooses to interfere, the cardinal legate influences decisions. This must be mortifying to the senators and noble families, but is less felt by the people in general, who have every appearance of living under a mild and beneficent government.

The inhabitants of Bologna carry on a very considerable trade in silks and velvets, which are manufactured here in great perfection. The country produces immense quantities of oil, wine, flax, and hemp; and furnishes all Europe with sausages, macaroni, liqueurs, and essences. The people seem to be industrious, and to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their labour; the markets are most plentifully supplied with provisions; fruit is to be had in great variety, and all excellent in its kind; the common wine of the country is a light white wine of an agreeable taste, which strangers prefer to any of the French or German wines to be had here. Those who are not pleased with the entertainment they meet with at the inns in this city, it will be a difficult matter to please; they must be possessed of a degree of such nicety, both in

their palates and tempers, as will render them exceedingly troublesome to themselves and others, not only in their travels through Italy, but in the whole course of their journey through life.

There are a great number of palaces in this city. What is called the Public Palace, is by far, the most spacious, but not the most elegant. In this the cardinal legate is lodged. There are also apartments for the gonfalonier; and halls, or chambers, for some of the courts of justice. This building, though of a gloomy and irregular form without, contains some very magnificent apartments, and a few good pictures: the most esteemed are, a large one, by Guido, of the Virgin, and the infant Jesus, seated on the rainbow; a Sampson, by Guido also, refreshing himself with the water which issues from the jaw-bone with which he has just defeated the Philistines; and a St. John the Baptist, by Raphael, a duplicate of that in the Palais Royal at Paris, but thought, by some connoisseurs, greatly inferior. For my part, I think it is to be regretted, that this great painter did not employ the time he spent on one of them, at least, on some subject more worthy of his talents. A single figure, unemployed, can never please so much as a group, occupied in some interesting action. It is a pity that a painter, capable, even in a moderate decree, of exciting the passions, should confine his talents to solitary figures. How much more unworthy of *him* who possessed all the sublimity and pathos of the art!

On his arrival at this town, the first object which strikes the eye of a stranger, is a noble marble fountain, in the area before the palazzo publico. The principal figure is a statue of Neptune, eleven feet in height; one of his hands is stretched out before him, in the other he holds the trident. The body and limbs are finely proportioned, the anatomy perfect, the character of the countenance severe and majestic. This figure of Neptune, as well as all the others of boys, dolphins, and syrens, which surround it, are in bronze. The whole is the workmanship of Giovanni di Bologna, and is highly esteemed; yet there seems

to be an impropriety in making water flow in streams from the breasts of the sea nymphs, or syrens.

Over the entrance of the legate's palace, is a bronze statue of a pope. The tiara, and other parts of the papal uniform, are not so favourable to the sculptor's genius, as the naked simplicity in which Neptune appears. A female traveller, however, not extravagantly fond of the fine arts, would rather be observed admiring the sculptor's skill in imitating the folds of the sacerdotal robes, than his anatomical accuracy in forming the majestic proportions of the sea divinity.

LETTER XXVIII.

Bologna.

The university of Bologna is one of the most ancient and most celebrated seats of literature in Europe: and the academy for the arts and sciences, founded by the count Marsigli at the beginning of the present century, is sufficient, of itself, to engage strangers to visit this city, if there was nothing else worthy of their curiosity. Over the gate of this magnificent edifice is the following liberal inscription.—

BONONIENSE SCIENTIARUM ATQUE ARTIUM
INSTITUTUM AD PUBLICUM TOTIUS
ORBIS USUM.

Here is a most valuable library, in three spacious rooms, where any person may study, and have the use of the books, four hours every day; also apartments for the students of sculpture, painting, architecture, chemistry, anatomy, astronomy, and every branch of natural philosophy. They are all ornamented with designs, models, instruments, and every kind of apparatus requisite for illustrating those sciences. There are also professors, who regularly read lectures, and instruct the students in those various parts of knowledge. There is a hall, full of models in architecture and fortification, a valuable collection of medals, and another of natural curiosities, as animals,

earths, ores, minerals, and a complete collection of specimens, to assist the study of the materia medica, and every part of natural history. A gallery of statues, consisting of a few originals, and very fine casts of the best statues in Italy. I went one evening to the academy of painting and sculpture; two men stood in different attitudes on a table, in the middle of the room; about fifty sudents sat in the amphitheatre around them, some drawing their figures in chalks, others modelling them in wax, or clay. As each student viewed the two men from different points, the variety of manner in the different students, together with the alteration in the chiaro scuro under each point of view, gave every drawing the appearance of being done from a different figure. Nothing can be so advantageous to the young student as this kind of exercise, which is sometimes practised by day-light, and sometimes by the light of lamps, and must give a fuller idea of the effect of light and shade than any other method.

Honorary premiums are distributed every year among the artists, for the best designs in painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The anatomical theatre is adorned with statues of celebrated physicians; and in the museum, which belongs to it, there are abundance of anatomical preparations; also a complete suite of anatomical figures in wax. A man and woman in the natural state; the same with the skin and cellular membrane removed, the external muscles of the whole body and limbs appearing. In the subsequent figures the more external muscles are gradually removed, till nothing but the simple skeleton remains. These figures are very well rendered, preserving the natural appearance and situation of the muscles and blood-vessels, with as much exactness as could be expected in a work of this nature. There are also models in wax, of particular parts, and of several of the viscera of the human body separately; yet those waxen models could not stand in comparison with the preparations of the real parts in Dr. Hunter's museum. If brought to that test, the Bologna wax-

works, though admirable in their kind, would appear as their best casts of the Vatican Apollo and Laocoon would, if placed beside the originals. Indeed, the real preparations to be seen here, are far inferior to those of that great anatomist; who is now possessed of the most complete, and most accurate collection of anatomical preparations, that ever was made by human skill and industry. We have faithfully performed our duty in visiting all the churches and palaces of this city, which contain some of the highest specimens of art; yet, as the recital might be less amusing than the tour itself, I shall exercise your patience with great moderation on that subject.

The church of St. Petronius forms part of that large, irregular square, in which the fountain, formerly mentioned, stands; it is the largest in Bologna. In the pavement of this church, Cassini drew his meridian line; and within the walls of this same edifice the emperor Charles V was crowned. Those circumstances may interest the astronomer, and the historian; but the statue of a soldier, which stands in one of the chapels, engages the attention of the pious Catholic. This man, being at play, and in danger of losing all his money, offered up a very fervent prayer to the Virgin Mary for a little better luck; to which she, who never shewed any favour to gamesters, turned a deaf ear. When he found that his bad fortune continued, this furious wretch drew his sword, and wounded both the Virgin, and the infant in her arms. He instantly, as you may suppose, fell to the ground, deprived of motion; he was carried to prison, and condemned to an ignominious and painful death. While he remained under confinement, he came to a proper sense of his wickedness: and the blessed Virgin was so much softened by his repentance, that she restored him to the use of his limbs; and the judges, taking the hint, gave him a full pardon. As a *satisfactory* proof of this memorable event, they shew the identical sword with which the assault was made.

A Dominican convent, situated on the top of a hill, a-

bout three miles from this city, is in possession of a portrait of the Virgin, by St. Luke. It is not perfectly known how it came there; any inquiry of that nature savours of heresy, and might give offence. The people in general are persuaded of its originality, and happy in the honour of such a neighbour. This portrait has wrought many miracles in favour of the inhabitants of Bologna. A curious gallery, open to the south, and closed by a wall to the north, is built all the way from this city to the convent. On the open side it is supported by a long row of pillars, and was erected by voluntary contribution, in honour of the Virgin, and for the conveniency of pilgrims. This long colonade is about twelve feet in breadth, from the pillars to the wall, and of a convenient height; all the communities of the town walk once a year, in solemn procession, to the convent, and bring the holy picture to visit the city. It is carried through the principal streets, attended by every inhabitant who can afford to purchase a wax taper. During this procession, the bells continue ringing, the cannon are fired; and the troops under arms observe the same ceremonies, when the picture passes, as if it were commander in chief of the forces. The common people imagine, the picture is extremely fond of this annual visit to the town of Bologna; they even are convinced, that, if it were not carried, it would descend from the frame, and walk the whole way on foot; but they do not desire to see the experiment made, both because it might disoblige the Virgin, and because, if the picture were once set a walking, there is no knowing where it would stop.

Though the nobility of Bologna are not now very rich, many of their palaces are furnished in a magnificent taste, and contain paintings of great value. The palaces were built, and ornamented, when the proprietors were richer, and when the finest works of architecture and painting could be procured on easier terms than at present. The galleries, and apartments, are spacious and magnificent; yet there are circumstances in the most

splendid, that must hurt the eye of those who are accustomed to that perfect exactness in finishing which prevails in English houses. The glass of the windows of some palaces is divided into little square panes, which are joined together by lead; and the floors of all are so very indifferently laid, that you often feel a loose brick shaking under your feet as you walk through the finest apartments.

The most precious ornaments of the palaces are the paintings, particularly those of the celebrated masters which this city had the honour of producing. Raphael is generally allowed to have excelled all painters in the sublimity of his ideas, the grouping of his figures, the beauty of his heads, the elegance of his forms, and the correctness of his outlines; yet, in the opinion of some, he has oftener imitated those noble ideas of beauty, transmitted to us by the Greek sculptors, than what he saw, or could observe, in nature. Those who hold this opinion assert, that the best masters of the Lombard school studied, with equal assiduity, the elegance of the antique statues, and the simplicity of nature; and from this combined attention to both, with geniuses less sublime, and not so universal, as that of the Roman painter, they have produced works equal, if not superior in some respects, to his. In all this, I beg you may keep in your remembrance, that I am not affecting to give any opinion of my own, but merely repeating the sentiments of others.

Next to Rome itself, there is, perhaps, no town in the world so rich in paintings as Bologna. The churches and palaces, besides many admired pieces by other masters, are full of the works of the great masters who were natives of this city. I must not lead you among those masterpieces; it is not for so poor a judge as I am to point the peculiar excellences of the Caraccis, Dominichino, Albano, or compare the energy of Guercino's pencil with the grace of Guido's. With regard to the last, I shall venture to say, that the graceful air of his young men, the elegant forms, and mild persuasive devotion, of his Madonas; the art with which, to all the inviting love-

liness of female features, he joins all the gentleness and modesty which belong to the female character, are the peculiar excellences of this charming painter.

It requires no knowledge in the art of painting, no connoisseurship, to discover those beauties in the works of Guido; all who have eyes, and a heart, must see and feel them. But the picture more admired than all the rest, and considered, by the judges, as his masterpiece, owes its eminence to a different kind of merit; it can claim none from any of the circumstances above enumerated. The piece I mean is in the Sampieri palace, and distinguished by a silk curtain, which hangs before it. The subject is, the repentance of St. Peter, and consists of two figures, that of the saint who weeps, and a young apostle who endeavours to comfort him. The only picture at Bologna, which can dispute celebrity with this, is that of St. Cecilia, in the church of St. Georgio in Monte. This picture is greatly praised by Mr. Addison, and is reckoned one of Raphael's capital pieces. If I had nothing else to convince me that I had no judgment in painting, this would be sufficient. I have examined it over and over with great attention, and a real desire of discovering its superlative merit; and I have the mortification to find, that I cannot perceive it.—After this confession, I presume you will not desire to hear any thing farther from me on the subject of painting.

LETTER XXIX.

Ancona.

In our way from Bologna to this place, we passed through Ravenna, a disagreeable town, though at one period the seat of empire; for, after Attila had left Italy, Valentinian chose Ravenna, in preference to Rome, for his residence, that he might always be ready to repel the Huns and other barbarians, who poured from the banks of the Danube, and prevent their penetrating into Italy. The same reason afterwards induced Theodoric, king of

the Ostrogoths, to keep his court at this city of Ravenna, after he had defeated and killed Odoacer, and assumed the title of king of Rome. The ruins of his palace and his tomb now form part of the antiquities of Ravenna; among which I shall not detain you a moment, but proceed to the river of Pisatello, the famous Rubicon, which lies between this town and Rimini, and was the ancient boundary between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul. No Roman, returning to Rome, could pass in arms beyond this, without being deemed an enemy to his country. The small town of Cesenate is situated near this brook, and the inhabitants value themselves not a little upon their vicinity to so celebrated a neighbour. But the people of Rimini have had the malice to endeavour to deprive them of this satisfaction: they affirm, that the rivulet Lusa, which is farther removed from Cesenate, and nearer to themselves, is the true Rubicon. I have considered this controversy with all the attention it merits; and I am of opinion, that the pretensions of Pisatello, which is also called Rugone, are the best founded. That you may not suspect my being influenced in my judgment by any motives but those of justice, I beg leave to inform you, that it is a matter of no importance to me which of the rivers is the real Rubicon, for we had the honour of passing *both* in our way to Rimini.

What Suetonius mentions concerning Cæsar's hesitation when he arrived at the banks of this river, does not agree with what the historian says a little before. Quidam putant captum imperii consuetudine, pensitatisque suis et inimicorum viribus, usum occasione rapiendæ dominationis, quam ætate prima concupisset. And this, he adds, was the opinion of Cicero, who says, that Cæsar had often in his mouth this verse.—

> Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia
> Violandum est, aliis rebus pietatem colas.

It is most probable, that Cæsar took his resolution to cross the Rubicon as soon as Antony and Curio arrived in his camp, and afforded him a plausible pretext, by in-

forming him and the army of the violent manner in which they had been driven from Rome by the consul Lentulus and the adherents of Pompey. As for the phantom, which Suetonius informs us determined the dictator while he was yet in hesitation, we may either consider it entirely as a fiction, or as a scene previously arranged by himself to encourage his army, who may be supposed to have had scruples in disobeying a decree of the senate; which declared those persons sacrilegious and parricides, devoting them at the same time to the infernal gods, who should pass over this river in arms. Cæsar was not of a character to be disturbed with religious scruples; he never delayed an enterprise, we are told, on account of unfavourable omens. Ne religione quidem ulla a quoquam incepto absterritus unquam vel retardatus est. Quum immolanti aufugisset hostia, profectionem adversus Scipionem et Jubam non distulit, &c. &c.

This hesitation, therefore, which is mentioned both by Suetonius and Plutarch, has no resemblance with the ambitious and decisive character of Julius Cæsar; the picture which Lucan has drawn of him has much more spirit, and in all probability more likeness.—

Cæsar ut adversam superato gurgite ripam,
Attigit, Hesperiæ vetitis et constitit arvis,
Hic, ait, hic pacem, temerataque jura relinquo;
Te, Fortuna, sequor; procul hinc jam fœdera sunto.
Credidimus fatis, utendum est judice bello.
Sic fatus, noctis tenebris rapit agmina ductor
Impiger, et torto Ballaris verbere funda
Ocyor, et missa Parthi post terga sagitta;
Vicinumque minax invadit Ariminum—

Though Rimini is in a state of great decay, there are some monuments of antiquity worthy the attention of the curious traveller. It is the ancient Ariminum, the first town of which Cæsar took possession after passing the Rubicon. In the market-place there is a kind of stone pedestal, with an inscription, declaring, that on it Cæsar had stood and harangued his army; but the authenticity of this is not ascertained to the satisfaction of antiquarians.

We next passed through Pesaro, a very agreeable town, better built and paved than the other towns we have seen on the Adriatic shore. In the market-place there is a handsome fountain, and a statue of Pope Urban VIII, in a sitting posture. In the churches of this town there are some pictures by Baroccio, a painter, whose works some people esteem very highly, and who is thought to have imitated the manner of Raphael and the tints of Correggio, not without success. He lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, and his colours seem to have improved by time. I say, seem; for, in reality, all colours lose by time; but the operation of sun and air on pictures bringing all the colours to a kind of unison, occasions what is called Harmony, and is thought an improvement on some pictures. This road, along the Adriatic coast, is extremely pleasant. From Pesaro we proceeded to Fano, a little town, of nearly the same size, but more populous. It derives its name from a temple of Fortune, [Fanum Fortunæ], which stood here in the time of the Romans. All the towns of Italy, however religious they may be, are proud of their connections with those celebrated heathens. An image of the goddess Fortune is erected on the fountain in the market-place, and the inhabitants shew some ruins, which they pretend belong to the ancient temple of Fortune; but what cannot be disputed, are the ruins of a triumphal arch in white marble, erected in honour of Augustus, and which was greatly damaged by the artillery of Pope Paul II, when he besieged this town in the year 1463. The churches of this town are adorned with some excellent pictures; there is one particularly in the cathedral church, by Guercino, which is much admired. The subject is the marriage of Joseph: it consists of three principal figures; the high priest, Joseph, and the Virgin.

A few miles beyond Fano, we crossed the river Metro, where Claudius Nero, the Roman consul, defeated Asdrubal, the brother of Hannibal. This was, perhaps, the most important victory that ever was gained by a Roman general; for, had Asdrubal been victorious, or been able

to effect a junction with his brother, the troops he brought from Spain would have become of triple value as soon as they were under the direction of Hannibal; and it is not improbable that, with such a reinforcement, that most consummate general would have put an end to the Roman state; the glory of Carthage would have begun where that of Rome ended; and the history of the world would have been quite different from what it is. Horace seems sensible of the infinite importance of this victory, and proclaims, with a fine poetic enthusiasm, the obligations which Rome owed to the family of the hero who obtained it, and the terror which, before that time, Hannibal had spread over all Italy.—

Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus,
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Asdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ;
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flama per tedas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.

We came next to Senegallia, another sea-port town upon this coast. There is nothing remarkable in this town, except during the time of the fair, which is held there once a-year, to which a great concourse of merchants resort, from Venice, and all the towns on both sides of the Adriatic; also from Sicily, and the Archipelago. England carries on a very profitable trade with all the towns in Romagnia, from which our merchants purchase great quantities of raw silk, and afterwards sell it, when manufactured, to the inhabitants. They provide them also in English cotton and linen cloths, of every kind.

The distance between Senegallia and Ancona, is about fifteen miles. We travelled most of this road after it was dark, much against the inclination of the Italian servants, who assured us, that it is often infested with robbers. Those fellows, they told us, come sometimes from the coast of Dalmatia, attack travellers on this road, carry what booty can be got on board their boats, which are

never at a great distance, and then sail to the opposite shore, or to some other part of the coast. As we travelled slowly over the sandy road, some men, in sailors dresses, overtook us. Our Italians were convinced they belonged to the gang of pirates, or robbers, they had spoken of. Our company was too numerous to be attacked; but they attempted, secretly, to cut off the trunks from the chaises, without succeeding.

LETTER XXX.

Ancona.

ANCONA is said to have been founded by Syracusans who had fled from the tyranny of Dionysius. The town originally was built upon a hill, but the houses have been gradually extended down the face of the eminence, towards the sea. The cathedral stands on the highest part; from whence there is a most advantageous view of the town, the country, and the sea. This church is supposed to be placed on the spot where a temple, dedicated to Venus, formerly stood; the same mentioned by Juvenal, when he speaks of a large turbot caught on this coast, and presented to the emperor Domitian.—

Incidit Adriaci spatium admirabile rhombi,
Ante domum Veneris, quam Dorica sustinet Ancon.

The ascents and descents, and great inequality of the ground, will prevent this from being a beautiful town, but it has much the appearance of becoming a rich one. Some of the nobility have the firmness and good sense to despise an ancient prejudice, and avowedly prosecute commerce. New houses are daily building, and the streets are animated with the bustle of trade. I met with several English traders on the change, which seemed crowded with seafaring men, and merchants, from Dalmatia, Greece, and many parts of Europe. There are great numbers of Jews established in this city. I know not whether this race of men contribute greatly to the prosperity of a country; but it is generally remarked, that

these places are in a thriving condition to which they resort. They have a synagogue here, and although all religions are tolerated, theirs is the only foreign worship allowed to be publicly exercised. The commerce of Ancona has increased very rapidly of late years; and it is evident, that the popes who first thought of making it a free port, of encouraging manufactures, and of building a mole, to render the harbour more safe, have injured Venice in a more sensible manner, than those who thundered bulls against that republic; but it is much to be questioned, whether the former, by their encouragements to commerce, have augmented their own spiritual importance in the same proportion they have the temporal riches of their subjects.

Men who have received a liberal education, and have adopted liberal sentiments previous to their engaging in any particular profession, will carry these sentiments along with them through life: and, perhaps, there is no profession in which they can be exercised with more advantage and utility, than in that of a merchant. In this profession, a man of the character above described, while he is augmenting his own private fortune, will enjoy the agreeable reflection, that he is likewise increasing the riches and power of his country, and giving bread to thousands of his industrious countrymen. Of all professions, his is in its nature the most independent; the merchant does not, like the soldier, receive wages from his sovereign; nor, like the lawyer and physician, from his fellow subjects. His wealth often flows from foreign sources, and he is under no obligation to those from whom it is derived. The habit which he is in, of circulating millions, makes him lay less stress on a few guineas, than the proprietors of the largest estates; and we daily see, particularly in countries where this profession is not considered as degrading, the commercial part of the inhabitants giving the most exalted proofs of generosity and public spirit. But in countries where nobody, who has the smallest claim to the title of a gentleman, can engage in commerce without being thought to have demeaned himself,

fewer examples of this nature will be found: and in every country, it must be acknowledged, that those who have not had the advantage of a liberal education; who have been bred from their infancy to trade; who have been taught to consider money as the most valuable of all things, and to value themselves, and others, in proportion to the quantity they possess; who are continually revolving in their minds, to the exclusion of all other ideas, the various means of increasing their stock; to such people, money becomes a more immediate and direct object of attention, than to any other class of men; it swells in their imagination, is rated beyond its real worth, and, at length, by an inversion of the Christian precept, it is considered as the one thing needful, to be sought with the most unremitting ardour, that all other things may be added thereunto.

In commercial towns, where every body finds employment, and is agitated by the bustle of business, the minds of the inhabitants are apt to be so much engrossed with the affairs of this world, as almost to forget that there is another; and neither the true religion, nor false ones, have such hold of their minds, as in places where there is more poverty, and less worldly occupation. In the first, they consider the remonstrances of priests and confessors as interruptions to business; and, without daring to despise the ceremonies of religion, like the speculative sceptic or infidel, the hurried trader huddles them over as fast as possible, that he may return to occupations more congenial with the habit of his mind. The preachers may cry aloud, and spare not; they may lift up their voices like trumpets, proclaiming the nothingness of this world, and all which it contains; it is in vain. Men who have been trained to the pursuit of money from their childhood, who have bestowed infinite pains to acquire it, and who derive all their importance from it, must naturally have a partiality for this world, where riches procure so many flattering distinctions; and a prejudice against *that* in which they procure none: but in towns where there is

little trade, and great numbers of poor people, where they have much spare time, and small comfort in this world, the clergy have an easier task, if they are tolerably assiduous, in turning the attention of the inhabitants to the other. In Roman Catholic towns of this description, we see the people continually pacing up and down the streets, with wax-tapers in their hands. They listen, with fond attention, to all the priest relates concerning that invisible country, that land of promise, where their hopes are placed; they ruminate, with complacency, on the happy period when *they* also shall have their good things; they bear their present rags with patience, in expectation of the white raiment and crowns of gold, which, they are told, await them; they languish for the happiness of being promoted to that lofty situation, from whence they may look down, with scorn, on those to whom they now look up with envy, and where they shall retaliate on their wealthy neighbours, whose riches, at present, they imagine, insult their own poverty.

This town being exposed, by the nature of its commerce with Turkey, to the contagious diseases which prevail in that country, Clement XII, as soon as he determined to make it a free port, erected a lazzaretto. It advances a little way into the sea, is in the form of a pentagon, and is a very noble, as well as useful, edifice. He afterwards began a work, as necessary, and still more expensive; I mean the mole built in the sea, to skreen the vessels in the harbour from the winds, which frequently blow from the opposite shore of the Adriatic with great violence. This was carried on with redoubled spirit by Benedict XIV, after his quarrel with Venice, has been continued by the succeeding popes, and is now almost finished. This building was founded in the ruins of the ancient mole, raised by the emperor Trajan. The stone of Istria was used at first, till the exportation of it was prohibited by the republic of Venice, who had no reason to wish well to this work. But a quarry of excellent stone was afterwards found near Ancona, as fit for the

purpose; and a kind of sand, which, when mixed with lime, forms a composition as hard as any stone, is brought from the neighbourhood of Rome; and no other is used for this building, which is above two thousand feet in length, one hundred in breadth, and about sixty in depth, from the surface of the sea; a stupendous work, more analogous to the power and revenues of ancient, than of modern, Rome.

Near to this stands the triumphal arch, as it is called, of Trajan. This is an honorary monument, erected in gratitude to that emperor, for the improvements he made in this harbour at his own expense. Next to the Maison Quarrée at Nîmes, it is the most beautiful and the most entire monument of Roman taste and magnificence I have yet seen. The fluted Corinthian pillars on the two sides are of the finest proportions; and the Parian marble of which they are composed, instead of having acquired a black colour, like the ducal palace of Venice, and other buildings of marble, is preserved, by the sea vapour, as white and shining as if it were fresh polished from the rock. I viewed this charming piece of antiquity with sentiments of pleasure and admiration, which sprang from a recollection of the elegant taste of the artist who planned this work, the humane amiable virtues of the great man to whose honour it was raised, and the grandeur and policy of the people who, by such rewards, prompted their princes to wise and beneficent undertakings.

LETTER XXXI.

Loretto.

The road from Ancona to this place runs through a fine country, composed of a number of beautiful hills and intervening valleys. Loretto itself is a small town, situated on an eminence, about three miles from the sea. I expected to have found it a more magnificent, at least a more commodious, town for the entertainment of strangers. The innkeepers do not disturb the devotion of the pil-

grims by the luxuries of either bed or board. I have not seen worse accommodations since I entered Italy, than at the inn here. This seems surprising, considering the great resort of strangers. If any town in England were as much frequented, every third or fourth house would be a neat inn.

The holy chapel of Loretto, all the world knows, was originally a small house in Nazareth, inhabited by the Virgin Mary, in which she was saluted by the angel, and where she bred our Saviour. After their deaths, it was held in great veneration by all believers in Jesus, and at length consecrated into a chapel, and dedicated to the Virgin; upon which occasion St. Luke made that identical image, which is still preserved here, and dignified with the name of our Lady of Loretto. This sanctified edifice was allowed to sojourn in Galilee as long as that district was inhabited by Christians; but when infidels got possession of the country, a band of angels, to save it from pollution, took it in their arms, and conveyed it from Nazareth to a castle in Dalmatia. This fact might have been called in question by incredulous people, had it been performed in a secret manner; but, that it might be manifest to the most short-sighted spectator, and evident to all who were not perfectly deaf as well as blind, a blaze of celestial light, and a concert of divine music, accompanied it during the whole journey; besides, when the angels, to rest themselves, set it down in a little wood near the road, all the trees of the forest bowed their heads to the ground, and continued in that respectful posture as long as the sacred chapel remained among them. But, not having been entertained with suitable respect at the castle above mentioned, the same indefatigable angels carried it over the sea, and placed it in a field belonging to a noble lady, called Lauretta, from whom the chapel takes its name. This field happened unfortunately to be frequented at that time by highwaymen and murderers: a circumstance with which the angels undoubtedly were not acquainted when they placed it there. After they were better informed,

they removed it to the top of a hill belonging to two brothers, where they imagined it would be perfectly secure from the dangers of robbery or assassination; but the two brothers, the proprietors of the ground, being equally enamoured of their new visitor, became jealous of each other, quarrelled, fought, and fell by mutual wounds. After this fatal catastrophe, the angels in waiting finally moved the holy chapel to the eminence where it now stands, and has stood these four hundred years, having lost all relish for travelling.

To silence the captious objections of cavillers, and give full satisfaction to the candid inquirer, a deputation of respectable persons was sent from Loretto to the city of Nazareth, who, previous to their setting out, took the dimensions of the holy house with the most scrupulous exactness. On their arrival at Nazareth, they found the citizens scarcely recovered from their astonishment; for it may be easily supposed, that the sudden disappearance of a house from the middle of a town, would naturally occasion a considerable degree of surprise, even in the most philosophic minds. The landlords had been alarmed in a particular manner, and had made inquiries, and offered rewards, all over Galilee, without having been able to get any satisfactory account of the fugitive. They felt their interest much affected by this incident; for, as houses had never before been considered as *moveables*, their value fell immediately. This indeed might be partly owing to certain evil-minded persons, who, taking advantage of the public alarm, for selfish purposes, circulated a report, that several other houses were on the wing, and would most probably disappear in a few days. This affair being so much the object of attention at Nazareth, and the builders of that city declaring, they would as soon build upon quick-sand as on the vacant space which the chapel had left at its departure, the deputies from Loretto had no difficulty in discovering the foundation of that edifice, which they carefully compared with the dimensions they had brought from Loretto, and

found that they tallied exactly. Of this they made oath at their return; and in the mind of every rational person, it remains no longer a question, whether this is the real house which the Virgin Mary inhabited, or not. Many of those particulars are narrated with other circumstances in books which are sold here; but I have been informed of one circumstance, which has not hitherto been published in any book, and which, I dare swear, you will think ought to be made known for the benefit of future travellers. This morning, immediately before we left the inn, to visit the holy chapel, an Italian servant, whom the duke of Hamilton engaged at Venice, took me aside, and told me, in a very serious manner, that strangers were apt secretly to break off little pieces of the stone belonging to the Santa Casa, in the hopes that such precious relics might bring them good fortune; but he earnestly entreated me not to do any such thing: for he knew a man at Venice, who had broken off a small corner of one of the stones, and slipt it into his breeches pocket unperceived; but, so far from bringing him good fortune, it had burnt its way out, like aqua fortis, before he left the chapel, and scorched his thighs in such a miserable manner, that he was not able to sit on horseback for a month. I thanked Giovanni for his obliging hint, and assured him I should not attempt any theft of that nature.

LETTER XXXII.

Loretto.

THE sacred chapel stands due east and west, at the farther end of a large church of the most durable stone of Istria, which has been built around it. This may be considered as the external covering, or as a kind of great coat to the Casa Santa, which has a smaller coat of more precious materials and workmanship nearer its body. This internal covering, or case, is of the choicest marble, after a plan of San Savino's, and ornamented with basso

relievos, the workmanship of the best sculptors which Italy could furnish in the reign of Leo X. The subject of those basso relievos are, the history of the blessed Virgin, and other parts of the Bible. The whole case is about fifty feet long, thirty in breadth, and the same in height; but the real house itself is no more than thirty-two feet in length, fourteen in breadth, and at the sides, about eighteen feet in height; the centre of the roof is four or five feet higher. The walls of this little holy chapel are composed of pieces of a reddish substance, of an oblong square shape, laid one upon another, in the manner of brick. At first sight, on a superficial view, these red-coloured oblong substances appear to be nothing else than common Italian bricks; and, which is still more extraordinary, on a second and third view, with all possible attention, they still have the same appearance. There is not, however, as we were assured, a single particle of brick in their whole composition, being entirely of a stone, which, though it cannot now be found in Palestine, was formerly very common, particularly in the neighbourhood of Nazareth. There is a small interval between the walls of the ancient house, and the marble case. The workmen, at first, intended them to be in contact, from an opinion, founded either upon gross ignorance or infidelity, that the former stood in need of support from the latter; but the marble either started back of itself, from such impious familiarity, being conscious of its unworthiness; or else was thrust back by the coyness of the virgin brick, it is not said which. But it has certainly kept at a proper distance ever since. While we examined the basso relievos of the marble case, we were not a little incommoded by the numbers of pilgrims who were constantly crawling around it on their knees, kissing the ground, and saying their prayers with great fervour. As they crept along, they discovered some degree of eagerness to be nearest the wall; not, I am persuaded, with a view of saving their own labour, by contracting the circumference of their circuit; but from an

idea that the evolutions they were performing, would be the more beneficial to their souls, the nearer they were to the sacred house. This exercise is continued in proportion to the zeal and strength of the patient.

Above the door there is an inscription; by which it appears, that any person who enters with arms is, ipso facto, excommunicated.

INGREDIENTES CUM ARMIS SUNT EXCOMMUNICATI.

There are also the severest denunciations against those who carry away the smallest particle of the stone and mortar belonging to this chapel. The adventure of the burnt breeches, and others of a similar nature, which are industriously circulated, have contributed as much as any denunciation, to prevent such attempts. Had it not been for the impressions they make, so great was the eagerness of the multitude to be possessed of any portion of this little edifice, that the whole was in danger of being carried away; not by angels, but piecemeal in the pockets of the pilgrims.

The holy house is divided, within, into two unequal portions, by a kind of gratework of silver. The division towards the west is about three-fourths of the whole; that to the east is called the Sanctuary. In the larger division, which may be considered as the main body of the house, the walls are left bare, to shew the true original fabric of Nazareth stone. These stones, which bear such a strong resemblance to bricks, are loose in many places. I took notice of this to a pilgrim, who entered with us: he smiled, saying,—'Che la non habbia paura, Padron mio, questi muri sono piu solidi degli Appenini.' At the lower, or western wall, there is a window, the same through which the angel Gabriel entered at the Annunciation. The architraves of this window are covered with silver. There are a great number of golden and silver lamps in this chapel; I did not count them, but I was told there were above sixty; one of them is a present from the repub-

lic of Venice: it is of gold, and weighs thirty-seven pounds: some of the silver lamps weigh from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and thirty pounds. At the upper end of the largest room is an altar, but so low, that from it you may see the famous image which stands over the chimney, in the small room, or sanctuary. Golden and silver angels, of considerable size, kneel around her, some offering hearts of gold, enriched with diamonds, and one an infant of pure gold. The wall of the sanctuary is plated with silver, and adorned with crucifixes, precious stones, and votive gifts of various kinds. The figure of the Virgin herself by no means corresponds with the fine furniture of her house: she is a little woman, about four feet in height, with the features and complexion of a negro. Of all the sculptors that ever existed, assuredly St. Luke, by whom this figure is said to have been made, is the least of a flatterer; and nothing can be a stronger proof of the blessed Virgin's contempt for external beauty, than her being satisfied with this representation of her; especially if, as I am inclined to believe, her face and person really resembled those beautiful ideas of her, conveyed by the pencils of Raphael, Corregio, and Guido. The figure of the infant Jesus, by St. Luke, is of a piece with that of the Virgin: he holds a large golden globe in one hand, and the other is extended in the act of blessing. Both figures have crowns on their heads, enriched with diamonds: these were presents from Ann of Austria, queen of France. Both arms of the Virgin are inclosed within her robes, and no part but her face is to be seen; her dress is most magnificent, but in a wretched bad taste: this is not surprising, for she has no female attendant. She has particular clothes for the different feasts held in honour of her, and, which is not quite so decent, is always dressed and undressed by the priests belonging to the chapel; her robes are ornamented with all kinds of precious stones, down to the hem of her garment.

There is a small place behind the sanctuary, into which we were also admitted. This is a favour seldom refused

to strangers of a decent appearance. In this they shew the chimney, and some other furniture, which, they pretend, belonged to the Virgin when she lived at Nazareth; particularly a little earthen porringer, out of which the infant used to eat. The pilgrims bring rosaries, little crucifixes, and Agnus Dei's, which the obliging priest shakes for half a minute in this dish; after which, it is believed, they acquire the virtue of curing various diseases, and prove an excellent preventative of all temptations of Satan. The gown which the image had on when the chapel arrived from Nazareth, is of red camblet, and carefully kept in a glass shrine.

Above a hundred masses are daily said in this chapel, and in the church in which it stands. The music we heard in the chapel was remarkably fine. A certain number of the chaplains are eunuchs, who perform the double duty of singing the offices in the choir, and saying masses at the altar. The canonical law, which excludes persons in their situation from the priesthood, is eluded by a very extraordinary expedient, which I shall leave you to guess.

The jewels and riches to be seen at any one time in the holy chapel, are of small value in comparison of those in the treasury, which is a large room adjoining to the vestry of the great church. In the presses of this room are kept those presents which royal, noble, and rich bigots of all ranks have, by oppressing their subjects, and injuring their families, sent to this place. To enumerate every particular would fill volumes. They consist of various utensils, and other things in silver and gold; as lamps, candlesticks, goblets, crowns, and crucifixes; lambs, eagles, saints, apostles, angels, virgins, and infants; then there are cameos, pearls, gems, and precious stones of all kinds, and in great numbers. What is valued above all the other jewels is, the miraculous pearl, wherein they assert, that nature has given a faithful delineation of the Virgin, sitting on a cloud, with the infant Jesus in her arms. I freely acknowledge, that I did see something like a woman with a child in her arms; but whether na-

ture intended this as a portrait of the Virgin Mary, or not, I will not take upon me to say; yet I will candidly confess (though, perhaps, some of my friends in the north, may think it is saying too much in support of the popish opinion) that the figure in this pearl bore as great a likeness to some pictures I have seen of the Virgin, as to any female of my acquaintance.

There was not room in the presses of the treasury, to hold all the silver pieces which have been presented to the Virgin. Several other presses in the vestry, they told us, were completely full, and they made offer to shew them; but our curiosity was already satiated.

It is said, that those pieces are occasionally melted down, by his holiness, for the use of the state; and also, that the most precious of the jewels are picked out, and sold for the same purpose, false stones being substituted in their room. This is an affair entirely between the Virgin and the pope: if she does not, I know no other person who has a right to complain.

LETTER XXXIII.

Loretto.

PILGRIMAGES to Loretto are not so frequent with foreigners, or with Italians of fortune and distinction, as formerly; nineteen out of twenty of those, who make this journey now, are poor people, who depend for their maintenance on the charity they receive on the road. To those who are of such a rank in life as precludes them from availing themselves of the charitable institutions for the maintenance of pilgrims, such journeys are attended with expense and inconveniency; and I am informed, that fathers and husbands, in moderate or confined circumstances, are frequently brought to disagreeable dilemmas, by the rash vows of going to Loretto, which their wives or daughters are apt to make on any supposed deliverance from danger. To refuse, is considered, by the whole neighbourhood, as cruel, and even impious; and to grant, is often highly distressing, particularly to such

husbands as, from affection, or any other motive, do not choose that their wives should be long out of their sight. But the poor, who are maintained during their whole journey, and have nothing more than a bare maintenance to expect from their labour at home, to them a journey to Loretto is a party of pleasure, as well as devotion, and by much the most agreeable road they can take to heaven. This being a year of jubilee, there is a far greater concourse of pilgrims of all ranks here, at present, than is usual. We have seen a few in their carriages, a greater number on horseback, or on mules; or, what is still more common, on asses. Great numbers of females come in this manner, with a male friend walking by them, as their guide and protector; but the greatest number, of both sexes, are on foot. When we approached near Loretto, the road was crowded with them: they generally set out before sunrise; and, having reposed themselves during the heat of the day, continue their journey again in the evening. They sing their matins, and their evening hymns, aloud. As many have fine voices and delicate ears, those vocal concerts have a charming effect at a little distance. During the stillness of the morning and the evening, we were serenaded with this solemn religious music for a considerable part of the road. The pilgrims on foot, as soon as they enter the suburbs, begin a hymn in honour of the Virgin, which they continue till they reach the church. The poorer sort are received into an hospital, where they have bed and board for three days.

The only trade of Loretto consists of rosaries, crucifixes, little Madonnas, Agnus Dei's, and medals, which are manufactured here, and sold to pilgrims. There are great numbers of shops full of these commodities, some of them of a high price; but infinitely the greater part are adapted to the purses of the buyers, and sold for a mere trifle. The evident poverty of those manufacturers and traders, and of the inhabitants of this town in general, is a sufficient proof that the reputation of our Lady of Loretto is greatly on the decline.

In the great church, which contains the holy chapel, are confessionals, where the penitents from every country of Europe may be confessed in their own language, priests being always in waiting for that purpose; each of them has a long white rod in his hand, with which he touches the heads of those to whom he thinks it proper to give absolution. They place themselves on their knees, in groupes, around the confessional chair; and when the holy father has touched their heads with the expiatory rod, they retire, freed from the burden of their sins, and with renewed courage to begin a fresh account.

In the spacious area before this church, there is an elegant marble fountain, supplied with water from an adjoining hill, by an aqueduct. Few even of the most inconsiderable towns of Italy are without the useful ornament of a public fountain. The embellishments of sculpture and architecture are employed, with great propriety, on such works, which are continually in the people's view; the air is refreshed, and the eye delighted, by the streams of water they pour forth; a sight peculiarly agreeable in a warm climate. In this area there is also a statue of Sixtus V in bronze. Over the portal of the church itself, is a statue of the Virgin; and above the middle gate is a Latin inscription, importing, that within is the house of the Mother of God, in which the Word was made flesh. The gates of the church are likewise of bronze, embellished with basso relievos, of admirable workmanship; the subjects taken partly from the Old, and partly from the New, Testament, and divided into different compartments. As the gates of this church are shut at noon, the pilgrims who arrive after that time can get no nearer the Santa Casa than these gates, which are, by this means, sometimes exposed to the first violence of that holy ardour which was designed for the chapel itself. All the sculpture upon the gates, which is within reach of the mouths of those zealots, is, in some degree, effaced by their kisses. The murder of Abel, by his brother, is upon a level with the lips of a person of an ordinary size, when kneeling. Poor

Abel has been always unfortunate; had he been placed a foot higher, or lower, on the gate, he might have remained there, in security, for ages; but in the unlucky place that the sculptor has put him, his whole body has been almost entirely kissed away by the pilgrims; while Cain stands untouched, in his original altitude, frowning and fierce as ever.

I have said nothing of the paintings to be seen here, though some are highly esteemed, particularly two in the treasury. The subject of one of these is, the Virgin's nativity, by Annibale Carracci; and of the other, a Holy Family, by Raphael. There are some others of considerable merit, which ornament the altars of the great church. These altars, or little chapels, of which this fabric contains a great number, are lined with marble, and embellished by sculpture; but nothing within this church interested me so much as the iron grates before those chapels, after I was informed that they were made of the fetters and chains of the Christian slaves, who were freed from bondage by the glorious victory of Lepanto. From that moment these iron grates commanded my attention more than all the golden lamps and candlesticks, and angels and jewels, of the holy chapel.

The ideas that rush into one's mind on hearing a circumstance of this kind, are affecting beyond expression. To think of four thousand of our fellow-creatures, torn from the service of their country and the arms of friendship, chained to oars, subjected continually to the revilings of enemies, and every kind of ignominious treatment, at once, when their souls were sinking under the weight of such accumulated calamity, and brought to the very verge of despair; at once, in one blessed moment, freed from slavery, restored to the embraces of their friends, and enjoying, with them, all the rapture of victory. Good God, what a scene! what a number of scenes! for the imagination, after glancing at the whole, distinguishes and separates objects, and forms a thousand groupes of the most pathetic kind; the fond recognition

of old companions, brothers flying into each other's arms, and the ecstacy of fathers on the recovery of their lost sons. Many such pictures did my fancy form, while I stood contemplating those grates so truly ornamental of a Christian church, and so perfectly congenial with a religion which requires men to *relieve the oppressed, and set the captive free.*

Happy if the followers of that religion had always observed this divine admonition. I speak not of those men who assume the name of Christians for the purposes of interest or ambition, but of a more absurd class of mankind; those who, believing in Christianity, endeavour to reconcile it to a conduct, and doctrines, entirely repugnant to its nature. This absurdity has appeared in the human character from the earliest ages of Christianity. Men have displayed unaffected zeal, and endeavoured to support and propagate the most benevolent and rational of all religions, by actions worthy of demons, and arguments which shock common sense.

The same persons who praised and admired the heavenly benevolence of this sentiment, Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; have thought it a duty to condemn their fellow-creatures to cruel deaths for speculative opinions. The same men who admired the founder of Christianity for going about, continually, doing good, have thought it a duty to spend their whole lives in cells, doing nothing.

And can any thing be more opposite to those dark and inexplicable doctrines, on the belief of which, according to the conviction of many, our salvation depends, than this plain rule, Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them? a rule so plain, as to be understood by the most simple and ignorant; and so just, complete, and comprehensive, as to be admired by the wisest and most learned.

If this equitable maxim is the law and the prophets, and we learn from the highest authority that it is, what becomes of all those mysterious webs, of various texture,

which, since the beginning of the Christian era, popes, priests, and many of the leaders of sectaries, have wove around it?

LETTER XXXIV.

Spoletto.

We left Loretto after dinner, and proceeded through a beautiful country to Macerata, a small town, situated on a hill, as the towns in Italy generally are. We only stayed to change horses, and continued our journey to Tolentino; where, not thinking it expedient to begin to ascend the Apennines in the dark, we took up our quarters at an inn, the best in the place, but, by many degrees, the poorest we had seen in Italy. However, as it was not for good eating or convenient bedchambers we came to this country, that circumstance affected us very little. Indeed, the quantity of victuals presented us at supper, would have been as displeasing to a person of Sancho Pancho's way of thinking, on the subject of eating, as the manner they were dressed would have been to a nicer sensualist in that refined science. The latter circumstance prevented our regretting the former; and although we had felt some uneasiness when we were told how little provisions there were in the house, the moment they appeared on the table we were all convinced there was more than enough.

The poor people of this inn, however, shewed the utmost desire to please. *They* must have unfortunate tempers indeed, who, observing this, could have shocked them by fretfulness, or an air of dissatisfaction. Besides, if the entertainment had been still more homely, even those travellers who are accustomed to the greatest delicacies, might be induced to bear it with patience for one night, from this consideration, That the people of the place, who have just as good a natural right to the luxuries of life as themselves, are obliged to bear it always. Nothing is more apt to raise indignation, than to behold

men repining and fretting, on account of little inconveniences, in the hearing of those who are bearing much greater every day with cheerfulness. There is a want of sense, as well as a want of temper, in such behaviour. The only use of complaining of hardships to those who cannot relieve them, must be to obtain sympathy; but if those to whom they complain, are suffering the same hardships in a greater degree, what sympathy can those repiners expect? They certainly find none.

Next morning we encountered the Apennines. The fatigue of this day's journey was compensated by the beauty and variety of the views among those mountains. On the face of one of the highest, I remarked a small hut, with a garden near it. I was told this was inhabited by an old infirm hermit. I could not understand how a person in that condition could scramble up and down such a mountain to procure for himself the necessaries of life. I was informed, he had not quitted his hermitage for several years, the neighbouring peasants supplying him plentifully with all he requires. This man's reputation for sanctity is very great, and those who take the trouble of carrying him provisions, think themselves well repaid by his prayers.

I imagine I am acquainted with a country where provisions are in greater plenty than in the Apennines; and yet the greatest saint in the nation, who should take up his residence on one of its mountains, would be in great danger of starving, if he depended for his sustenance upon the provisions that should be carried up to him in exchange for his prayers.

There are mountains and precipices among the Apennines, which do not appear contemptible in the eyes even of those who have travelled among the Alps; while, on the other hand, those delightful plains, contained within the bosom of the former, are infinitely superior, in beauty and fertility, to the valleys among the latter. We now entered the rich province of Umbria, and soon after arrived at Foligno, a thriving town, in which there is more

appearance of industry than in any of the towns we have seen, since we left Ancona; there are considerable manufactures of paper, cloth, and silk. In a convent of nuns, is a famous picture by Raphael, generally visited by travellers, and much admired by connoisseurs.

The situation of this town is peculiarly happy. It stands in a charming valley, laid out in corn-fields and vineyards, intersected by mulberry and almond trees, and watered by the river Clitumnus; the view terminating on one side by hills crowned with cities, and on the other by the loftiest mountains of the Apennines. I never experienced such a sudden and agreeable change of climate, as on descending from those mountains, in many places, at present, covered with snow, to this pleasant valley of Umbria,

> Where western gales eternally reside,
> And all the seasons lavish all their pride.

From Foligno to Vene the road lies through this fine plain. A little before you come to the post-house at Vene, on the right hand, there is a little building; the front which looks to the valley, is adorned with six Corinthian pillars; the two in the middle enriched by a laurel foliage; on one side, is a crucifix in basso relievo, with vine branches curling around it. On this building, there are some inscriptions which mention the *resurrection*. Some, who think the architecture too fine for the first ages of Christianity, and the temple too old to have been built since the revival of that art, have conjectured, that this little edifice is antique, and originally erected by the ancient inhabitants of Umbria, as a temple, in honour of the river god Clitumnus; but, at some subsequent period, converted into a Christian chapel, and the crucifix and inscriptions added after its consecration. Other very respectable judges think the style of architecture is by no means pure, but adulterated by meretricious ornament, and worthy enough of the first ages of Christianity.

Mr. Addison has given many quotations from the Latin poets, in honour of this river, all of which countenance the

popular opinion with regard to the quality of the water. The breed of white cattle, which gave such a reputation to the river, still remains in this country. We saw many of them as we passed, some milk-white, but the greatest numbers of a whitish grey. The common people still retain the ancient opinion with respect to the effect of the water. Spoletto, the capital of Umbria, is situated on a high rock, the ascent to which is very steep on all sides. This town retains little appearance of its ancient importance. Keysler says, that, like other paltry towns in Italy, it exhibits bombastic inscriptions concerning its antiquity, and many trivial occurrences which have happened there; the only inscription, however, which he quotes, and the only one which I saw, is that over the Porta di Fuga, from which the Carthaginian army is supposed to have been repulsed.—

ANNIBAL
CÆSIS AD THRASYMENUM ROMANIS
URBEM ROMAM INFENSO AGMINE PETENS,
SPOLETO MAGNA SUORUM CLADE REPULSUS,
INSIGNI FUGA PORTÆ NOMEN FECIT.

I cannot perceive any thing bombastic in this; Livy mentions the fact in his twenty-second book, in the following terms.—

Annibal recto itnere per Umbriam usque ad Spoletum venit, inde quum perpopulato agro urbem oppugnare adortus esset, cum magna cæde suorum repulsus, conjectans ex unius coloniæ haud nimis prospere tentatæ viribus quanta moles Romanæ urbis esset.

If the inhabitants of the greatest capital in the world had equal authority for their ancestors having repulsed such a general as Hannibal, would they not be inclined to receive it as truth, and to transmit it to the latest posterity?

This town is still supplied with water, by means of an antique aqueduct, one of the most entire, and the highest in Europe. In the centre, where the height is greatest, there is a double arcade; the other arches diminish in

height, as they recede from it, towards the sloping sides of the two mountains which this magnificent work unites.

In the cathedral, there is a picture of the Virgin by St. Luke; but we had already seen sufficient specimens of this saint's abilities, as a sculptor and a painter, and we had not the least curiosity to see any more.

LETTER XXXV.

Rome.

Leaving Spoletto, we passed over the highest of the Apennines, and then descended through a forest of olive trees, to the fruitful valley in which Terni is situated, on the river Nera. It was formerly called Interamna, on account of its standing between two branches of that river. The valley which stretches from this town to Terni, is exuberantly fertile, being finely exposed to the south sun, and watered by the Nera, which, by its beauteous windings, divides the plain into peninsulas of various shapes. The emperor Tacitus, and his brother Florianus, were natives of Terni; but the greatest pride of that city is, its having given birth to Tacitus the historian.

I am almost ashamed to tell you, that we did not go to see the famous cataract, near this town, which is usually visited by travellers, and which, by all accounts, is so worthy of their curiosity. Innumerable streams from the highest Apennines, meeting in one channel, form the river Velino, which flows placidly, for some time, through a plain almost horizontal; and afterwards, when the river becomes more rapid by the contracting and sloping of the channel, the plain terminates of a sudden in a precipice three hundred feet high, over which, the river rushing, dashes with such violence against the rocky bottom, that a vast cloud of watery smoke is raised all around. The river Velino does not long survive the fall, but broken, groaning, and foaming, soon finishes his course in the Nera. Mr. Addison is of opinion, that Virgil had this

gulf in his eye when he described the place in the middle of Italy, through which the fury Alecto descended into Tartarus.

A very heavy rain which fell while we were at Terni, the fatigue and difficulty of climbing up the Monte di Marmore, from whence this fall appears to the greatest advantage, and our impatience to be at Rome, prevented us from seeing that celebrated cataract, which we regretted the less, as we had frequently seen one of the same kind in Scotland, about twelve miles above Hamilton, at a place called Corra, where the river Clyde, falling perpendicular from a vast height, produces the same effects, in every respect, unless, that he outlives the accident, and continues his course for near fifty miles before he joins the Atlantic ocean.

The distance from Terni to Narni is about seven miles; the road is uncommonly good, and the country on each side delightful. When we came near Narni, while the chaises proceeded to the town, I walked to take a view of the bridge of Augustus. This stately fabric is wholly of marble, and without cement, as many other antique buildings are. Only one of the arches remains entire, which is the first on the side of the river where I was; under it there was no water; it is one hundred and fifty feet wide. The next arch, below which the river flows, is twenty feet wider, and has a considerable slope, being higher on the side next the first arch, than on that next the third. The remaining two arches are, in every respect, smaller than the two first. What could be the reason of such ungraceful irregularity in a work, in other respects so magnificent, and upon which so much labour and expense must have been bestowed, I cannot imagine. It is doubtful, whether there were originally four arches, or only three; for that which is supposed by some to be the basis from which the two lesser arches sprung, is thought by others to be the remains of a square pillar, raised sometime after the bridge was built, to support

the middle of the third arch; which, on the supposition that there were but three, must have been of a very extraordinary width.

This fabric is usually called Augustus's bridge, and Mr. Addison thinks that without doubt Martial alludes to it, in the ninety-second epigram of the seventh book; but some other very judicious travellers imagine, it is the remains of an aqueduct, because those arches joined two mountains, and are infinitely higher than was necessary for a bridge over the little river which flows under them. It has also been supposed, not without great appearance of probability, that this fabric was originally intended to serve the purposes of both.

As the rain still continued, my curiosity to see this fine ruin procured me a severe drenching: this I received with due resignation, as a punishment for having been intimidated by rain, from visiting the fine cascade at Terni. It was with great difficulty I got up the hill, by a path which I thought was shorter and easier than the high road; this unfortunately led to no gate. At last, however, I observed a broken part of the wall, over which I immediately clambered into the town. Martial takes notice of the difficulty of access to this town.—

> Narni, sulphureo quam gurgite candidus amnis
> Circuit, ancipiti vix adeunda Jugo.

The town itself is very poor, and thinly inhabited. It boasts, however, of being the native city of the emperor Nerva, and some other celebrated men.

The road from Narni to the post-house at Otricoli, is exceeding rough and mountainous. This is a very poor village, but advantageously situated on a rising ground. Between this and the Tiber, at some little distance from the road, there is a considerable tract of ground, covered with many loose antique fragments and vaults: these are generally considered as the ruins of the ancient Ocriculum. We passed along this road early in the morning, and were entertained, great part of the way, with vocal music from the pilgrims, several hordes of whom we met

near this place, on their return from Rome, where they had been on account of the jubilee.

The only place of note between Otricoli and Rome, is Civita Castellana. Terni is the last town of the province of Umbria, and Castellana the first of ancient Latium, coming to Rome by the Flaminian way. Castellana is considered, by many antiquarians, as the Fescennium of the ancients; a schoolmaster of which, as we are informed by Livy, by an unexampled instance of wickedness, betrayed a number of the sons of the principal citizens into the power of the dictator Camillus, at that time besieging the place. The generous Roman, equally abhorring the treachery and the traitor, ordered this base man to be stripped, to have his hands tied behind, and to be delivered over to the boys, who, armed with rods, beat him back to Fescennium, and delivered him up to their parents, to be used as they should think he deserved.

Civita Castellana stands upon a high rock, and must formerly have been a place of great strength, but is now in no very flourishing condition. Many of the towns I have mentioned, lying on the road to Rome, by the Flaminian way, have suffered, at different periods, more than those of any other part of Italy, by the inroads of Visigoths and Huns, as well as by some incursions of a latter date.

This, I am convinced, is the only country in the world, where the fields become more desolate as you approach the capital. After having traversed the cultivated and fertile valleys of Umbria, one is affected with double emotion at beholding the deplorable state of poor neglected Latium. For several posts before you arrive at Rome, few villages, little cultivation, and scarcely any inhabitants, are to be seen. In the Campania of Rome, formerly the best-cultivated and best-peopled spot in the world, no houses, no trees, no inclosures; nothing but the scattered ruins of temples and tombs, presenting the idea of a country depopulated by a pestilence. All is motionless, silent, and forlorn.

In the midst of these deserted fields the ancient Mistress of the World rears her head, in melancholy majesty.

LETTER XXXVI.

Rome.

You will not be surprised at my silence for some weeks past. On arriving at a place where there are so many interesting objects as at Rome, we are generally selfish enough to indulge our own curiosity very amply, before we gratify that of our friends in any degree. My first care was to wait on the prince Guistiniani, for whom we had letters from Count Mahoni, the Spanish ambassador at Vienna, to whose niece that prince is married. Nothing can exceed the politeness and attention the prince and princess have shewn. He waited immediately on the duke of Hamilton, and insisted on taking us, in his own carriage, to every house of distinction. Two or three hours a day were spent in this ceremony. After being once presented, no farther introduction or invitation is necessary.

Our mornings are generally spent in visiting the antiquities, and the paintings in the palaces. On those occasions we are accompanied by Mr. Byres, a gentleman of probity, knowledge, and real taste. We generally pass two or three hours every evening at the conversazionis; I speak in the plural number, for we are sometimes at several in the same evening. It frequently happens, that three or four, or more, of the nobility, have these assemblies at the same time; and almost all the company of a certain rank in Rome make it a point, if they go to any, to go to all; so that, although there is a great deal of bustle, and a continual change of place, there is scarcely any change of company, or any variation in the amusement, except what the change of place occasions; but this circumstance alone is often found an useful accomplice in the murder of a tedious evening; for when the company find no great amusement in one place, they fly to another, in hopes

they may be better entertained. These hopes are generally disappointed; but that does not prevent them from trying a third, and a fourth; and although to whatever length the experiment is pushed, it always terminates in new disappointments, yet, at last, the evening is dispatched; and, without this locomotive resource, I have seen people in danger of dispatching themselves. This bustle, and running about after objects which give no permanent satisfaction, and without fully knowing whence we came, or whither we are going, you'll say, is a mighty silly business. It is so;—and, after all the swelling importance that some people assume, pray what is human life?

Having told you what five or six conversazionis are, I shall endeavour to give you some idea what *one* is. These assemblies are always in the principal apartment of the palace, which is generally on the second, but sometimes on the third floor. It is not always perfectly easy to find this apartment, because it sometimes happens that the staircase is very ill lighted. On entering the hall, where the footmen of the company are assembled, your name is pronounced aloud, by some servants of the family, and repeated by others, as you walk through several rooms. Those whose names are not known, are announced by the general denomination of i Cavalieri Forestieri, or Inglesi, as you pass through the different rooms, till you come to that in which the company are assembled, where you are received by the master or mistress of the house, who sits exactly within the door for that purpose. Having made a short compliment there, you mix with the company, which is sometimes so large, that none but the ladies can have the conveniency of sitting. Notwithstanding the great size and number of the rooms in the Italian palaces, it frequently happens that the company are so pressed together, that you can with difficulty move from one room to another. There always is a greater number of men than women; no lady comes without a gentleman to hand her. This gentleman, who acts the part of cavaliero

servente, may be her relation in any degree, or her lover, or both. It is allowed him to be connected with her in any way but one—he must not be her husband. Familiarities between man and wife are still connived at in this country however, provided they are carried on in private; but for a man to be seen hand in hand with his wife, in public, would not be tolerated.

At Cardinal Bernis's assembly, which is usually more crowded than any in Rome, the company are served with coffee, lemonade, and iced confections of various kinds; but this custom is not universal. In short, at a conversazione, you have an opportunity of seeing a number of well-dressed people, you speak a few words to those you are acquainted with, you bow to the rest, and enjoy the happiness of being squeezed and pressed among the best company in Rome. I do not know what more can be said of these assemblies; only it may be necessary, to prevent mistakes, to add, that a conversazione is a place where there is no conversation. They break up about nine o'clock, all but a small select company, who are invited to supper. But the present race of Romans are by no means so fond of convivial entertainments, as their predecessors. The magnificence of the Roman nobility displays itself now in other articles than the luxuries of the table: they generally dine at home, in a very private manner. Strangers are seldom invited to dinner, except by the foreign ambassadors. The hospitality of Cardinal Bernis alone makes up for every deficiency of that nature. There is no ambassador from the court of Great Britain at Rome, but the English feel no want of one. If the French cardinal had been instructed by his court to be peculiarly attentive to them, he could not be more so than he is. Nothing can exceed the elegant magnificence of his table, nor the splendid hospitality in which he lives. Years have not impaired the wit and vivacity for which he was distinguished in his youth; and no man could support the pretensions of the French nation to superior politeness, better than their ambassador at Rome.

There are no lamps lighted in the streets at night; and all Rome would be in utter darkness, were it not for the candles, which the devotion of individuals sometimes place before certain statues of the Virgin. Those appear faintly glimmering at vast intervals, like stars in a cloudy night. The lackeys carry dark lanterns behind the carriages of people of the first distinction: The cardinals, and other ecclesiastics, do not choose to have their coaches seen before the door of every house they visit. In the midst of this darkness, you will naturally conclude, that amorous assignations in the streets are not unfrequent among the inferior people. When a carriage, with a lantern behind it, accidentally comes near a couple who do not wish to be known, one of them calls out, "Volti la lanterna," and is obeyed; the carriage passing without farther notice being taken. Venus, as you know, has always been particularly respected at Rome, on account of her amour with Anchises.—

——————— Genus unde Latinum
Albanique patres, atque alta mœnia Romæ.

The Italians, in general, have a remarkable air of gravity, which they preserve even when the subject of their conversation is gay. I observed something of this at Venice, but I think it is much stronger at Rome. The Roman ladies have a languor in their countenances, which promises as much sensibility as the brisk look of the French; and, without the volubility of the latter, or the frankness of the Venetian women, they seem no way averse to form connections with strangers. The duke of Hamilton was presented to a beautiful young lady at one of the assemblies. In the course of conversation he happened to say, that he had heard she had been married very lately. She answered, with precipitation,—'Signor si—— ma mio marito è uno Vecchio.' She then added, shaking her head, and in a most affecting tone of voice,—'O santissima Virgine quanto è Vecchio!'

LETTER XXXVII.

Rome.

Authors differ very much in opinion with respect to the number of inhabitants which Rome contained at the period when it was most populous. Some accounts make them seven millions, and others a still greater number. These seem all to be incredible exaggerations. It is not probable, that what is properly called the city of Rome, ever extended beyond the wall built by Belisarius, after he had defeated the Goths. This wall has been frequently repaired since, and is still standing; it is about thirteen or fourteen miles in circuit, which is nearly the size that Rome was of, according to Pliny, in the days of Vespasian. Those who assert, that the number of inhabitants in ancient Rome, when it was most populous, could not exceed a million, exclusive of slaves, are thought moderate in their calculation; but when we consider that the circumference of thirteen or fourteen miles is not equal to that of either Paris or London; that the Campus Martius, which is the best-built part of modern Rome, was a field, without a house upon it, anciently; and that the rising ground, where St. Peter's church and the Vatican stand, was no part of old Rome; it will be difficult to conceive that ever Rome could boast a million of inhabitants. For my own part, if the wall of Belisarius is admitted as the boundary of the ancient city, I cannot imagine it to have, at any time, contained above five or six hundred thousand, without supposing the masters of the world to have been the worst lodged people in it.

But if, in the computations above mentioned, the suburbs are included; if those who lived without the walls are considered as inhabitants; in that case there will be room enough for any number, the limits of the suburbs not being ascertained.

The buildings immediately without the walls of Rome, which were connectedly continued so as to merit the name

of suburbs, were certainly of vast extent; and with those of the town itself, must have contained a prodigious number of people. By a calculation made by Mr. Byres, the Circus Maximus was of sufficient size to accommodate three hundred and eighty thousand spectators; and we are told by the Latin poets, that it was usually full. Now if allowance is made for the superannuated, the sick, and infirm; also for children, and those employed in their private business, and for slaves, who were not permitted to remain in the Circus during the games; Mr. Byres imagines that such a number as three hundred and eighty thousand spectators could not be supplied by a city and suburbs the number of whose inhabitants were much under three millions.

Whatever may have been the extent of the suburbs of Rome, it is probable they were only formed of ordinary houses, and inhabited by people of inferior rank. There are no remains of palaces, or magnificent buildings of any kind, to be now seen near the walls, or indeed over the whole Campania; yet it is asserted by some authors, that this wide surface was peopled, at one period, like a continued village; and we are told of strangers, who, viewing this immense plain covered with houses, imagined they had already entered Rome, when they were thirty miles from the walls of that city.

Some of the seven hills on which Rome was built, appear now but gentle swellings, owing to the intervals between them being greatly raised by the rubbish of ruined houses. Some have hardly houses of any kind upon them, being entirely laid out in gardens and vineyards. It is generally thought, that two-thirds of the surface within the walls are in this situation, or covered with ruins; and, by the information I have the greatest reliance on, the number of the inhabitants at present is about one hundred and seventy thousand, which, though greatly inferior to what Rome contained in the days of its ancient power, is more than it has been, for the most part, able to boast since the fall of the empire. There is good authority for believing

that this city, at particular periods since that time, some of them not very remote, has been reduced to between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. The numbers have gradually increased during the whole of this century. As it was much less expensive to purchase new ground for building upon, than to clear any ruins which, by time, had acquired the consistence of rock, great part of the modern city is built on what was the ancient Campus Martius.

Some of the principal streets are of considerable length, and perfectly straight. That called the Corso, is the most frequented. It runs from the Porto del Popolo, along the side of the Campus Martius, next to the ancient city. Here the nobility display their equipages during the carnival, and take the air in the evenings in fine weather. It is indeed the great scene of Roman magnificence and amusement.

The shops on each side, are three or four feet higher than the street; and there is a path for the conveniency of foot passengers, on a level with the shops. The palaces, of which there are several in this street, range in a line with the houses, having no court before them, as the hotels in Paris have; and not being shut up from the sight of the citizens by high gloomy walls, as Devonshire and Burlington houses in London are. Such dismal barricades are more suitable to the unsocial character of a proud baron, in the days of aristocratic tyranny, than to the hospitable benevolent disposition of their present proprietor.

The Corso, I have said, commences at the fine area immediately within the Porto del Popolo. This is the gate by which we entered Rome; it is built in a noble style of elegant simplicity, from the design of Michael Angelo, executed by Bernini.

The Strada Felice, in the higher part of the city, is about a mile and a half in length from the Trinità del Monte, to the church of St. John Lateran, on the Pincean hill. This street runs in a straight line, but the view is interrupted by a fine church called St. Maria Mag-

giore. The Strada Felice is crossed by another straight street, called the Strada di Porta Pia, terminated at one end by that gate; and at the other by four collossal statues in white marble, of two horses led by two men; supposed by some to be representations of Alexander taming Bucephalus; and according to others, of Castor and Pollux. They are placed before the pope's palace, on the Quirinal hill, and have a noble effect.

It would be more difficult to convey an idea of the smaller and less regular streets. I shall therefore only observe, in general, that Rome at present exhibits a strange mixture of magnificent and interesting, common and beggarly objects; the former consists of palaces, churches, fountains, and above all, the remains of antiquity. The latter comprehend all the rest of the city. The church of St. Peter's, in the opinion of many, surpasses, in size and magnificence, the finest monuments of ancient architecture. The Grecian and Roman temples were more distinguished for the elegance of their form, than their magnitude. The Pantheon, which was erected to all the gods, is the most entire antique temple in Rome. It is said, that Michael Angelo, to confirm the triumph of modern over ancient architecture, made the dome of St. Peter's of the same diameter with the Pantheon; raising the immense fabric upon four pilasters; whereas the whole circle of the rotunda rests upon the ground. This great artist, perhaps, was delighted with the idea of being thought as superior to the ancient achitects, as he was conscious of being inferior to some of the sculptors of antiquity.

All who have seen St. Paul's in London may, by an enlargement of its dimensions, form some idea of the external appearance of St. Peter's. But the resemblance fails entirely on comparing them within; St. Peter's being lined, in many parts, with the most precious and beautiful marble, adorned with valuable pictures, and all the powers of sculpture.

The approach to St. Peter's church excels that of St. Paul's in a still greater proportion, than the former sur-

passes the latter either in size, or in the richness and beauty of the internal ornaments. A magnificent portico advances on each side from the front, by which means a square court is formed immediately before the steps which lead into the church. The two porticoes form two sides of the square, the third is closed by the front of the church, and the fourth is open. A colonnade, four columns deep, commences at the extremities of the porticoes; and embracing, in an oval direction, a space far wider than the square, forms the most magnificent area that perhaps ever was seen before any building. This oval colonnade is crowned with a balustrade, ornamented by a great number of statues; and consists of above three hundred large pillars, forming three separate walks, which lead to the advanced portico, and from that into the church. In the middle of the immense area, stands an Egyptian obelisk of granite; and to the right and left of this, two very beautiful fountains refresh the atmosphere with streams of clear water. The delighted eye glancing over these splendid objects, would rest with complete satisfaction on the stupendous fabric to which they serve as embellishments, if the façade of this celebrated church had been equal in beauty and elegance to the rest of the building. But this is by no means the case, and every impartial judge must acknowledge, that the front of St. Peter's is, in those particulars, inferior to that of our St. Paul's.

The length of St. Peter's, taken on the outside, is exactly seven hundred and thirty feet; the breadth five hundred and twenty; and the height, from the pavement to the top of the cross, which crowns the cupola, four hundred and fifty. The grand portico before the entrance, is two hundred and sixteen feet in length, and forty in breadth.

It is usual to desire strangers, on their first entering this church, to guess at the size of the objects, which, on account of the distance, always seem less than they are in reality. The statues of the angels, in particular, which support the founts of holy water, when viewed from the

door, seem no bigger than children; but when you approach nearer, you perceive they are six feet high. We make no such mistake on seeing a living man at the same, or a greater distance; because the knowledge we have of a man's real size precludes the possibility of our being mistaken, and we make allowance for the diminution which distance occasions; but angels, and other figures in sculpture, having no determined standard, but being under the arbitrary will of the statuary, who gives them the bulk of giants or dwarfs as best suits his purpose, we do not know what allowance to make; and the eye, unused to such large masses, is confounded, and incapacitated from forming a right judgment of an object six feet high, or of any other dimensions, which it was not previously acquainted with.

It is not my design to attempt a description of the statues, basso relievos, columns, pictures, and various ornaments of this church; such an account, faithfully executed, would fill volumes. The finest of all the ornaments have a probability of being longer preserved than would once have been imagined, by the astonishing improvements which have of late been made in the art of copying pictures in Mosaic. Some of the artists here, have already made copies with a degree of accuracy, which nobody could believe who had not seen the performances. By this means, the works of Raphael, and other great painters, will be transmitted to a later posterity than they themselves expected; and although all the beauty of the originals cannot be retained in the copy, it would be gross affectation to deny that a great part of it is. How happy would it make the real lovers of the art in this age, to have such specimens of the genius of Zeuxis, Apelles, and other ancient painters!

It has been frequently remarked, that the proportions of this church are so fine, and the symmetry of its different parts so exquisite, that the whole seems considerably smaller than it really is. It was, however, certainly intended to appear a great and sublime object, and to produce ad-

miration by the vastness of its dimensions. I cannot, therefore, be of opinion, that any thing which has a tendency to defeat this effect, can with propriety be called an excellence. I should on the contrary imagine, that if the architect could have made the church appear larger than it is in reality, this would have been a more desirable effect; provided it could have been produced without diminishing our admiration in some more material point. If this could not be accomplished; if it is absolutely certain, that those proportions in architecture, which produce the most beautiful effect on the whole, always make a building seem smaller than it is; this ought rather to be mentioned as an unfortunate than as a fortunate circumstance. The more I reflect on this, it appears to me the more certain, that no system of proportions, which has the effect of making a large building appear small, is *therefore* excellent. If the property of reducing great things to little ones is inherent in all harmonious proportions; it is, in my opinion, an imperfection, and much to be lamented. In small buildings, where we expect to derive our pleasure from grace and elegance, the evil may be borne; but in edifices of vast dimensions, capable of sublimity from their bulk, the vice of diminishing is not to be compensated by harmony. The sublime has no equivalent.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Rome.

The grand procession of the Possesso took place a few days ago. This is a ceremony performed by every pope, as soon as conveniency will permit, after the conclave has declared in his favour. It is equivalent to the coronation in England, or the consecration at Rheims. On this occasion, the pope goes to the Basilica of St John Lateran, and, as the phrase is, takes possession of it. This church, they tell you, is the most ancient of all the churches in Rome, and the mother of all the churches in Christen-

dom. When he has got possession of this, therefore, he *must* be the real head of the Christian church, and Christ's vicegerent upon earth. From St. John Lateran's, he proceeds to the Capitol, and receives the keys of that fortress; after which, it is equally clear, that as an earthly prince, he ought, like the ancient possessors of the Capitol, to have a supremacy over all kings.

The prince Guistiniani procured a place for us, at the senator's house in the Capitol, from whence we might see the procession to the greatest advantage. On arriving, we were surprised to find the main body of the palace, as well as the Palazzo dé Conservatori, and the museum, which form the two wings, all hung with crimson silk, laced with gold. The bases and capitals of the pillars and pilasters, where the silk could not be accurately applied, were gilt. Only imagine, what a figure the Farnesian Hercules would make, dressed in a silk suit, like a French petit-maitre. To cover the noble simplicity of Michael Angelo's architecture with such frippery by way of ornament, is, in my mind, a piece of refinement equally laudable.

Throwing an eye on the Pantheon, and comparing it with the Campidoglio in its present dress, the beauty and justness of the following lines seemed more striking than ever.—

> Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
> Amid the domes of modern hands,
> Amid the toys of idle state,
> How simply, how severely great!

We were led to a balcony, where a number of ladies of the first distinction in Rome were assembled. There were no men excepting a very few strangers; most part of the Roman noblemen have some function in the procession. The instant of his holiness's departure from the Vatican, was announced by a discharge of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo; on the top of which, the standard of the church had been flying ever since morning. We had a full view of the cavalcade, on its return from

the church, as it ascended to the Capitol. The officers of the pope's horse-guards were dressed in a style equally rich and becoming. It was something between the Hungarian and Spanish dress. I do not know whether the king of Prussia would approve of the great profusion of plumage they wore in their hats; but it is picturesque, and showy qualities are the most essential to the guards of his holiness. The Swiss guards were, on this occasion, dressed with less propriety; their uniforms were real coats of mail, with iron helmets on their heads, as if they had been to take the Capitol by storm, and expected a vigorous resistance. Their appearance was strongly contrasted with that of the Roman barons, who were on horseback, without boots, and in full dress; each of them was preceded by four pages, their hair hanging in regular ringlets to the middle of their backs: they were followed by a number of servants in rich liveries. Bishops and other ecclesiastics succeeded the barons; and then came the cardinals on horseback, in their purple robes, which covered every part of their horses, except the head. You may be sure that the horses employed at such ceremonies are the gentlest that can be found; for if they were at all unruly, they might not only injure the surrounding crowd, but throw their eminences, who are not celebrated for their skill in horsemanship. Last of all comes the pope himself, mounted on a milk-white mule, distributing blessings with an unsparing hand among the multitude, who follow him with acclamations of Viva il Santo Padre, and, prostrating themselves on the ground before his mule, Benedizione Santo Padre. The holy father took particular care to wave his hand in the form of the cross, that the blessings he pronounced at the same instant might have the greater efficacy. As his holiness is employed in this manner during the whole procession, he cannot be supposed to give the least attention to his mule, the bridle of which is held by two persons who walk by his side, with some others, to catch the *infallible*

father of the church, and prevent his being thrown to the ground, in case the mule should stumble.

At the entrance of the Capitol he was met by the senator of Rome, who, falling on his knees, delivered the keys into the hands of his holiness, who pronounced a blessing over him, and restored him the keys. Proceeding from the Capitol, the pope was met by a deputation of Jews, soon after he had passed through the arch of Titus. They were headed by the chief rabbi, who presented him with a long scroll of parchment, on which is written the whole law of Moses in Hebrew. His holiness received the parchment in a very gracious manner, telling the rabbi at the same time, that he accepted his present out of respect to the law itself, but entirely rejected his interpretation; for the ancient law, having been fulfilled by the coming of the Messiah, was no longer in force. As this was not a convenient time or place for the rabbi to enter into a controversy upon the subject, he bowed his head in silence, and retired with his countrymen, in the full conviction, that the falsehood of the pope's assertion would be made manifest to the whole universe in due time. His holiness, meanwhile, proceeded in triumph, through the principal streets to the Vatican.

This procession, I am told, is one of the most showy and magnificent which takes place, on any occasion, in this city; where there are certainly more solemn exhibitions of the same kind than in any other country; yet, on the whole, I own it did not afford me much satisfaction; nor could all their pomp and finery prevent an uneasy recollection, not unmixed with sentiments of indignation, from obtruding on my mind. To feel unmixed admiration in beholding the pope and his cardinals marching in triumph to the Capitol, one must forget those who walked in triumph formerly to the same place; forget entirely that such men as Camillus, Scipio, Paulus Æmilius, and Pompey, ever existed; they must forget Cato, whose campaign in Africa was so much admired by Lucan, that he declares, he would rather have had the glory of that sin-

gle campaign than Pompey's three triumphs, and all the honour he obtained by finishing the Jugurthan war.—

> Hunc ego per Syrtes, Libyæque extrema triumphum
> Ducere maluerim, quam ter Capitolia curru
> Scandere Pompeii, quam frangere colla Jugurthæ.

We must forget Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, and all the great and virtuous men of ancient Rome, whom we have admired from our childhood, and of whose great qualities our admiration increases with our experience and knowledge of the present race of mankind. To be in the Capitol, and not think and speak of the worthies of the ancient republic, is almost impossible.—

> Quis te magne Cato tacitum; aut te Cosse relinquat?
> Quis Gracchi genus? aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
> Scipiadas, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome.

HAVING said so much of St. Peter's, unquestionably the finest piece of modern architecture in Rome, allow me to mention some of the best specimens of the ancient. I shall begin with the Pantheon, which, though not the largest of the Roman temples, is the most perfect which now remains. The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the temple of Peace, if we may trust to the accounts we have of the first, and to the ruins of the second, in the Campo Vaccino, were both much larger than the Pantheon. In spite of the depredations which this last has sustained from Goths, Vandals, and popes, it still remains a beauteous monument of Roman taste. The pavilion of the great altar, which stands under the cupola in St. Peter's, and the four wreathed pillars of Corinthian brass which support it, were formed out of the spoils of the Pantheon, which, after all, and with the weight of eighteen hundred years upon its head, has still a probability of outliving its proud rapacious rival. From the round form of this temple, it has obtained the name of Rotunda. Its height is a hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter nearly the same.

Within, it is divided into eight parts; the gate at which you enter forming one; the other seven compartments, if they may be so called, are each of them distinguished by two fluted Corinthian pillars, and as many pilasters of Giallo Antico. The capitals and bases are of white marble; these support a circular entablature. The wall is perpendicular for half the height of the temple: it then slopes forward as it ascends, the circumference gradually diminishing, till it terminates in an opening of about twenty-five feet diameter. There are no windows; the central opening in the vault admitting a sufficiency of light, has a much finer effect than windows could have had. No great inconveniency can happen from this opening. The conical form of the temple prevents the rain from falling near the walls where the altars now are, and where the statues of the gods were formerly placed. The rain which falls in the middle immediately drills through holes which perforate a large piece of porphyry that forms the centre of the pavement, the whole of which consists of various pieces of marble, agate, and other materials, which have been picked up from the ruins, and now compose a singular kind of Mosaic work.

The portico was added by Marcus Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. It is supported by sixteen pillars of granite, five feet in diameter, and of a single piece each. Upon the frieze, in the front, is the following inscription in large capitals.—

M. AGRIPPA L. F. CONSUL TERTIUM FECIT.

Some are of opinion, that the Pantheon is much more ancient than the Augustan age, and that the portico, which is the only part those antiquarians admit to be the work of Agrippa, though beautiful in itself, does not correspond with the simplicity of the temple.

As the Pantheon is the most entire, the amphitheatre of Vespasian is the most stupendous, monument of antiquity in Rome. It was finished by his son Titus, and obtained the name of Colosseum, afterwards corrupted into Coli-

seum, from a colossal statue of Apollo which was placed before it. This vast structure was built of Tiburtine stone, which is remarkably durable. If the public buildings of the ancient Romans had met with no more inveterate enemy than time, we might, at this day, contemplate the greater number in all their original perfection; they were formed for the admiration of much remoter ages than the present. This amphitheatre in particular might have stood entire for two thousand years to come: for what are the slow corrosions of time, in comparison of the rapid destruction from the fury of barbarians, the zeal of bigots, and the avarice of popes and cardinals? The first depredation made on this stupendous building, was by the inhabitants of Rome themselves, at that time greater Goths than their conqueror. We are told, they applied to Theodoric, whose court was then at Ravenna, for liberty to take the stones of this amphitheatre for some public work they were carrying on. The marble cornices, the friezes, and other ornaments of this building, have been carried away, at various times, to adorn palaces; and the stones have been taken to build churches, and sometimes to repair the walls of Rome, the most useless work of all. For of what importance are walls to a city, without a garrison, and whose most powerful artillery affects not the bodies, but only the minds, of men? About one-half of the external circuit still remains, from which, and the ruins of the other parts, a pretty exact idea may be formed of the original structure. By a computation made by Mr. Byres, it could contain eighty-five thousand spectators, making a convenient allowance for each. Fourteen chapels are now erected within side, representing the stages of our Savior's passion. This expedient of consecrating them into Christian chapels and churches, has saved some of the finest remains of heathen magnificence from utter destruction.

Our admiration of the Romans is tempered with horror, when we reflect on the use formerly made of this immense building, and the dreadful scenes which were act-

ed on the arena; where not only criminals condemned to death, but also prisoners taken in war, were obliged to butcher each other, for the entertainment of an inhuman populace. The combats of gladiators were at first used in Rome at funerals only, where prisoners were obliged to assume that profession, and fight before the tombs of deceased generals or magistrates, in imitation of the barbarous custom of the Greeks, of sacrificing captives at the tombs of their heroes.

This horrid piece of magnificence, which, at first, was exhibited only on the death of consuls, and men of the highest distinction, came gradually to be claimed by every citizen who was sufficiently rich to defray the expense; and as the people's fondness for these combats increased every day, they were no longer confined to funeral solemnities, but became customary on days of public rejoicing, and were exhibited, at amazing expense, by some generals after victories. In the progress of riches, luxury, and vice, it became a profession in Rome to deal in gladiators. Men called Lanistæ made it their business to purchase prisoners and slaves, to have them instructed in the use of the various weapons; and when any Roman chose to amuse the people with their favourite show, or to entertain a select company of his own friends upon any particular occasion, he applied to the Lanistæ; who, for a fixed price, furnished him with as many pairs of those unhappy combatants as he required. They had various names given to them, according to the different manner in which they were armed. Towards the end of the republic, some of the rich and powerful citizens had great numbers of gladiators of their own, who were daily exercised by the Lanistæ, and always kept ready for fighting when ordered by their proprietor. Those who were often victorious, or had the good fortune to please their masters, had their liberty granted them, on which they generally quitted their profession; though it sometimes happened, that those who were remarkably skilful, continued it, either from vanity or poverty, even after they

had obtained their freedom; and the applause bestowed on those gladiators, had the effect of inducing men born free, to choose this for a profession, which they exercised for money, till age impaired their strength and address. They then hung up their arms in the temple of Hercules, and appeared no more on the arena.

——— Veianius armis
Herculis ad postem fixis latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extrema toties exoret arena.

There were many amphitheatres at Rome, in other towns of Italy, and in many provinces of the empire; but this of Vespasian was the largest that ever was built. That at Verona is the next in size in Italy, and the remains of the amphitheatre at Nimes, in the south of France, prove that it was the most magnificent structure of this kind in any of the Roman provinces. The Romans were so excessively fond of these exhibitions, that wherever colonies were established, it was found requisite to give public shews of this kind, to induce the emigrants to remain in their new country: and in the provinces where it was thought necessary that a considerable body of troops should remain constantly, structures of this kind were erected, at vast labour and expense, and were found the best means of inducing the young officers to submit cheerfully to a long absence from the capital, and of preventing the common soldiers from desertion. The profusion of human blood, which was shed in the arena, by the cruel prodigality of the emperors, and the refinements which were invented to augment the barbarous pleasure of the spectators, are proofs of the dreadful degree of corruption and depravity to which human nature is capable of attaining, even among a learned and enlightened people, when unrestrained by the mild precepts of a benevolent religion. We are told, that the gladiators bred for the use of particular patricians, as well as those kept for hire by the Lanistæ, were, for some weeks before they appeared in the arena, fed upon such succulent diet, as would soonest fill their veins, that they might bleed freely at every

wound. They were instructed by the Lanistæ, not only in the art of fighting, but also in the most graceful manner of dying; and when those wretched men felt themselves mortally wounded, they assumed such attitudes as they knew pleased the beholders; and they seemed to receive pleasure themselves from the applause bestowed upon them in their last moments.

When a gladiator was thrown by his antagonist to the ground, and directly laid down his arms, it was a sign that he could resist no longer, and declared himself vanquished; but still his life depended on the spectators. If they were pleased with his performance, or, in a merciful disposition, they held up their hands, with the thumb folded down, and the life of the man was spared; but if they were in the humour to see him die, they held up the hand clenched, with the thumb only erect. As soon as the prostrate victim beheld that fatal signal, he knew all hopes of life were vain, and immediately presented his breast to the sword of his adversary, who, whatever his own inclinations might be, was obliged to put him to death instantly.

As these combats formed the supreme pleasure of the inhabitants of Rome, the most cruel of their emperors were sometimes the most popular; merely because they gratified the people, without restraint, in their favourite amusement. Wen Marcus Aurelius thought it necessary, for the public service, to recruit his army from the gladiators of Rome, it raised more discontent among the populace, than many of the wildest pranks of Caligula. In the times of some of the emperors, the lower class of Roman citizens were certainly as worthless a set of men as ever existed; stained with all the vices which arise from idleness and dependence; living upon the largesses of the great; passing their whole time in the Circus and amphitheatres, where every sentiment of humanity was annihilated within their breasts, and where the agonies and torments of their fellow-creatures were their chief pastime. That no occasion might be lost of indulging this savage

taste of the populace, criminals were condemned to fight with wild beasts in the arena, or were exposed, unarmed, to be torn in pieces by them; at other times, they were blindfolded, and in that condition obliged to cut and slaughter each other. So that, instead of victims solemnly sacrificed to public justice, they seemed to be brought in as buffoons to raise the mirth of the spectators.

The practice of domestic slavery had also a great influence in rendering the Romans of a cruel and haughty character. Masters could punish their slaves in what manner, and to what degree, they thought proper. It was as late as the emperor Adrian's time, before any law was made, ordaining that a master who should put his slave to death without sufficient cause, should be tried for his life. The usual porter at the gate of a great man's house in ancient Rome, was a chained slave. The noise of whips and lashes resounded from one house to another, at the time when it was customary for the masters of families to take an account of the conduct of their servants. This cruel disposition, as is the case wherever domestic slavery prevails, extended to the gentle sex, and hardened the mild tempers of the women. What a picture has Juvenal drawn of the toilet of a Roman lady!

Nam si constituit, solitoque decentius optat
Ornari ———
Componit crinem laceratis ipsa capillis,
Nuda humeros Psecas infelix, nudisque mamillis.
Altior hic quare cincinnus? Taurea punit.
Continuo flexi crimen facinusque capilli.

It was customary for avaricious masters, to send their infirm and sick slaves, to an island in the Tiber, where there was a temple of Æsculapius; if the god pleased to recover them, the master took them back to his family; if they died, no farther inquiry was made about them. The emperor Claudius put a check to this piece of inhumanity, by ordaining, that every sick slave, thus abandoned by his master, should be declared free when he recovered his health.

From these observations, are we to infer, that the an-

cient Romans were *naturally* of a more cruel turn of mind, than the present inhabitants of Europe? Or is there not reason to believe that, in the same circumstances, modern nations would act in the same manner? Do we not perceive, that the practice of domestic slavery has, at this day, a strong tendency to render men haughty, capricious, and cruel. Such, I am afraid, is the nature of man, that if he has power without controul, he will use it without justice; absolute power has a strong tendency to make good men bad, and never fails to make bad men worse.

It was an observation of the late mareschal Saxe, that in all the contests between the army waggoners and their horses, the waggoners were in the wrong; which he imputed to their having absolute authority over the horses. In the qualities of the head and heart, and in most other respects, he thought the men and horses on an equality. Caprice is a vice of the temper, which increases faster than any other by indulgence; it often spoils the best qualities of the heart, and, in particular situations, degenerates into the most unsufferable tyranny. The first appearance of it in young minds ought to be opposed with firmness, and prevented from farther progress, otherwise our future attempts to arrest it may be fruitless; for

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

The combats in the amphitheatres were, as I have already said, introduced by degrees at Rome. The custom of making prisoners fight around the funeral piles of deceased heroes, was a refinement on a more barbarous practice; and the Romans, no doubt, valued themselves on their humanity, in not butchering their prisoners in cold blood, as was the custom in the earliest ages of Greece. The institution of obliging criminals to fight in the arena, and thus giving them a chance for their lives, would also appear to them a very merciful improvement on the common manner of execution. The grossest sophistry will pass on men's understandings, when it is used in support of measures to which they are already inclined. And when we consider the eagerness with which the populace

of every country behold the accidental combats which occur in the streets, we need not be surprised to find, that when once the combats of gladiators were permitted among the Roman populace, on whatever pretext, the taste for them would daily increase, till it erased every idea of compunction from their breasts, and became their ruling passion. The patricians, enriched by the pillage of kingdoms, and knowing that their power at Rome, and consequently all over the world, depended on the favour and suffrages of the people, naturally sought popularity by gratifying their favourite taste. Afterwards the emperors might imagine, that such shows would keep the citizens from reflecting on their lost liberties, or the enormities of the new form of government; and, exclusive of every political reason, many of them, from the barbarous disposition of their own minds, would take as much pleasure in the scenes acted on the arena, as the most savage of the vulgar.

While we express horror and indignation at the fondness which the Romans displayed for the bloody combats of the amphitheatre, let us reflect, whether this proceeded from any peculiar cruelty of disposition inherent in that people, or belongs to mankind in general; let us reflect, whether it is probable, that the people of any other nation would not be gradually led, by the same degrees, to an equal passion for such horrid entertainments. Let us consider, whether there is reason to suspect that those who arm cocks with steel, and take pleasure in beholding the spirited little animals cut one another to death, would not take the same, or superior delight, in obliging men to slaughter each other if they had the power.—And what restrains them? Is there no reason to believe, that the influence of a purer religion, and brighter example, than were known to the heathen world, prevents mankind from those enormities *now*, which were permitted and countenanced formerly? As soon as the benevolent precepts of Christianity were received by the Romans as the laws of the Deity, the prisoners and the slaves were treated with

humanity, and the bloody exhibitions in the amphitheatres were abolished.

LETTER XL.

Rome.

You are surprised that I have hitherto said nothing of the Capitol, and the Forum Romanum, which is by far the most interesting scene of antiquities in Rome. The objects worthy of attention are so numerous, and appear so confused, that it was a considerable time before I could form a tolerable distinct idea of their situation with respect to each other, though I have paid many more visits to this than any other spot since I have been in this city. Before we entered a church or palace, we ran thither with as much impatience as if the Capitol had been in danger of falling before our arrival. The approach to the modern Campidoglio is very noble, and worthy of the genius of Michael Angelo. The building itself is also the work of that great artist; it is raised on part of the ruins of the ancient Capitol, and fronts St. Peter's church, with its back to the Forum and old Rome. Ascending this celebrated hill, the heart beats quick, and the mind warms with a thousand interesting ideas. You are carried back, at once, to the famous robber who first founded it. Without thinking of the waste of time which must have effaced what you are looking for, you cast about your eyes in search of the path by which the Gauls climbed up, and where they were opposed and overthrown by Manlius. You withdraw your eyes with disdain, from every modern object, and are even displeased with the elegant structure you see before you, and contemplate, with more respect, the ruins on which it is founded; because they are more truly Roman.

The two sphynxes of basalte, at the bottom of the ascent, though excellent specimens of Egyptian sculpture, engage little of your attention. Warm with the glory of Rome, you cannot bestow a thought on the hieroglyphics

of Egypt. At sight of the trophies erected in honour of C. Marius, all those bloody scenes acted by the fury of party and demon of revenge, during the most calamitous period of the republic, rush upon the memory; and you regret that time, who has spared the monuments of this fierce soldier, has destroyed the numerous trophies raised to the Fabii, the Scipios, and other heroes, distinguished for the virtues of humanity, as well as the talents of generals. You are struck with the collossal statues of Castor and Pollux, and, in the heat of enthusiasm, confounding the fictions of poetry with historical truth, your heart applauds their fraternal affection, and thanks them for the timely assistance they afforded the Romans in a battle with the Volsci You rejoice at their good fortune, which, on earth, has procured them a place in the Capitol, and, in heaven, a seat by Hercules. Horace informs us, that Augustus drinks his nectar, reclined between them and that demigod—

Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

From them you move forward, and your admiration is fixed by the animated equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which naturally brings to your memory that happy period, when the Roman empire was governed by a prince, who, during a long reign, made the good of his subjects the chief object of his government. You proceed to the upper end of the area; your eye is caught by a majestic female figure, in a sitting attitude; you are told it is a Roma Triumphans; you view her with all the warmth of fond enthusiasm, but you recollect that she is no longer Triumphans; you cast an indignant eye on St. Peter's church, to which she also seems to look with indignation. Is there such another instance of the vicissitude of human things; the proud Mistress of the World under the dominion of a priest? Horace was probably accused of vanity when he wrote these lines.—

——— Usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex.

Yet the poet's works have already outlived this period fourteen hundred years; and Virgil has transmitted the memory of the friendship and fame of Nisus and Euryalus, the same space of time beyond the period which he himself, in the ardour of poetic hope, had fixed for its limits.—

> Fortunati ambo si quid mea carmina possunt,
> Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo;
> Dum domus Æneæ Capitolo immobile saxum
> Accolet, imperiumque Pater Romanus habebit.

In the two wings of the modern palace, called the Campidoglio, the conservators of the city have apartments; their office is analogous to that of the ancient ædiles. In the main body an Italian nobleman, appointed by the pope, has his residence, with the title of Senator of Rome; the miserable representation of that senate which gave laws to the world. The most defaced ruin, the most shapeless heap of antique rubbish in all Rome, cannot convey a feebler image of the building to which they belonged, than this deputy of the pope does of that august assembly. The beautiful approach to this palace, and all the ornaments which decorate the area before it, cannot detain you long from the back view to which the ancient Capitol fronted. Here you behold the Forum Romanum, now exhibiting a melancholy but interesting view of the devastation wrought by the united force of time, avarice, and bigotry. The first objects which meet your eye, on looking from this side of the hill, are three fine pillars, two-thirds of them buried in the ruins of the old Capitol. They are said to be the remains of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus, in gratitude for having narrowly escaped death from a stroke of lightning. Near these are the remains of Jupiter Stator, consisting of three very elegant small Corinthian pillars, with their entablature; the temple of Concord, where Cicero assembled the senate, on the discovery of Catiline's conspiracy; the temple of Romulus and Remus, and that of Antoninus and Faustina, just by it, both converted into modern

churches; the ruins of the magnificent temple of Peace, built immediately after the taking of Jerusalem, the Roman empire being then in profound peace. This is said to have been the finest temple in old Rome; part of the materials of Nero's golden house, which Vespasian pulled down, were used in erecting this grand edifice. The only entire pillar remaining of this temple, was placed by Paul V before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is a most beautiful fluted Corinthian column, and gives a very high idea of the temple to which it originally belonged. His holiness has crowned it with an image of the Virgin Mary; and, in the inscription on the pedestal, he gives his reason for choosing a column belonging to the temple of Peace, as an ornament to a church dedicat- to the Virgin.

Ex cujus visceribus Princeps veræ Pacis genitus est.

Of many triumphal arches which stood formerly in Rome, there are only three now remaining, all of them near the Capitol, and forming entries to the Forum; those of Titus, Septimius Severus, and Constantine. The last is by much the finest of the three; but its chief beauties are not genuine, nor, properly speaking, its own; they consist of some admirable basso relievos, stolen from the forum of Trajan, and representing that emperor's victories over the Dacians. This theft might, perhaps, not have been so notorious to posterity, if the artists of Constantine's time had not added some figures, which make the fraud apparent, and, by their great inferiority, evince the degeneracy of the arts in the interval between the reigns of these two emperors.

The relievos of the arch of Titus represent the table of shew-bread, the trumpets, the golden candlesticks with seven branches, and other utensils, brought from the temple of Jerusalem. The quarter which is allotted for the Jews is not at a great distance from this arch. There are about nine thousand of that unfortunate nation at present in Rome; the lineal descendants of those brought captive, by Titus, from Jerusalem. I have been assured

that they always cautiously avoid passing through this arch, though it lies directly in their way to the Campo Vaccino, choosing rather to make a circuit, and enter the Forum at another place. I was affected at hearing this instance of sensibility in a people who, whatever other faults they may have, are certainly not deficient in patriotism, and attachment to the religion and customs of their forefathers. The same delicacy of sentiment is displayed by a poet of their own country, in the 137th psalm, as it is finely translated by Buchanan.—

Dum procul a Patria mœsti Babylonis in oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus aquas;
Illa animum subiit species miseranda Sionis,
Et numquam Patrii tecta videnda soli.

* * * * * * *

O Solymæ, O adyta, et sacri penetralia templi
Ullane vos animo deleat hora meo? &c.

You may read the whole; you will perhaps find some poetical beauties which escaped your observation when you heard it sung in churches; but the poet's ardour seems to glow too violently towards the end of the psalm.

LETTER XLI.

Rome.

THERE are many other interesting ruins in and about the Campo Vaccino, besides those I have mentioned; but of some structures which we know formerly stood here, no vestige is now to be seen. This is the case with the arch which was erected in honour of the Fabian family. There is the strongest reason to believe, that the ancient Forum was entirely surrounded with temples, basilicæ, and public buildings of various kinds, and adorned with porticoes and colonades. In the time of the republic, assemblies of the people were held there, laws were proposed, and justice administered. In it was the rostrum, from whence the orators harangued the people. All who aspired at dignities came hither to canvass suffrages. The bankers had their offices near the Forum, as well as those who re-

received the revenues of the commonwealth; and all kind of business was transacted in this place. In my visits to the Campo Vaccino, I arrange the ancient Forum in the best manner I can, and fix on the particular spot where each edifice stood. In this I am sometimes a little cramped in room; for the space between the Palatine hill and the Capitol is so small, and I am so circumscribed by arches and temples, whose ruins still remain, that I find it impossible to make the Forum Romanum larger than Covent Garden. I looked about for the Via Sacra, where Horace met with his troublesome companion. Some people imagine, this was no other than the Forum itself; but I am clearly of opinion, that the Via Sacra was a street leading to the Forum, and lost in it, as a street in London terminates at a square. I have, at last, fixed on the exact point where it joins the Forum, which is very near the Meta Sudans. If we should ever meet here, I shall convince you by local arguments, that I am in the right; but I fear it would be very tedious, and not at all convincing, to transmit them to you in writing.

As Rome increased in size and number of inhabitants, one Forum was found too small, and many others were erected in process of time; but when we speak of the Forum, without any distinguishing epithet, the ancient one is understood.

The Tarpeian rock is a continuation of that on which the Capitol was built; I went to that part from which criminals condemned to death were thrown. Mr. Byres has measured the height; it is exactly fifty-eight feet perpendicular; and he thinks the ground at the bottom, from evident marks, is twenty feet higher than it was originally; so that, before this accumulation of rubbish, the precipice must have been about eighty feet perpendicular. In reading the history of the Romans, the vast idea we form of that people, naturally extends to the city of Rome, the hills on which it was built, and every thing belonging to it. We image to ourselves the Tarpeian rock as a tremendous precipice; and, if afterwards we ever have

greater. The stairs are lighted by forty-one windows, exceedingly narrow on the outside, that they might not interrupt the connection of the basso relievos, but which gradually widen within, and by that means give sufficient light. The base of the column is ornamented with basso relievos, representing trophies of Dacian armour. The most memorable events of Trajan's expedition against the Dacians, are admirably wrought in a continued spiral line from the bottom of the column to the top. The figures towards the top, are too far removed from the eye to be seen perfectly. To have rendered them equally visible with those below, it would have been necessary to have made them larger proportionably as they ascended. Viewed from any considerable distance, all the sculpture is lost, and a plain fluted pillar, of the same proportions, would have had as fine an effect. But such a frugal plan would not have been so glorious to the prince, whose victories are engraven, or so interesting to the legionary soldiers, many of whom, no doubt, are here personally represented. Besides, it would not now be near so valuable a monument, in the eyes of antiquarians, or so useful a study to sculptors and painters, who have occasion to represent the military dress of the Romans, or the costume of the East in that age. Exclusive of the statue, this beautiful pillar is a hundred and twenty feet high. The ashes of Trajan were deposited in an urn at the bottom, and his statue at the top. Pope Sixtus V, in the room of the emperor's, has placed a statue of St. Peter upon this column. I observed to a gentleman, with whom I visited this pillar, that I thought there was not much propriety in placing the figure of St. Peter upon a monument, representing the victories, and erected in honour of the emperor Trajan. 'There is some propriety, however,' replied he coldly, 'in having made the statue of *brass*.'

LETTER XLII.

Rome.

I HAVE been witness to the beatification of a saint; he was of the order of St. Francis, and a great many brethren of that order were present, and in very high spirits on the occasion. There are a greater number of ecclesiastics beatified, and canonized, than any other order of men. In the first place, because, no doubt, they deserve it better: and also, because they are more solicitous to have saints taken from among men of their own profession, and particular order, than people in other situations in life are. Every monk imagines, it reflects personal honour on himself when one of his order is canonized. Soldiers, lawyers, and physicians, would probably be happy to see some of their brethren distinguished in the same manner; that they have not had this gratification of late years, may be imputed to the difficulty of finding suitable characters among them. Ancient history, indeed, makes mention of some commanders of armies who were very great saints; but I have heard of no physician who acquired that title since the days of St. Luke; or of a single lawyer, of any age or country.

A picture of the present expectant, a great deal larger than life, had been hung up on the front of St. Peter's church, several days before the beatification took place. This ceremony was also announced by printed papers, distributed by the happy brethren of St. Francis. On the day of the solemnity, his holiness, a considerable number of cardinals, many other ecclesiastics, all the capucin friars in Rome, and a great concourse of spectators attended. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's church. An ecclesiastic of my acquaintance procured us a very convenient place for seeing the whole. The ceremony of beatification is a previous step to that of canonization. The saint, after he is beatified, is entitled to more distinction in heaven than before; but he has not the power of freeing souls from purgatory till he has been

canonized; and therefore is not addressed in prayer till he has obtained the second honour. On the present occasion, a long discourse was pronounced by a Franciscan friar, setting forth the holy life which this expectant had led upon earth, his devotions, his voluntary penances, and his charitable actions; and a particular enumeration was made, of certain miracles he had performed when alive, and others which had been performed after his death by his bones. The most remarkable miracle, by himself in person, was, his replenishing a lady's cupboard with bread, after her housekeeper, at the saint's instigation, had given all the bread of the family to the poor.

This business is carried on in the manner of a lawsuit. The devil is supposed to have an interest in preventing men from being made saints. That all justice may be done, and that Satan may have his due, an advocate is employed to plead against the pretensions of the saint expectant, and the person thus employed is denominated by the people, the Devil's Advocate. He calls in question the miracles said to have been wrought by the saint and his bones, and raises as many objections to the proofs brought of the purity of his life and conversation as he can. It is the business of the advocate on the other side, to obviate and refute these cavils. The controversy was carried on in Latin. It drew out to a great length, and was by no means amusing. Your friend Mr. R——y, who sat near me, losing patience, from the length of the ceremony, and some twitches of the gout, which he felt at that moment, whispered me, 'I wish, from my heart, the devil's advocate were with his client, and this everlasting saint fairly in Heaven, that we might get away.' The whole party, of which I made one, were seized with frequent and long-continued yawnings, which I imagine was observed by some of thecardinals, who sat opposite to us. They caught the infection, and although they endeavoured to conceal their gaping under their purple robes, yet it seemed to spread and communicate itself gradually over the whole assembly, the Franciscan friars

excepted; they were too deeply interested in the issue of the dispute, to think it tedious. As often as the devil's advocate stated an objection, evident signs of impatience, contempt, surprise, indignation, and resentment, appeared in the countenances of the venerable brotherhood, according to their different characters and tempers. One shook his head, and whispered his neighbour; another raised his chin, and pushed up his under-lip with a disdainful smile; a third started, opened his eye-lids as wide as he could, and held up both his hands, with his fingers extended; a fourth raised his thumb to his mouth, bit the nail with a grin, and jerked the thumb from his teeth towards the adversary; a fifth stared, in a most expressive manner, at the pope, and then fixed his eyes, frowning, on the advocate. All were in agitation, till the saint's counsel began to speak, when a profound silence took place, and the moment he had made his answer, their countenances brightened, a smile of satisfaction spread around, and they nodded and shook their beards at each other with mutual congratulations. In the meantime, the cardinals, and the other auditors, who were not asleep, continued awning; for my own part, I was kept awake only by the interlude of grimaces, played off by the capucins between the arguments. Exclusive of these, the making a saint of a capucin, is the dullest business I ever was witness to. I hope the man himself enjoys much felicity since the ceremony, in which case no good-natured person will grudge the tedium and fatigue which he suffered on the occasion. I ought to have told you, that the advocate's reasoning was all in vain; the devil lost his cause, without the possibility of appeal. The saint's claim being confirmed, he was admitted into all the privileges of beatification; the convent defraying the expense of the process.

As we returned, Mr. R——y asked, if I recollected the saint's name. I said, I did not. 'We must inform ourselves,' said he; 'for when I meet him above, I shall

certainly claim some merit with him, from having done penance at his beatification.' *

LETTER XLIII.

Rome.

TRAVELLERS are too apt to form hasty, and, for the most part, unfavourable opinions of national characters. Finding the customs and sentiments of the inhabitants of the foreign countries through which they pass very different from their own, they are ready to consider them as erroneous, and conclude, that those who act and think in a manner so opposite to themselves, must be either knaves, fools, or both. In such hasty decisions they are often confirmed by the partial representations of a few of their own countrymen, or of other foreigners who are established in some profession in those countries, and who have an interest in giving bad impressions of the people among whom they reside.

That the Italians have an uncommon share of natural sagacity and acuteness, is pretty generally allowed: but they are accused of being deceitful, perfidious, and revengeful; and the frequent assassinations and murders which happen in the streets of the great towns in Italy, are brought as proofs of this charge. I have not remained a sufficient length of time in Italy, supposing I were, in all other respects, qualified to decide on the character of the inhabitants; but from the opportunities I have had, my idea of the Italians is, that they are an ingenious sober people, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition, and less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most other nations. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable

* I have been since informed, this new saint is called St. Buonaventura; he was by birth a Neapolitan.

want of police, and some very impolitic customs, which have, from various causes, crept among them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree, in some other countries. I beg you will keep in your mind, that the assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever may have been the case formerly, are now entirely confined to the accidental squabbles which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citizens; and with regard to the stabbings which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. I do not know whether the stories we have of mercenary bravos, men who formerly are supposed to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but I am certain, that at present there is no such trade in this country. That the horrid practice of drawing the knife and stabbing each other, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, I am persuaded is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and convents offer to criminals, operates against the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom in two different manners: First, it increases the criminal's hopes of escaping; secondly, it diminishes, in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime. When the populace see a murderer lodged within the sacred walls of a church, protected and fed by men who are revered on account of their profession, and the supposed sanctity of their lives; must not this weaken the horror which mankind naturally have for such a crime, and which it ought to be the aim of every government to augment?

Those who are willing to admit that this last consideration may have the effect I have ascribed to it, on the minds of the vulgar, still contend, that the hopes of impunity can have little influence in keeping up the prac-

tice of stabbing; because, as has been already observed, these stabbings are always in consequence of accidental quarrels and sudden bursts of passion, in which men have no consideration about their future safety. All I have to say in answer is, that if the observations I have been able to make on the human character are well founded, there are certain considerations which never entirely lose their influence on the minds of men, even when they are in the height of passion. I do not mean that there are not instances of men being thrown into such paroxysms of fury, as totally to deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to consequences; but extraordinary instances, which depend on peculiarities of constitution, and very singular circumstances, cannot destroy the force of an observation which, generally speaking, is found just. We every day see men who have the character of being of the most ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of passion upon the most trivial occasions, yet, in the midst of all their rage, and when they seem to be entirely blinded by fury, are still capable of making distinctions; which plainly evince, that they are not so very much blinded by anger as they would seem to be. When people are subject to violent fits of choler, and to an unrestrained license of words and actions, only in the company of those who, from their unfortunate situation in life, are obliged to bear such abuse, it is a plain proof that considerations which regard their own personal safety, have some influence on their minds in the midst of their fury, and instruct them to be mad *certa ratione modoque*. This is frequently unknown to those choleric people themselves, while it is fully evident to every person of observation around them. What violent fits of passion do some men indulge themselves in against their slaves and servants, which they always impute to the ungovernable nature of their own tempers, of which, however, they display the most perfect command upon much greater provocations given by their superiors, equals, or by any set of people who are not obliged to

bear their ill-humour. How often do we see men who are agreeable, cheerful, polite, and good-tempered to the world in general, gloomy, peevish, and passionate, to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witness to any instance of unprovoked domestic rage, into which they have allowed themselves to be transported, they will very probably lament their misfortune, in having more ungovernable tempers than the rest of mankind. But if a man does not speak and act with the same degree of violence on an equal provocation, without considering whether it comes from *superior*, *equal*, or *dependant*, he plainly shews that he can govern his temper, and that his not doing it on particular occasions, proceeds from the basest and most despicable of all motives.

I remember, when I was on the continent with the English army, having seen an officer beat a soldier very unmercifully with his cane: I was then standing with some officers, all of whom seemed to be filled with indignation at this mean exercise of power. When the person who had performed the intrepid exploit came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of disapprobation in every countenance; for which reason he thought it necessary to apologize for what he had done. 'Nothing,' says he, 'provokes me so much as a fellow's looking saucily when I speak to him. I have told that man so fifty times; and yet, on my reprimanding him just now, for having one of the buttons of his waistcoat broken, he *looked saucily* full in my face; which threw me into such a passion, that I could not help thrashing him.—However, I am sorry for it, because he has the character of being an honest man, and has always done his duty, as a soldier, very well. How much,' continued he, 'are those people to be envied, who have a full command of their tempers!'

'No man can command it more perfectly than yourself,' said a gentleman who was then in the foot-guards, and has since been a general officer.

'I often endeavour to do it,' replied the choleric man, 'but always find it out of my power. I have not philo-

sophy enough to check the violence of my temper when once I am provoked.'

'You certainly do yourself injustice, sir,' said the officer, 'no person seems to have their passions under better discipline. With your brother officers, I never saw you, in a single instance, break through the rules of decorum, or allow your anger to overcome your politeness to them.'

'They never provoked me,' said the passionate man.

'Provoked you!' rejoined the other; 'yes, sir, often, and in a much greater degree than the poor soldier. Do not I, at this moment, give you ten thousand times more provocation than he, or any of the unfortunate men under your command, whom you are so apt to beat and abuse, ever did?—and yet you seem perfectly master of your temper.'

There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except by knocking the other down; but that was a method of convincing his antagonist which he did not think proper to use. A more intrepid man, in the same predicament, would very probably have had recourse to that expedient; but in general mankind are able, even in the violence of passion, to estimate, in some measure, the risk they run; and the populace of every country are more readily kindled to that *inferior* degree of rage, which makes them lose their horror for the crime of murder, and disregard the life of the fellow-creature, than to that *higher* pitch, which deprives them of all consideration for their own personal safety.

In England, Germany, or France, a man knows, that if he commits a murder, every person around him will, from that instant, become his enemy, and use every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Impressed with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder which such sentiments augment, the populace of those countries hardly ever have recourse

to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage. The lowest blackguard in the streets of London will not draw a knife against an antagonist far superior to himself in strength. He will fight him fairly with his fists as long as he can, and bear the severest drubbing, rather than use a means of defence which is held in detestation by his countrymen, and which would bring himself to the gallows.

The murders committed in Germany, France, or England, are therefore comparatively few in number, and happen generally in consequence of a preconcerted plan, in which the murderers have taken measures for their escape or concealment, without which they know that inevitable death awaits them. In Italy the case is different; an Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is at less pains to restrain the wrath which he feels kindling within his breast; he allows his rage full scope; and, if hard pressed by the superior strength of an enemy, he does not scruple to extricate himself by a thrust of his knife; he knows, that if some of the sbirri are not present, no other person will seize him; for *that* office is held in such detestation by the Italian populace, that none of them will perform any part of its functions. The murderer is therefore pretty certain of gaining some church or convent, where he will be protected, till he can compound the matter with the relations of the deceased, or escape to some of the other Italian states; which is no very difficult matter, as the dominions of none are very extensive.

Besides, when any of these assassins has not had the good fortune to get within the portico of a church before he is seized by the sbirri, and when he is actually carried to prison, it is not a very difficult matter for his friends or relations to prevail, by their entreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals or princes to interfere in his favour, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. If this is the case, and I am assured from authority which fully convinces me

that it is, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians. This is already verified in the grand duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches and convents should no longer be places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stiletto; and the Florentine populace now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

I am afraid you will think I have been a little prolix on this occasion; but I had two objects in view, and was solicitous about both. The first was to shew, that the treacherous and perfidious disposition imputed to the Italians, is, like most other national reflections, ill-founded; and that the facts brought in proof of the accusation, proceed from other causes: the second was, to demonstrate to certain choleric gentlemen, who pretend to have ungovernable tempers, as an excuse for rendering every creature dependent on them miserable, that in their furious fits they not only behave ridiculously, but basely. In civil life, in England, they have the power of only making themselves contemptible; but in the army or navy, or in our islands, they often render themselves the objects of horror.

LETTER XLIV.

Rome.

THEFTS and crimes which are not capital are punished at Rome, and some other towns of Italy, by imprisonment, or by what is called the cord. This last is performed in the street. The culprit's hands are bound behind by a cord, which runs on a pully: he is then drawn up twenty or thirty feet from the ground, and if lenity is intended,

he is let down smoothly in the same manner he was drawn up. In this operation the whole weight of the criminal's body is sustained by his hands, and a strong man can bear the punishment inflicted in this manner without future inconveniency; for the strength of the muscles of his arms enables him to keep his hands pressed on the middle of his back, and his body hangs in a kind of horizontal position. But when they intend to be severe, the criminal is allowed to fall from the greatest height to which he had been raised, and the fall is abruptly checked in the middle; by which means the hands and arms are immediately pulled above the head, both shoulders are dislocated, and the body swings, powerless, in a perpendicular line. It is a cruel and injudicious punishment, and left too much in the power of those who superintend the execution, to make it severe or not, as they are inclined.

Breaking on the wheel is never used in Rome for any crime; but they sometimes put in practice another mode of execution, which is much more shocking in appearance than cruel in reality. The criminal being seated on a scaffold, the executioner, who stands behind him, strikes him on the head with a hammer of a particular construction, which deprives him, at once, of all sensation. When it is certain that he is completely dead, the executioner, with a large knife, cuts his throat from ear to ear. This last part of the ceremony is thought to make a stronger impression on the minds of the spectators, than the bloodless blow which deprives the criminal of life. Whether the advantages resulting from this are sufficient to compensate for shocking the public eye with such abominable sights, I very much question.

Executions are not frequent at Rome, for the reasons already given: there has been only one since our arrival; and those who are of the most forgiving disposition will acknowledge, that this criminal was not put to death till the measure of his iniquity was sufficiently full; he was condemned to be hanged for his fifth murder. I shall give you some account of his execution, and the ceremo-

nies which accompanied it, because they throw some light on the sentiments and character of the people.

First of all, there was a procession of priests, one of whom carried a crucifix on a pole hung with black; they were followed by a number of people in long gowns which covered them from head to foot, with holes immediately before the face, through which those in this disguise could see every thing perfectly, while they could not be recognised by the spectators. They are of the company della Misericordia, which is a society of persons who, from motives of piety, think it a duty to visit criminals under sentence of death, endeavour to bring them to a proper sense of their guilt, assist them in making the best use of the short time they have to live, and who never forsake them till the moment of their execution. People of the first rank are of this society, and devoutly perform the most laborious functions of it. All of them carried lighted torches, and a few shook tin boxes, into which the multitude put money to defray the expense of masses for the soul of the criminal. This is considered by many as the most meritorious kind of charity; and some, whose circumstances do not permit them to bestow much, confine all the expense they can afford in charity to the single article of purchasing masses to be said in behalf of those who have died without leaving a *farthing to save their souls*. The rich, say they, who have much superfluous wealth, may throw away part of it in acts of *temporal* charity; but it is, in a more particular manner, the duty of those who have little to give, to take care that this little shall be applied to the most beneficial purposes. What is the relieving a few poor families from the frivolous distresses of cold and hunger, in comparison of freeing them from many years burning in fire and brimstone? People are reminded of this essential kind of charity, not only by the preachers, but also by inscriptions upon the walls of particular churches and convents; and sometimes the aid of the pencil is called in to awaken the compunction of the unfeeling and hard-hearted. On the external walls of

some convents, immediately above the box into which you are directed to put your money, views of purgatory are painted in the most flaming colours, where people are seen in all the agonies of burning, raising their indignant eyes to those unmindful relations and acquaintances, who, rather than part with a little money, allow them to remain in those abodes of torment. One can hardly conceive how any mortal can pass such a picture without emptying his purse into the box, if, by so doing, he believed he could redeem, I will not say a human creature, but even a poor incorrigible dog, or vicious horse, from such a dreadful situation. As the Italians in general seem to have more sensibility than any people I am acquainted with, and as I see some, who cannot be supposed totally in want of money, pass by those pictures every day without putting a farthing into the box, I must impute this stinginess to a lack of faith rather than of sensibility. Such unmindful passengers are probably of the number of those who begin to suspect that the money of the living can be of little use to the dead. Being absolutely certain that it gives themselves much pain to part with it in this world, and doubtful whether it will have any efficacy in abridging the pains of their friends in the other, they hesitate for some time between the two risks, that of losing their own money, and that of allowing their neighbour's soul to continue in torture; and it would appear that those sceptics generally decide the dispute in favour of the money.

But in such a case as that which I have been describing, where a poor wretch is just going to be thrust by violence out of one world, and solicits a little money to secure him a tolerable reception in another, the passions of the spectators are too much agitated for cold reasoning, and the most niggardly sceptic throws his mite into the boxes of the compagnia della misericordia. Immediately after them came the malefactor himself, seated in a cart, with a capucin friar on each side of him. The hangman, with two assistants, dressed in scarlet jackets, walked by the cart. This procession having moved slowly

round the gallows, which was erected in the Piazza del Populo, the culprit descended from the cart, and was led to a house in the neighbourhood, attended by the two capucins. He remained there about half an hour, was confessed, and received absolution; after which he came out, exclaiming to the populace to join in prayers for his soul, and walked with a hurried pace to the gallows; the hangman and his assistants having hold of his arms, they supported him up the ladder, the unhappy man repeating prayers as fast as he could utter till he was turned off. He was not left a moment to himself. The executioner stepped from the ladder, and stood with a foot on each of his shoulders, supporting himself in that situation with his hands on the top of the gallows, the assistants at the same time pulling down the malefactor's legs, so that he must have died in an instant. The executioner, in a short time, slid to the ground along the dead body, as a sailor slides on a rope. They then removed the cloth which covered his face, and twirled the body round with great rapidity, as if their intention had been to divert the mob; who, however, did not show any disposition to be amused in that manner. The multitude beheld the scene with silent awe and compassion. During the time appointed by law for the body to hang, all the members of the procession, with the whole apparatus of torches, crucifixes, and capucins, went into a neighbouring church, at the corner of the Strada del Babbuino, and remained there till a mass was said for the soul of the deceased; and when that was concluded, they returned in procession to the gallows, with a coffin covered with black cloth. On their approach, the executioner, with his assistants, hastily retired among the crowd, and were no more allowed to come near the body. The condemned person having now paid the forfeit due to his crimes, was no longer considered as an object of hatred; his dead body was therefore rescued from the contaminating touch of those who are held by the populace in the greatest abhorrence. Two persons in masks, and with black gowns,

mounted the ladder and cut the rope, while others below, of the same society, received the body, and put it carefully into the coffin. An old woman then said, with an exalted voice, ' Adesso spero che l'anima sua sia in paradiso ;' ' Now I hope his soul is in heaven ;' and the multitude around seemed all inclined to hope the same.

The serious and compassionate manner in which the Roman populace beheld this execution, forms a presumption of the gentleness of their dispositions. The crimes of which this man had been guilty must naturally have raised their indignation, and his profession had a tendency to increase and keep it up; for he was one of the sbirri, all of whom are held in the most perfect detestation by the common people; yet the moment they saw this object of their hatred in the character of a poor condemned man, about to suffer for his crimes, all their animosity ceased; no rancour was displayed, nor the least insult offered, which could disturb him in his last moments. They viewed him with the eyes of pity and forgiveness, and joined, with earnestness, in prayers for his future welfare.

The manner in which this man was put to death was, no doubt, uncommonly mild, when compared with the atrocity of his guilt; yet I am convinced, that the solemn circumstances which accompanied his execution, made a greater impression on the minds of the populace, and would as effectually deter them from the crimes for which he was condemned, as if he had been broken alive on the wheel, and the execution performed in a less solemn manner.

Convinced as I am that all horrid and refined cruelty in the execution of criminals is, at best, unnecessary, I never heard of any thing of that nature without horror and indignation. Other methods, no way connected with the sufferings of the prisoner, equally deter from the crime, and, in all other respects, have a better influence on the minds of the multitude. The procession described above, I plainly perceived, made a very deep impression. I thought I saw more people affected by it than I have

formerly observed among a much greater crowd, who were gathered to see a dozen or fourteen of their fellow-creatures dragged to the same death for housebreaking and highway robbery, mere venial offences, in comparison of what this Italian had perpetrated. The attendance of the capucins, the crucifixes, the society of misericordia, the ceremony of confession, all have a tendency to strike the mind with awe, and keep up the belief of a future state; and when the multitude behold so many people employed, and so much pains taken, to save the soul of one of the most worthless of mankind, they must think, that the saving of a soul is a matter of great importance, and therefore naturally infer, that the sooner they begin to take care of their own the better. But when criminals are carried to execution with little or no solemnity, amidst the shouts of an unconcerned rabble, who applaud them in proportion to the degree of indifference and impenitence they display, and consider the whole scene as a source of amusement; how can such exhibitions make any useful impression, or terrify the thoughtless and desperate from any wicked propensity? If there is a country in which great numbers of young inconsiderate creatures are, six or eight times every year, carried to execution in this tumultuous unaffecting manner, might not a stranger conclude, that the view of the legislature was to cut off guilty individuals in the least alarming way possible, that others might *not* be deterred from following their example?

LETTER XLV.

Rome.

Those who have a real pleasure in contemplating the remains of antique, and the noblest specimens of modern architecture, who are struck with the inimitable delicacy and expression of Greek sculpture, and wish to compare it with the most successful efforts of the moderns, and who have an unwearied admiration of the charms of painting, may, provided they have not more important avoca-

tions elsewhere, employ a full year with satisfaction in this city.

What is called a regular course with an antiquarian, generally takes up about six weeks; employing three hours a-day, you may, in that time, visit all the churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, worth seeing, in or near Rome. But after having made this course, however distinctly every thing may have been explained by the antiquarian, if you do not visit the most interesting again and again, and reflect on them at more leisure, your labour will be of little use; for the objects are so various, and those you see on one day, so apt to be effaced by, or confounded with, those you behold on another, that you must carry away a very faint and indistinct recollection of any. Many travellers have experienced the truth of this observation.

One young English gentleman, who happens not to be violently smitten with the charms of virtù, and scorns to affect what he does not feel, thought that two or three hours a-day, for a month or six weeks together, was rather too much time to bestow on a pursuit in which he felt no pleasure, and saw very little utility. The only advantage which, in his opinion, the greater part of us reaped from our six weeks tour, was, that we *could say*, we had seen a great many fine things which he had not seen. This was a superiority which he could not brook, and which he resolved we should not long enjoy. Being fully convinced that the business might be, with a little exertion, dispatched in a very short space of time, he prevailed on a proper person to attend him; ordered a post-chaise and four horses to be ready early in the morning, and driving through churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, with all possible expedition, he fairly saw, in two days, all that we had beheld during our crawling course of six weeks. I found afterwards, by the list he kept of what he had seen, that we had not the advantage of him in a single picture, or the most mutilated remnant of a statue.

I do not propose this young gentleman's plan, as the

very best possible; but of this I am certain, that he can give as satisfactory an account of the curiosities of Rome, as some people of my acquaintance who viewed them with *equal* sensibility, and at a great deal more leisure.

Those travellers who cannot remain a considerable time at Rome, would do well to get a judicious list of the most interesting objects in architecture, sculpture, and painting, that are to be seen here; they ought to visit these frequently, and these only, by which means they will acquire a strong and distinct impression of what they see; instead of that transient and confused idea which a vast number of things, viewed superficially, and in a hurry, leave in the mind. After they have examined, with due attention, the most magnificent and best-preserved remains of ancient architecture, very few have satisfaction in viewing a parcel of old bricks, which, they are told, formed the foundation of the baths of some of the emperors. And there are not many who would regret their not having seen great numbers of statues and pictures of inferior merit, when they had beheld all that are universally esteemed the best. Would it not be highly judicious, therefore, in the greatest number of travellers, without abridging the usual time of the course, to make it much less comprehensive?

Besides churches, there are about thirty palaces in Rome, as full of pictures as the walls can bear. The Borghese palace alone is said to contain above sixteen hundred, all original. There are also ten or twelve villas in the neighbourhood of this city, which are usually visited by strangers. You may judge from this, what a task they undertake, who resolve to go through the whole; and what kind of an idea they are likely to carry away, who perform this task during the stay of a few months. Of the villas, the Pinciana, which belongs to the Borghese family, is the most remarkable. I shall confine myself to a few cursory remarks on some of the most esteemed curiosities it contains. The Hermaphrodite, of which you have seen so many prints and models, is accounted by

many, one of the finest pieces of sculpture in the world. The mattress, upon which this fine figure reclines, is the work of the cavalier Bernini, and nothing can be more admirably executed. Some critics say, he has performed his task *too well*, because the admiration of the spectator is divided between the statue and the mattress. This, however, ought not to be imputed as a fault to that great artist: since he condescended to make it at all, it was his business to make it as perfect as possible. I have heard of an artist at Versailles, in a different line, who attempted something of the same nature; he had exerted all his abilities in making a periwig for a celebrated preacher, who was to preach on a particular occasion before the court; and he imagined he had succeeded to a miracle. 'I'll be hanged,' said he to one of his companions, 'if his majesty, or any man of taste, will pay much attention to the *sermon* to-day.'

Among the antiques, there is a Centaur in marble, with a Cupid mounted on his back. The latter has the cestus of Venus, and the ivy crown of Bacchus, in allusion to beauty and wine; he beats the Centaur with his fist, and seems to kick with violence to drive him along. The Centaur throws back his head and eyes with a look of remorse, as if he were unwilling, though forced, to proceed. The execution of this group is admired by those who look upon it merely as a jeu d'esprit; but it acquires additional merit, when considered as allegorical of men who are hurried on by the violence of their passions, and lament their own weakness, while they find themselves unable to resist.

There is another figure which claims attention, more on account of the allegory than the sculpture. This is a small statue of Venus Cloacina, trampling on an impregnated uterus, and tearing the wings of Cupid. The allegory indicates, that prostitution is equally destructive of generation and love. Keysler mentioning this calls it a statue of Venus, lamenting her rashness in clipping Cupid's wings.

The statue called Zingara, or the Fortune-teller, is antique, all but the head, which is Bernini's; the face has a strong expression of that sly shrewdness, which belongs to those whose trade it is to impose on the credulity of the vulgar; with a great look of some modern gypsies I have seen, who have imposed most egregiously on the self-love and credulity of the great.

Seneca dying in the bath, in touchstone; round his middle is a girdle of yellow marble; he stands in a basin of blueish marble lined with porphyry; his knees seem to bend under him, from weakness; his features denote faintness, languor, and the approach of death; the eyes are enamelled, which gives the countenance a fierce and disagreeable look. Colouring the eyes always has a bad effect in sculpture; they form too violent a contrast with the other features, which remain of the natural colour of the marble. When the eyes are enamelled, it is requsite that all the face should be painted, to produce the agreeable harmony of life.

The Faun dandling an infant Bacchus, is one of the gayest figures that can be imagined.

In this villa, there are also some highly-esteemed pieces by Bernini. Æneas carrying his father; David slinging the stone at Goliah; and Apollo pursuing Daphne: the last is generally reckoned Bernini's masterpiece; for my part, I have so bad a taste as to prefer the second. The figure of David is nervous, with great anatomical justness, and a strong expression of keenness and exertion to hit his mark, and kill his enemy; but the countenance of David wants dignity. An antique artist, perhaps, could not have given more ardour, but he would have given more nobleness to the features of David. Some may say, that as he was but a shepherd, it was proper he should have the look of a clown; but it ought to be remembered, that David was a very extraordinary man; and if the artist who formed the Belvedere Apollo, or if Agasias the Ephesian had treated the same subject, I imagine they would have rendered their work more interesting, by blend-

ing the noble air of an hero with the simple appearance of a shepherd. The figures of Apollo and Daphne are in a different manner. The face and figure of Apollo are deficient in simplicity; the noble simplicity of the best antique statues: he runs with affected graces, and his astonishment at the beginning transformation of his mistress is not, in my opinion, naturally expressed, but seems rather the exaggerated astonishment of an actor. The form and shape of Daphne are delicately executed; but in her face, beauty is, in some degree, sacrificed to the expression of terror; her features are too much distorted by fear. An antique artist would have made her less afraid, that she might have been more beautiful. In expressing terror, pain, and other impressions, there is a point where the beauty of the finest countenance ends, and deformity begins. I am indebted to Mr. Lock for this observation. In some conversations I had with him at Cologny, on the subject of sculpture, that gentleman remarked, that it was in the skilful and temperate exertion of her powers, in this noblest province of the art, *expression*, that ancient sculpture so much excelled the modern. She knew its limits, and had ascertained them with precision. As far as expression would go hand in hand with grace and beauty, in subjects intended to excite sympathy, she indulged her chisel; but where agony threatened to induce distortion, and obliterate beauty, she wisely set bounds to imitation, remembering, that though it may be moral to pity ugliness in distress, it is more natural to pity beauty in the same situation; and that her business was not to give the strongest representation of nature, but the representation which would interest us most. That ingenious gentleman, I remember, observed at the same time, that the Greek artists have been accused of having sacrificed character too much to technical proportion. He continued to observe, that what is usually called character in a face, is probably excess in some of its parts, and particularly of those which are under the influence of the mind, the leading passion of which marks some feature

for its own. A perfectly symmetrical face bears no mark of the influence of either the passions or the understanding, and reminds you of Prometheus's clay without his fire. On the other hand, the moderns, by sacrificing too liberally those technical proportions, which, when religiously observed, produce beauty, to expression, have generally lost the very point which they contended for. They seemed to think, that when a passion was to be expressed, it could not be expressed too strongly; and that sympathy always followed in an exact proportion with the strength of the passion, and the force of its expression. But passions, in their extreme, instead of producing sympathy, generally excite feelings diametrically opposite. A vehement and clamorous demand of pity is received with neglect, and sometimes with disgust; whilst a patient and silent acquiescence under the pressure of mental affliction, or severe bodily pain, finds every heart upon an unison with its sufferings. The ancients knew to what extent expression may be carried, with good effect. The author of the famous Laocoon, in the Vatican, knew where to stop, and if the figure had been alone, it would have been perfect; there is exquisite anguish in the countenance, but it is borne in silence, and without distortion of features. Puget thought he could go beyond the author of Laocoon; he gave voice to his Milo; he made him roaring with pain, and lost the sympathy of the spectator. In confirmation of this doctrine, Mr. Lock desired, that when I should arrive at Rome, I would examine, with attention, the celebrated statue of Niobe, in the villa de Medici. I have done so again and again, and find his remarks most strikingly just. The author of the Niobe has had the judgment not to exhibit all the distress which he might have placed in her countenance. This consummate artist was afraid of disturbing her features too much, knowing full well, that the point where he was to expect the most sympathy was there, where distress co-operated with beauty, and where *our pity met our love*. Had he sought it one step farther,

in *expression*, he had lost it. It is unjust, you will say, that men should not sympathize with homely women in distress, in the same degree as they do with the beautiful. That is very true; but it is the business of the sculptor to apply his art to men as he finds them, not as they ought to be. Besides, this principle has full force, and is strictly true, only in sculpture and painting. For, in real life, a woman may engage a man's esteem and affections by a thousand fine qualities, and a thousand endearing ties, though she is entirely deficient in beauty.

This villa is also enriched by one of the most animated statues in the world, and which, in the opinion of many men of taste, comes nearest, and in the judgment of some, equals the Apollo of the Vatican. I mean the statue of the fighting Gladiator. It is difficult, however, to compare two pieces whose merits are so different. The Apollo is full of grace, majesty, and conscious superiority; he has shot his arrow, and knows its success. There is, indeed, a strong expression of indignation, which opens his lips, distends his nostrils, and contracts his brows; but it is the indignation of a superior being, who punishes while he scorns the efforts of his enemy. The Gladiator, on the contrary, full of fire and youthful courage, opposes an enemy that he does not fear; but whom, it is evident, he thinks worthy of his utmost exertion; every limb, nerve, and sinew, is in action; his ardent features indicate the strongest desire, the highest expectation, but not a perfect security of victory. His shape is elegant as well as nervous, expressive of agility as well as strength, and equally distant from the brawny strength of the Farnesian Hercules, and the effeminate softness of the Belvedere Antinous. The action is transitive, (if the term may be so used), and preparatory only to another disposition of body and limbs, which are to enable him to strike, and which he cannot do in his present position; for the moment his right arm crossed the perpendicular line of his right leg, the whole figure would be out of its centre. His action seems a combination of the defensive and offensive; defensive in the *pre-*

sent moment, the left arm being advanced to secure the adversary's blow; and preparing for offence in the next, the left leg already taking its spring to advance in order to give the figure a centre, which may enable it to strike, without risk of falling, if the blow should not take place. The action of the right arm, however, will always remain in some degree problematical, the ancient being lost; by whom the modern arm is restored, I never heard.

Though this fine figure generally goes by the name of the fighting Gladiator, some antiquarians cannot allow, that ever it was intended to represent a person of that profession, but a victor at the Olympic games; and allege, that Agasias of Ephesus, the sculptor's name, being inscribed upon the pedestal, supports their opinion, because the Greeks never used gladiators. But I fear this argument has little weight; for the Greek slaves at Rome put their name to their work; and the free Greek artists, working in Greece, in public works, found difficulty in obtaining the same indulgence. Those who wish to rescue this statue from the ignoble condition of a common gladiator, say further, that he looks up as if his adversary were on horseback, adding, that gladiators never fought on foot against horsemen on the Arena. Here again, I am afraid, they are mistaken. He looks no higher than the eye of an enemy on foot; the head must have a much greater degree of elevation to look up to the eye of an horseman, which is the part of your adversary which you always fix

Some learned gentlemen, not satisfied that this statue should be thrown indiscriminately among gladiators and victors of the Olympic games, have given it a particular and lasting character; they roundly assert, that it is the identical statue, made by order of the Athenian state, in honour of their countryman Chabrias; and that it is precisely in the attitude which, according to Cornelius Nepos, that hero assumed, when he repulsed the army of Agesilaus. This idea is in the true spirit of an antiquary.

If, upon turning to that author, you may remain unconvinced, and are interested in the honour of the statue, I

can furnish you with no presumptive proof of its original dignity, except, that the character of the face is noble and haughty, unlike that of a slave and mercenary gladiator. And there is no rope around the neck, as the gladiator Moriens has, whom that circumstance sufficiently indicates to have been in that unfortunate situation.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome.

A FEW days since I went to call on an artist of my acquaintance. I met, coming out of his door, an old woman, and a very handsome girl, remarkably well shaped. I rallied him a little on the subject of his visitors, and his good fortune in being attended in a morning by the prettiest girl I had seen since I came to Rome. 'I think myself fortunate,' said he, 'in having found a girl so perfectly well made, who allows me to study her charms without restraint, and at a reasonable price; but I assure you, I can boast of no other kind of good fortune with her.' 'I am convinced,' rejoined I, 'that you take great pleasure in your studies, and there can be no doubt that you have made a very desirable progress. 'Of that you shall be the judge,' replied he, leading me into another room, where I saw a full length painting of the girl, in the character of Venus, and in the *usual dress* of that goddess. 'There,' said he, 'is the only effect my studies have had hitherto, and I begin to suspect that they will never produce any thing more nearly connected with the original.'

He then informed me, that the old woman I had seen was the girl's mother, who never failed to accompany her daughter, when she came as a model to him; that the father was a tradesman, with a numerous family, who thought this the most innocent use that his daughter's beauty could be put to, till she should get a husband; and to prevent its being put to any other, his wife always accompanied her. 'I have drawn her as Venus,' added he; 'but, for any thing I know to the contrary, I should

have approached nearer to her real character if I had painted her as Diana. She comes here merely in obedience to her parents, and gains her bread as innocently as if she were knitting purses in a convent from morning to night, without seeing the face of a man.'

'However innocent all this may be,' said I, 'there is something at which the mind revolts, in a mother's being present when her daughter acts a part which, if not criminal, is, at least, highly indelicate.'

'To be sure,' replied the painter, 'the woman has not quite so much delicacy as to starve, rather than let her daughter stand as a model; yet she seems to have attention to the girl's chastity, too.'

'Chastity?' answered I, 'why this would shock an *English* woman more than any thing which could be proposed to her. Every other kind of liberty must have been previously taken with her. She must be a complete prostitute in every sense of the word, before she could be brought to submit to appear in this manner.'

'Your observation is true,' replied he; 'but it does not prove that those who submit to this, to prevent their becoming prostitutes, do not judge better than those who become prostitutes, and then submit to this. In different countries,' continued he, 'people think very differently on subjects of this kind. The parents of this girl, to my knowledge, have refused considerable offers from men of fortune, to be allowed the privilege of *visiting* her. They are so very careful of preventing every thing of that nature, that she actually lies in the same bed with them both, which is another piece of indelicacy not uncommon among the lower people in Italy. These parents have the more merit in refusing such offers, as their acting otherwise would by no means be thought extraordinary; nor would it raise the same degree of indignation here as in some other countries of Europe. Breach of chastity, in females of low rank, is not considered here in the same heinous light that it is in some parts of Germany and Great Britain; where it is deemed a crime of such magni-

tude, as to require expiation, by a public rebuke from the parson in the middle of the church. I have heard of a clergyman in the north, who had occasion to rebuke a young woman for having born a child before marriage. The accomplice in her guilt had married her immediately after her recovery; but this did not abate the parson's indignation against the wickedness they had previously committed. Magdalen,' said he, with an awful tone of voice, to the woman, 'you stand before this congregation to be rebuked for the *barbarous* and *unnatural* crime of fornication.'

'The reverend clergyman,' said I, 'in all probability intended to terrify his parishioners from such irregularities; and for this purpose imagined there would be no harm in putting them in the most odious point of view.' 'This is attended, however, by one dreadful consequence,' replied the artist, 'that these unhappy creatures, to conceal a fault of which such a horrible idea is given, and to prevent the shame of a public exposition in the church, are sometimes tempted to commit a crime which is in reality barbarous, and unnatural in the highest degree.'

'There is nothing,' continued he, 'which has a greater tendency to render any set of people worthless, than the idea that they are already considered as such. The women all over Great Britain, who live in an open and avowed breach of chastity, are generally more daringly wicked, and devoid of principle, than the Italian women who take the same liberties.'

'Would you then,' said I, 'have women of that kind more respected in Great Britain, in hopes that it might, in time, make them more respectable?'

'I express no desire on the subject,' replied he; 'I was only going to remark, that, in avoiding one inconveniency, mankind often fall into another; and that we are too apt to censure and ridicule customs and opinions different from those which prevail in our own country, without having sufficiently considered all their immediate and remote effects. I did not intend to decide, whether the

indulgence with which women of a certain class are viewed in Italy, or the ignominy with which they are treated in Great Britain, has, upon the whole, the best effect in society. But I have observed, that the public courtesans in England often become quite abandoned, and forget all sense of gratitude or affection, even to their parents. But in Italy, women who never put any value on the virtue of chastity, those who sell their favours for money, display a goodness of character in other respects, and continue their duty and attachment to their parents as long as they live. Foreigners who form a connection with a girl in this country, find themselves very often obliged to maintain the father, mother, and whole family to which she belongs. The lover generally considers this as a very troublesome circumstance, and endeavours to inspire his Italian mistress with that total neglect of her family which prevails among women of her stamp in other countries; but he very seldom succeeds. An Italian woman is unwilling to quit her native city and her family, even for a man she loves; and seldom does, till he makes some provision for her nearest relations.'

'You seem to have a very great affection for the Italian ladies; and, as far as I can perceive,' said I, 'your passion is universal to the whole class in question; but you have said nothing to the essential article of religion. It is to be hoped, they do not allow the duties of their profession to make them neglect their souls.'

'I see,' replied the painter, 'you are disposed to laugh at all I have said in their favour; but in answer to your question, I will fairly own, that their religious, or, if you please, we shall rather call them their superstitious, sentiments, seem to be no way influenced by their profession; nor are the duties of their profession in any degree affected by these sentiments. They attend mass, and the ceremonies of devotion, with as much punctuality as if their lives were regular in all other respects; and they pass their lives, in other respects, as if they had never heard of any religious system but that of Epicurus. In some coun-

tries of Europe, women of their stamp often despise every appearance of decency, assume the disgusting depravity of male debauchees, with all the airs of affected infidelity, and real profligacy; but *here* they always remember they are women; and, after they have lost the most valued and brightest ornament of their sex, still endeavour to retain some of the others.'

'After all you have said in their favour,' said I, 'their condition is certainly not to be envied. If, therefore, you have any regard for your *young Venus*, you will do well to leave her under the care of her mother, and never endeavour to introduce her into the community whose eulogium you have been making.'

When I returned from the house of this artist, I found Mr. —— waiting for me at our lodgings. He has of late paid his court very assiduously to a lady of high rank in this place: she is distinguished, even here, for a punctilious observance of all the ceremonies appointed by the church, and could not eat meat on a meagre day, or deviate from the canonical regulations in any point of equal importance, without remorse; but in matters of gallantry, she has the reputation of being infinitely more liberal, both in her sentiments and practice. She has been for some time provided with a very able and respectable lover, of her own country. This did not make her blind to the good qualities of Mr. ——, with whom she formed a very intimate connection, soon after his arrival here; not that she prefers him to her other lover, but merely from a strong sense of the truth and beauty of his arithmetical axiom—one and one make two. The new arrangement with our countryman, however pleasing to the lady, gave offence to her father confessor. The scrupulous ecclesiastic was of opinion, that a connection of this nature with a heretic was more criminal than with a man of her own communion. Mr. —— was just come from the lady to our lodgings; he had found her in worse humour than he had ever observed before, though her temper is not the mildest in the world. Mr. ——

entered as the confessor went out; she shut the door after him with a violence which shook the whole house, muttering as she returned to her seat, *Che ti possino Cascar le braccia Vecchio Dondolone.* Mr. —— expressed his concern on seeing her so much agitated. 'No wonder,' said she, 'that stubborn Animalaccio who is just gone out, has had the insolence to refuse me absolution. As I expected you this morning, I sent for him betimes, that the matter might have been expedited before you should come; but here I have been above an hour endeavouring to persuade him, but all to no purpose; nothing I could say was able to mollify the obstinate old greasy rascal.' Mr. —— joined in abusing the confessor's perverseness, hinting, at the same time, that she ought to despise it as a matter of little importance; that she was sure of receiving absolution sooner or later; and, whenever it happened, all the transactions of the interval would be comprehended within that act of grace. Upon the strength of this reasoning, Mr. —— was proceeding to fulfil the purpose of his visit with as much alacrity as if the most complete discharge had been granted for all proceedings.—'*Pian Piano Idol mio,*' cried the lady, '*bisogna rimettersi alla volunta di Dio.*' She then told her lover, that although she despised the confessor as much as he could do, yet she must take care of her own soul; that not having settled her accounts with heaven for a considerable time, she was determined not to begin a new score till the old should be cleared; adding, for her principal reason, *Patto chiaro, amico caro.*

LETTER XLVII.

Rome.

I beg you may not suspect me of affectation, or that I wish to assume the character of a connoisseur, when I tell you, that I have very great pleasure in contemplating the antique statues and busts, of which there are such numbers in this city. It is a natural curiosity, and I have

had it all my life in a strong degree, to see celebrated men, those whose talents and great qualities can alone render the present age an interesting object to posterity, and prevent its being lost, like the dark ages which succeeded the destruction of the Roman empire, in the oblivious vortex of time, leaving scarcely a wreck behind. The durable monuments raised to fame by the inspiring genius of *Pitt*, and the invincible spirit of *Frederick*, will command the admiration of future ages, outlive the power of the empires which *they* aggrandized, and forbid the period in which *they* flourished, from ever passing away like the baseless fabric of a vision. The busts and statues of those memorable men will be viewed, by succeeding generations, with the same regard and attention which we now bestow on those of Cicero and Cæsar. We expect to find something peculiarly noble and expressive in features which were animated, and which, we imagine, must have been in some degree modelled, by the sentiments of those to whom they belonged. It is not rank, it is character alone which interests posterity. We know that men may be seated on thrones, who would have been placed more suitably to their talents on the working-table of a tailor; we therefore give little attention to the busts or coins of the vulgar emperors. In the countenance of Claudius, we expect nothing more noble than the plegmatic tranquillity of an acquiescing cuckold; in Caligula or Nero, the unrelenting frown of a negro-driver, or the insolent air of any unprincipled ruffian in power. Even in the high-praised Augustus we look for nothing essentially great, nothing superior to what we see in those minions of fortune, who are exalted, by a concurrence of incidents, to a situation in life to which their talents would never have raised them, and which their characters never deserved. In the face of Julius we expect to find the traces of deep reflection, magnanimity, and the anxiety natural to the man who had overturned the liberties of his native country, and who must have secretly dreaded the resentment of a spirited people; and in the face of Mar-

cus Brutus we look for independence, conscious integrity, and a mind capable of the highest effort of virtue.

It is natural to regret, that, of the number of antique statues which have come to us tolerably entire, so great a proportion are representations of gods and goddesses. Had they been intended for real persons, we might have had a perfect knowledge of the face and figure of the greatest part of the most distinguished citizens of ancient Greece and Rome. A man of unrelaxing wisdom would smile with contempt, and ask, if our having perfect representations of all the heroes, poets, and philosophers recorded in history, would make us either wiser or more learned? to which I answer, That there are a great many things, which neither can add to my small stock of learning nor wisdom, and yet give me more pleasure and satisfaction than those which do; and, unfortunately for mankind, the greatest part of them resemble me in this particular.

But though I would with pleasure have given up a great number of the Jupiters and Apollos and Venuses, whose statues we have, in exchange for an equal, or even a smaller, number of mere mortals whom I could name; I by no means consider the statues of those deities as uninteresting. Though they are imaginary beings, yet each of them has a distinct character of his own of classical authority, which has long been impressed on our memories; and we assume the right of deciding on the artist's skill, and applauding or blaming, as he has succeeded or failed in expressing the established character of the god intended. From the ancient artists having exercised their genius in forming the images of an order of beings superior to mankind, another and a greater advantage is supposed to have followed; it prompted the artists to attempt the uniting in one form, the various beauties and excellences which nature had dispersed in many. This was not so easy a task as may by some be imagined; for that which has a fine effect in one particular face or person, may appear a deformity when combined with a different

complexion, different features, or a different shape. It therefore required great judgment and taste to collect those various graces, and combine them with elegance and truth; and repeated efforts of this kind are imagined to have inspired some of the ancient sculptors with sublimer ideas of beauty than nature herself ever exhibited, as appears in some of their works which have reached our own times.

Though the works of no modern artist can stand a comparison with the great masterpieces now alluded to, yet nothing can be more absurd than the idea which some people entertain, that all antique statues are of more excellect workmanship than the modern. We see, every day, numberless specimens of every species of sculpture, from the largest statues and bassos-relievos, to the smallest cameos and intaglios, that are undoubtedly antique, and yet far inferior, not only to the works of the best artists of Leo X's time, but also to those of many artists now alive in various parts of Europe. The passion for sculpture, which the Romans caught from the Greeks, became almost universal. Statues were not only the chief ornaments of their temples and palaces, but also of the houses of the middle, and even the lowest, order of citizens. They were prompted to adorn them with the figures of a few favourite deities, by religion, as well as vanity; no man but an atheist or a beggar, could be without them. This being the case, we may easily conceive what graceless divinities many of them must have been; for in this, no doubt, as in every other manufactory, there must occasionally have been bungling workmen employed, even in the most flourishing era of the arts, and goods finished in a very careless and hurried manner, to answer the constant demand, and suit the dimensions of every purse. We must have a very high idea of the number of statues of one kind or other, which were in old Rome, when we consider, how many are still to be seen; how many have at different periods been carried away, by the curious, to every country in Europe; how many were mutilated and destroyed by the Gothic

brutality of barbarians, and the ill-directed zeal of the early Christians, who thought it a duty to exterminate every image, without distinction of age or sex, and without considering whether they were of God or man. This obliged the wretched heathens to hide the statues of their gods and of their ancestors in the bowels of the earth, where unquestionably great numbers of them still remain. Had they not been thus barbarously hewed to pieces, and buried, I had almost said, alive, we might have had several equal to the great masterpieces in the Vatican; for it is natural to imagine, that the rage of the zealots would be chiefly directed against those statues which were in the highest estimation with the heathens: and we must likewise imagine, that these would be the pieces which they, on their part, would endeavour, by every possible means, to preserve from their power, and bury in the earth. Of those which have been dug up, I shall mention only a very few, beginning with the Farnesian Hercules, which has been long admired as an exquisite model of masculine strength; yet admirable as it is, it does not please all the world. I am told that the women, in particular, find something unsatisfactory, and even odious, in this figure; which, however majestic, is deficient in the charms most agreeable to them, and which might have been expected in the son of Jupiter and the beauteous Alcmena. A lady whom I accompanied to the Farnese palace, turned away from it in disgust. I could not imagine what had shocked her. She told me, *after recollection*, that she could not bear the stern severity of his countenance, his large brawny limbs, and the club with which he was armed; which gave him more the appearance of one of those giants that, according to the old romances, carried away virgins and shut them up in gloomy castles, than the gallant Hercules, the lover of Omphale. Finally, the lady declared, she was convinced this statue could not be a just representation of Hercules; for it was not in the nature of things, that a man so formed could ever have been a reliever of distressed damsels.

Without such powerful support as that of the fair sex, I should not have exposed myself to the resentment of connoisseurs, by any expression which they might construe an attack upon this favourite statue; but, with their support, I will venture to assert, that the Farnese Hercules is faulty both in his form and attitude: the former is too unwieldy for active exertion, and the latter exhibits vigour *exhausted*. A resting attitude is surely not the most proper in which the all-conquering god of strength could be represented. Rest implies fatigue, and fatigue strength exhausted. A reposing Hercules is almost a contradiction. Invincible activity, and inexhaustible strength, are his characteristics. The ancient artist has erred, not only in giving him an attitude which supposes his strength wants recruiting, but in the nature of the strength itself, the character of which should not be passive, but active.

Near to Hercules, under the arcades of the same Palezzo Farnese, is a most beautiful statue of Flora. The great advantage which ancient artists had in attending the exercises of the gymnasia, has been repeatedly urged as the reason of their superiority over the moderns in sculpture. We are told, that besides the usual exercises of the gymnasia, all those who proposed to contend at the Olympic games, were obliged, by the regulations, to prepare themselves, by exercising publicly for a year at Elis; and the statuaries and painters constantly attended on the Arena, where they had opportunities of beholding the finest shaped, the most graceful, and most vigorous of the Grecian youth employed in those manly sports, in which the power of every muscle was exerted, and all their various actions called forth, and where the human form appeared in an infinite variety of different attitudes. By a constant attendance at such a school, independent of any other circumstance, the artists are supposed to have acquired a more animated, true, and graceful style, than possibly can be caught from viewing the tame mercenary models, which are exhibited in our academies. On the other hand, I

have heard it asserted, that the artist, who formed the Farnesian Flora, could not have improved his work, or derived any of its excellences, from the circumstances above enumerated; because the figure is in a standing posture, and clothed. In the light, easy flow of the drapery, and in the contour of the body being as distinctly pronounced through it, as if the figure were naked, the chief merit of this statue is thought to consist. But this reasoning does not seem just; for the daily opportunities the ancient artists had of seeing naked figures, in every variety of action and attitude, must have given them advantages over the moderns in forming even drapery figures. At Sparta, the women, upon particular occasions, danced naked. In their own families, they were seen every day clothed in light draperies; and so secondary was every consideration, even that of decency, to art, that the prettiest virgins of Agrigentum, it is recorded, were called upon by the legislature, without distinction, to shew themselves naked to a painter, to enable him to paint a Venus. Whilst the moderns, therefore, must acknowledge their inferiority to the ancients in the art of sculpture, they may be allowed merit, on account of the cause, to which it seems, in some measure at least, to be owing.

The finest specimens of antique sculpture are to be seen in the Vatican. In these the Greek artists display an unquestionable superiority over the most successful efforts of the moderns. For me to attempt a description of these masterpieces, which have been described a thousand times, and imitated as often, without once having had justice done them, would be equally vain and superfluous. I confine myself to a very few observations. The most insensible of mankind must be struck with horror at sight of the Laocoon. On one of my visits to the Vatican, I was accompanied by two persons, who had never been there before; one of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person;

the other is a worthy, good man; the first, after staring for some time with marks of terror at the groupe, at length recovered himself; exclaiming with a laugh,—'Egad, I was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble.'——'I thank you, sir, most heartily,' said the other, 'for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths.'

Nothing can be conceived more admirably executed than this affecting groupe; in all probability, it never would have entered into my own head that it could have been in any respect improved. But when I first had the happiness of becoming acquainted with Mr. Lock, a period of my life which I shall always recollect with peculiar pleasure, I remember my conversing with him upon this subject; and that gentleman, after mentioning the execution of this piece, in the highest terms of praise, observed, that, had the figure of Laocoon been *alone*, it would have been perfect. As a man suffering the most excruciating bodily pain with becoming fortitude, it admits of no improvement; his proportions, his form, his action, his expression, are exquisite. But when his sons appear, he is no longer an insulated, suffering individual, who, when he has met pain and death with dignity, has done all that could be expected from man; he commences *father*, and a much wider field is opened to the artist. We expect the deepest pathos in the exhibition of the sublimest character that art can offer to the contemplation of the human mind: A father forgetting pain, and instant death, to save his children. This sublime and pathetic the artist either did not see, or despaired of attaining. Laocoon's sufferings are merely corporal; he is deaf to the cries of his agonizing children, who are calling on him for assistance. But had he been throwing a look of anguish upon his sons, had he seemed to have forgotten his own sufferings in theirs, he would have commanded the sympathy of the spectator in a much higher degree. On the whole, Mr.

Lock was of opinion, that the execution of this groupe is perfect, but that the conception is not equal to the execution. I shall leave it to others to decide whether Mr. Lock, in these observations, spoke like a man of taste: I am sure he spoke like a father. I have sensibility to feel the beauty and justness of the remark, though I had not the ingenuity to make it.

It is disputed whether this groupe was formed from Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon and his sons, or the description made from the groupe; it is evident, from their minute resemblance, that one or other must have been the case. The poet mentions a circumstance, which could not be represented by the sculptor; he says that, although every other person around sought safety by flight, the father was attacked by the serpents, while he was advancing to the assistance of his sons—

—— auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem.*

This deficiency in the sculptor's art would have been finely supplied by the improvement which Mr. Lock proposed.

Reflecting on the dreadful condition of three persons entangled in the horrid twinings of serpents, and after contemplating the varied anguish so strongly expressed in their countenances, it is a relief to turn the eye to the heavenly figure of the Apollo. To form an adequate idea of the beauty of this statue, it is absolutely necessary to see it. With all the advantages of colour and life, the human form never appeared so beautiful; and we never can sufficiently admire the artist, who has endowed marble with a finer expression of grace, dignity, and understanding, than ever were seen in living features. In the forming of this inimitable figure, the artist seems to have wrought after an ideal form of beauty, superior to any in nature, and which existed only in his own imagination.

The admired statue of Antinous is in the same court. Nothing can be more light, elegant, and easy; the pro-

* The wretched father running to their aid,
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade.

portions are exact, and the execution perfect. It is an exquisite representation of the most beautiful youth that ever lived.

The statue of Apollo represents something superior, and the emotions it excites are all of the sublime cast.

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome.

The present pope, who has assumed the name of Pius VI, is a tall, well-made man, about sixty years of age, but retaining in his look all the freshness of a much earlier period of life. He lays a greater stress on the ceremonious part of religion than his predecessor Ganganelli, in whose reign a great relaxation of church-discipline is thought to have taken place. The late pope was a man of moderation, good sense, and simplicity of manners; and could not go through all the ostentatious parade which his station required, without reluctance, and marks of disgust. He knew that the opinions of mankind had undergone a very great change since those ceremonies were established; and that some of the most respectable of the spectators considered as perfectly frivolous many things which formerly had been held as sacred. A man of good sense may seem to lay the greatest weight on ceremonies which he himself considers as ridiculous, provided he thinks the people, in whose sight he goes through them, are impressed with a conviction of their importance; but if he knows that some of the beholders are entirely of a different way of thinking, he will be strongly tempted to evince, by some means or other, that he despises the fooleries he performs as much as any of them. This, in all probability, was the case with Ganganelli; who, besides, was an enemy to fraud and hypocrisy of every kind. But, however remiss he may have been with regard to the etiquette of his spiritual functions, every body acknowledges his diligence and activity in promoting the tempor-

al good of his subjects. He did all in his power to revive trade, and to encourage manufactures and industry of every kind. He built no churches, but he repaired the roads all over the ecclesiastical state; he restrained the malevolence of bigots, removed absurd prejudices, and promoted sentiments of charity and good-will to mankind in general, without excepting even heretics. His enemies, the Jesuits, with an intention to make him odious in the eyes of his own subjects, gave him the name of the Protestant pope. If they supposed that this calumny would be credited, on account of the conduct above mentioned, they at once paid the highest compliment to the pope and the Protestant religion. The careless manner in which Ganganelli performed certain functions, and the general tenor of his life and sentiments, were lamented by politicians, as well as by bigots. However frivolous the former might think many ceremonies in themselves, they still considered them as of political importance, in such a government as that of Rome; and the conclave held on the death of the late pope, are thought to have been in some degree influenced by such considerations in choosing his successor. The present pope, before he was raised to that dignity, was considered as a firm believer in all the tenets of the Roman church, and a strict and scrupulous observer of all its injunctions and ceremonials. As his pretensions, in point of family, fortune, and connexions, were smaller than those of most of his brother cardinals, it is the more probable that he owed his elevation to this part of his character, which rendered him a proper person to check the progress of abuses that had been entirely neglected by the late pope; under whose administration freethinking was said to have been countenanced, Protestantism in general regarded with diminished abhorrence, and the Calvinists in particular treated with a degree of indulgence, to which their inveterate enmity to the church of Rome gave them no title. Several instances of this are enumerated, and one in particular,

which, I dare say, you will think a stronger proof of the late pope's good sense and good humour, than of that negligence to which his enemies imputed it.

A Scotch presbyterian having heated his brain, by reading the Book of Martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman Catholics against the Protestants, was seized with a dread, that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but racks and scaffolds; and, on one occasion, he dreamt that there was a continued train of bonfires, with a tar-barrel and a Protestant in each, all the way from Smithfield to St. Andrews.

He communicated the anxiety and distress of his mind to a worthy sensible clergyman who lived in the neighbourhood. This gentleman took great pains to quiet his fears, proving to him, by strong and obvious arguments, that there was little or no danger of such an event as he dreaded. These reasonings had a powerful effect while they were delivering, but the impression did not last, and was always effaced by a few pages of the Book of Martyrs. As soon as the clergyman remarked this, he advised the relations to remove that, and every book which treated of persecution or martyrdom, entirely out of the poor man's reach. This was done accordingly, and books of a less gloomy complexion were substituted in their place; but as all of them formed a strong contrast with the colour of his mind, he could not bear their perusal, but betook himself to the study of the Bible, which was the only book of his ancient library which had been left; and so strong a hold had his former studies taken of his imagination, that he could relish no part of the Bible, except the Revelation of St. John, a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or in other words, the pope of Rome. This part of the scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. His friend the clergyman, having observed

this, took occasion to say, that every part of the Holy Bible was, without doubt, most sublime, and wonderfully instructive; yet he was surprised to see that he limited his studies entirely to the last book, and neglected all the rest. To which the other replied, that *he* who was a divine, and a man of learning, might, with propriety, read all the sacred volume from beginning to end; but, for his own part, he thought proper to confine himself to what he could understand; and *therefore*, though he had a due respect for all the scripture, he acknowledged he gave a preference to the Revelation of St. John. This answer entirely satisfied the clergyman; he did not think it expedient to question him any farther; he took his leave, after having requested the people of the family with whom this person lived, to have a watchful eye on their relation. In the meantime, this poor man's terrors, with regard to the revival of popery and persecution, daily augmented; and nature, in all probability, would have sunk under the weight of such accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant, by suggesting an infallible method of preventing all the evils which his imagination had been brooding over for so long a time. The happy idea which afforded him so much comfort, was no other, than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the pope from the Roman Catholic to the Presbyterian religion. The moment he hit on this fortunate expedient, he felt at once the strongest impulse to undertake the task, and the fullest conviction that his undertaking would be crowned with success; it is no wonder, therefore, that his countenance threw off its former gloom, and that all his features brightened with the heart-felt thrillings of happiness and self-applause. While his relations congratulated each other on this agreeable change, the exulting visionary, without communicating his design to any mortal, set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and, in a short time after, arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastic of his own country, of whose obliging temper he had previously heard, and whom he considered as a proper person to procure him an interview necessary for the accomplishment of his project. He informed that gentleman, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the pope, on a business of infinite importance, and which admitted of n delay. It was not difficult to perceive the state of this poor man's mind; the good-natured ecclesiastic endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day; in hopes that means might be fallen on, during the interval, to prevail on him to return to his own country. A few days after this, however, he happened to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight our impatient missionary felt all his passions inflamed with irresistible ardour; he could no longer wait for the expected conference, but bursting out with zealous indignation, he exclaimed, 'O thou beast of nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! throw away the golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness of thy fornication!'

You may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place, would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

When it was known that he was a British subject, some who understood English were ordered to attend his examination. The first question asked of him was, 'What had brought him to Rome?' He answered, 'To anoint the eyes of the scarlet whore with eye-salve, that she might see her wickedness.' They asked, 'Who he meant by the scarlet whore?' He answered, 'Who else could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven mountains, who hath seduced the kings of the earth to commit fornication, and who hath gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs?' Many

other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some suspected the man affected madness, that he might give vent to his rancour and petulance with impunity; and they were for condemning him to the galleys, that he might be taught more sense, and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement XIV, he said, with great good-humour, 'That he never had heard of any body whose understanding, or politeness, had been much improved at that school; that although the poor man's first address had been a little rough and abrupt, yet he could not help considering himself as obliged to him for his good intentions, and for his undertaking such a long journey with a view to do good.' He afterwards gave orders to treat the man with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia to England, defraying the expense of his passage. However humane and reasonable this conduct may be thought by many, there were people who condemned it as an injudicious piece of lenity, which might have a tendency to sink the dignity of the sacred office, and expose it to future insults. If such behaviour as this did not pass without blame, it may be easily supposed, that few of the late pope's actions escaped uncensured; and many who loved the easy amiable dispositions of the man, were of opinion, that the spirit of the times required a different character on the papal throne. This idea prevailed among the cardinals at the late election, and the conclave is supposed to have fixed on Cardinal Braschi to be pope, from the same motive that the Roman senate sometimes chose a dictator to restore and enforce the ancient discipline.

LETTER XLIX.

Rome.

PIUS VI performs all the religious functions of his office in the most solemn manner; not only on public and extraordinary occasions, but also in the most common acts of

devotion. I happened lately to be at St. Peter's church, when there was scarcely any other body there; while I lounged from chapel to chapel, looking at the sculpture and paintings, the pope entered with a very few attendants; when he came to the statue of St. Peter, he was not satisfied with bowing, which is the usual mark of respect shewn to that image; or with kneeling, which is performed by more zealous persons; or with kissing the foot, which I formerly imagined concluded the climax of devotion; he bowed, he knelt, he kissed the foot, and then he rubbed his brow and his whole head with every mark of humility, fervour, and adoration, upon the sacred stump.—It is no more, one-half of the foot having been long since worn away by the lips of the pious; and if the example of his holiness is universally imitated, nothing but a miracle can prevent the leg, thigh, and other parts from meeting with the same fate. This uncommon appearance of zeal in the pope, is not imputed to hypocrisy or to policy, but is supposed to proceed entirely from a conviction of the efficacy of those holy frictions; an opinion which has given people a much higher idea of the strength of his faith, than of his understanding. This being jubilee year, he may possibly think a greater appearance of devotion necessary now, than at any other time. The first jubilee was instituted by Boniface VIII, in the year 1300. Many ceremonies and institutions of the Roman Catholic church are founded on those of the old heathens. This is evidently an imitation of the Roman secular games, which were exhibited every hundredth year in honour of the gods; * they lasted three days and three nights; they were attended with great pomp, and drew vast numbers of people to Rome, from all parts of Italy, and the most distant provinces. Boniface, recollecting this, determined to institute something analogous, which would immortalize his own name, and promote the interest of the Roman Catholic religion in general, and

* The Carmen Seculare of Horace was composed on occasion of those celebrated by Augustus in the year of Rome 736.

acquire an equal degree of sanctity with that placed by the pope's own hands. The common people and pilgrims are well acquainted with this wonderful effect. At the beginning of this jubilee-year, when the late wall was thrown down, men, women, and children scrambled and fought for the fragments of the bricks and mortar, with the same eagerness which less enlightened mobs display, on days of public rejoicing, when handfuls of money are thrown among them. I have been often assured, that those pieces of brick, besides their sanctity, have also the virtue of curing many of the most obstinate diseases: and, if newspapers were permitted at Rome, there is not the least reason to doubt, that those cures would be attested publicly by the patients, in a manner as satisfactory and convincing as are the cures performed daily by the pills, powders, drops, and balsams advertised in the London newspapers. After the shutting of the holy door, mass was celebrated at midnight; and the ceremony was attended by vast multitudes of people. For my own part, I suspended my curiosity till next day, which was Christmas-day, when I returned again to St. Peter's church, and saw the pope perform mass on that solemn occasion. His holiness went through all the evolutions of the ceremony with an address and flexibility of body, which are rarely to be found in those who wear the tiara; who are, generally speaking, men bowing under the load of years and infirmities. His present holiness has hitherto suffered from neither. His features are regular, and he has a fine countenance; his person is straight, and his movements graceful. His leg and foot are remarkably well made, and always ornamented with silk stockings, and red slippers of the most delicate construction. Notwithstanding that the papal uniforms are by no means calculated to set off the person to the greatest advantage, yet the peculiar neatness with which they are put on, and the nice adjustment of their most minute parts, sufficiently prove that his present holiness is not insensible of the charms of his person, or unsolicitous about his external ornaments. Though verging

towards the winter of life, his cheeks still glow with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appear as blooming as those of the spring. If he himself were less clear-sighted than he seems to be, to the beauties of his face and person, he could not also be deaf to the voices of the women, who break out into exclamations, in praise of both, as often as he appears in public. On a public occasion, lately, as he was carried through a particular street, a young woman at a window exclaimed,—'Quanto e bello! O quanto e bello!' * and was immediately answered by a zealous old lady at the window opposite, who, folding her hands in each other, and raising her eyes to heaven, cried out, with a mixture of love for his person, and veneration for his sacred office,—'Tanto e bello, quanto e santo!' † When we know that such a quantity of incense is daily burnt under his sacred nostrils, we ought not to be astonished, though we should find his brain, on some occasions, a little intoxicated.

Vanity is a very comfortable failing; and has such an universal power over mankind, that not only the gay blossoms of youth, but even the shrivelled bosom of age, and the contracted heart of bigotry, open, expand, and display strong marks of sensibility under its influence.

After mass, the pope gave the benediction to the people assembled in the grand court, before the church of St. Peter's. It was a remarkably fine day; an immense multitude filled that spacious and magnificent area; the horse and foot guards were drawn up in their most showy uniform. The pope, seated in an open, portable chair, in all the splendour which his wardrobe could give, with the tiara on his head, was carried out of a large window, which opens on a balcony in the front of St. Peter's. The silk hangings and gold trappings with which the chair was embellished, concealed the men who carried it; so that to those who viewed him from the area below, his holiness seemed to sail forward from the window self-balanced in

* How beautiful he is! O how beautiful he is!

† He is as beautiful as he is holy!

the air, like a celestial being. The instant he appeared, the music struck up, the bells rung from every church, and the cannon thundered from the castle of St. Angelo in repeated peals. During the intervals, the church of St. Peter's, the palace of the Vatican, and the banks of the Tiber, re-echoed the acclamations of the populace. At length his holiness arose from his seat, and an immediate and awful silence ensued. The multitude fell upon their knees, with their hands and eyes raised towards his holiness, as to a benign deity. After a solemn pause, he pronounced the benediction, with great fervour; elevating his outstretched arms as high as he could; then closing them together, and bringing them back to his breast with a slow motion, as if he had got hold of the blessing, and was drawing it gently from heaven. Finally, he threw his arms open, waving them for some time, as if his intention had been to scatter the benediction with impartiality among the people.

No ceremony can be better calculated for striking the senses, and imposing on the understanding, than this of the supreme pontiff giving the blessing from the balcony of St. Peter's. For my own part, if I had not, in my early youth, received impressions highly unfavourable to the chief actor in this magnificent interlude, I should have been in danger of paying him a degree of respect, very inconsistent with the religion in which I was educated.

LETTER L.

Rome.

In my last, I informed you of my having been seduced almost into idolatry, by the influence of example, and the pomp which surrounded the idol. I must now confess that I have actually bowed the knee to Baal, from mere wantonness. We are told that, to draw near to that Being, who ought to be the only object of worship, with our lips, while our hearts are far from him, is a mockery. Such daring and absurd hypocrisy I shall always avoid:

but to have drawn near to *him*, who ought not to be an object of worship, with the lips only, while the heart continued at a distance, I hope will be considered as no more than a venial transgression. In short, I trust, that it will not be looked on as a mortal sin in Protestants to have kissed the pope's toe. If it should, some of your friends are in a deplorable way, as you shall hear.—It is usual for strangers to be presented to his holiness, before they leave Rome. The duke of Hamilton, Mr. Kennedy, and myself, have all been at the Vatican together, upon that important business. Your young acquaintance Jack, who, having now got a commission in the army, considers himself no longer as a boy, desired to accompany us. We went under the auspices of a certain ecclesiastic, who usually attends the English on such occasions.

He very naturally concluded, that it would be most agreeable to us to have the circumstance of kissing the slipper dispensed with. Having had some conversation, therefore, with his holiness, in his own apartment, while we remained in another room, previous to our introduction; he afterwards returned, and informed us, that the pontiff, indulgent to the prejudices of the British nation, did not insist on that part of the ceremonial; and therefore a very low bow, on our being presented, was all that would be required of us.

A bow! cried the duke of Hamilton; I should not have given myself any trouble about the matter, had I suspected that all was to end in a bow. I look on kissing the toe as the only amusing circumstance of the whole; if that is to be omitted, I will not be introduced at all. For if the most ludicrous part is left out, who would wait for the rest of a farce?

This was a thunderstroke to our negotiator, who expected thanks, at least, for the honourable terms he had obtained; but who, on the contrary, found himself in the same disagreeable predicament with other negotiators, who have met with abuse and reproach from their countrymen,

on account of treaties for which they expected universal applause.

The duke of Hamilton knew nothing of the treaty which our introducer had just concluded; otherwise he would certainly have prevented the negotiation. As I perceived, however, that our ambassador was mortified with the thoughts that all his labour should prove abortive, I said, that, although he had prevailed with his holiness to wave that part of the ceremonial, which his Grace thought so entertaining, yet it would unquestionably be still more agreeable to him that the whole should be performed to its utmost extent: this new arrangement, therefore, needed not be an obstruction to our being presented.

The countenance of our conductor brightened up at this proposal. He immediately ushered us into the presence of the supreme pontiff. We all bowed to the ground; the supplest of the company had the happiness to touch the sacred slipper with their lips, and the least agile were within a few inches of that honour. As this was more than had been bargained for, his holiness seemed agreeably surprised; raised the duke with a smiling countenance, and conversed with him in an obliging manner, asking the common questions, How long he had been in Italy? Whether he found Rome agreeable? When he intended to set out for Naples?—He said something of the same kind to each of the company; and, after about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, we took our leave.

Next day, his holiness sent his compliments to the duke, with a present of two medals, one of gold, and the other of silver; on both of which the head of the pontiff is very accurately engraved.

The manner in which the generality of sovereign princes pass their time, is as far from being amusing or agreeable, as one can possibly imagine. Slaves to the tiresome routine of etiquette; martyrs to the oppressive fatigue of pomp; constrained to walk every levee-day around the same dull circle, to gratify the vanity of fifty or a hun-

dred people, by whispering a something or a nothing into the ears of each; obliged to wear a smiling countenance, even when the heart is oppressed with sadness; besieged by the craving faces of those, who are more displeased at what is withheld, than grateful for the favours they have received; surrounded, as he constantly is, by adepts in the art of simulation, all professing the highest possible regard; how shall the puzzled monarch distinguish real from assumed attachment? and what a risk does he run, of placing his confidence where he ought to have directed his indignation! And, to all these inconveniences, when we add this, that he is precluded from those delightful sensations which spring from disinterested friendship, sweet equality, and the gay, careless enjoyments of social life, we must acknowledge, that all that is brilliant in the condition of a sovereign, is not sufficient to compensate for such restraints, such dangers, and such deprivations.

So far indeed are we from considering that envied condition as enviable, that great part of mankind are more apt to think it insupportable; and are surprised to find, that those unhappy men, whom fate has condemned to suffer the pains of royalty for life, are able to wait with patience for the natural period of their days. For, strange as it may appear, history does not furnish us with an instance, not even in Great Britain itself, of a king, who hanged, or drowned, or put himself to death in any other violent manner, from mere tedium, as other mortals, disgusted with life, are apt to do. I was at a loss to account for such an extraordinary fact, till I recollected that, however void of resources and activity the minds of monarchs may be, they are seldom allowed to rest in repose. The storms to which people in their lofty situation are exposed, occasion such agitations as prevent the stagnating slime of tedium from gathering on their minds. That kings do not commit suicide, therefore, affords only a very slender presumption of the happiness of their condition: although, it is a strong proof, that all the hurricanes of life are not so insupportable to the human mind, as that insipid, fear-

less, hopeless calm, which envelopes men who are devoid of mental enjoyments, and whose senses are palled with satiety. If there is any truth in the above representation of the regal condition, would not you imagine that of all others it would be the most shunned? Would not you imagine that every human being would shrink from it, as from certain misery; and that at least every wise man would say, with the poet,

> I envy none their pageantry and show,
> I envy none the gilding of their woe!

Not only every wise man, but every foolish man, will adopt the sentiment, and act accordingly; provided his rank in life removes him from the possibility of ever attaining the objects in question. For what is situated beyond the sphere of our hopes, very seldom excites our desires; but bring the powerful magnets a little nearer, and they attract the human passions with a force which reason and philosophy cannot controul. Placed within their reach, the wise and the foolish grasp with equal eagerness at crowns and sceptres, in spite of all the thorns with which they are surrounded. Their alluring magic seems to have the power of changing the very characters and natures of men. In pursuit of them, the indolent have been excited to the most active exertions, the voluptuous have renounced their darling pleasures; and even those who have long walked in the direct road of integrity, have deviated into all the crooked paths of villany and fraud.

There are passions, whose indulgence is so exceedingly flattering to the natural vanity of men, that they will gratify them, though persuaded that the gratification will be attended by disappointment and misery. The love of power and sovereignty is of this class. It has been a general belief, ever since the kingly office was established among men, that cares and anxiety were the constant attendants of royalty. Yet this general conviction never made a single person decline an opportunity of embarking on this sea of troubles. Every new adventurer flatters himself that he shall be guided by some happy star undis-

covered by former navigators; and those who, after trial, have relinquished the voyage—Charles, Christina, Amadeus, and others—when they had quitted the helm, and were safely arrived in port, are said to have languished, all the rest of their lives, for that situation which their own experience taught them was fraught with misery.

Henry IV of England did not arrive at the throne by the natural and direct road. Shakespeare puts the following Address to Sleep into the mouth of this monarch.—

——— O Sleep! O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with busy night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch?
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,——
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,——
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

However eager and impatient this prince may have formerly been to obtain the crown, you would conclude that he was quite cloyed by possession at the time he made this speech; and therefore, at first sight, you would not expect that he should afterwards display any excessive attachment to what gives him so much uneasiness. But Shakespeare, who knew the secret wishes, perverse desires, and strange inconsistences of the human heart, better than man ever knew them, makes this very Henry

so tenaciously fond of that which he himself considered as the cause of all his inquietude, that he cannot bear to have the crown one moment out of his sight, but orders it to be placed on his pillow when he lies on his death-bed.

Of all diadems, the tiara, in my opinion, has the fewest charms; and nothing can afford a stronger proof of the strength and perseverance of man's passion for sovereign power, than our knowledge, that even this ecclesiastical crown is sought after with as much eagerness, perhaps with more, than any other crown in the world, although the candidates are generally in the decline of life, and all of a profession which avows the most perfect contempt of wordly grandeur. This appears the more wonderful when we reflect, that, over and above those sources of weariness and vexation, which the pope has in common with other sovereigns, he has some which are peculiar to himself. The tiresome religious functions which he must perform, the ungenial solitude of his meals, the exclusion of the company and conversation of women, restriction from the tenderest and most delightful connections in life, from the endearments of a parent, and the *open acknowledgment* of his own children; his mind oppressed with the gloomy reflection, that the man for whom he has the least regard, perhaps his greatest enemy, may be his immediate successor; to which is added, the pain of seeing his influence, both spiritual and temporal, declining every day; and the mortification of knowing, that all his ancient lofty pretensions are laughed at by one-half of the Roman Catholics, all the Protestants, and totally disregarded by the rest of mankind. I know of nothing which can be put in the other scale to balance all those peculiar disadvantages which his holiness labours under, unless it is the singular felicity which he lawfully may, and no doubt does enjoy, in the contemplation of his own infallibility.

LETTER LI.

Rome.

In their external deportment, the Italians have a grave solemnity of manner, which is sometimes thought to arise from a natural gloominess of disposition. The French, above all other nations, are apt to impute to melancholy, the sedate serious air which accompanies reflection.

Though in the pulpit, on the theatre, and even in common conversation, the Italians make use of a great deal of action; yet Italian vivacity is different from French; the former proceeds from sensibility, the latter from animal spirits.

The inhabitants of this country have not the brisk look, and elastic trip, which is universal in France; they move rather with a slow composed pace: their spines never having been forced into a straight line, retain the natural bend; and the people of the most finished fashion, as well as the neglected vulgar, seem to prefer the unconstrained attitude of the Antinous, and other antique statues, to the artificial graces of a French dancing-master, or the erect strut of a German soldier. I imagine I perceive a great resemblance between many of the living countenances I see daily, and the features of the ancient busts and statues; which leads me to believe, that there are a greater number of the genuine descendants of the old Romans in Italy, than is generally imagined.

I am often struck with the fine character of countenance to be seen in the streets of Rome. I never saw features more expressive of reflection, sense, and genius; in the very lowest ranks there are countenances which announce minds fit for the highest and most important situations; and we cannot help regretting, that those to whom they belong, have not received an education adequate to the natural abilities we are convinced they possess, and placed where these abilities could be brought into action.

Of all the countries in Europe, Switzerland is that in which the beauties of nature appear in the greatest va-

riety of forms, and on the most magnificent scale; in that country, therefore, the young landscape painter has the best chance of seizing the most sublime ideas: but Italy is the best school for the history painter, not only on account of its being enriched with the works of the greatest masters, and the noblest models of antique sculpture; but also on account of the fine expressive style of the Italian countenance. Here you have few or none of those fair, fat, glistening, unmeaning faces, so common in the more northern parts of Europe. I happened once to sit by a foreigner of my acquaintance at the opera in the Haymarket, when a certain nobleman, who at that time was a good deal talked of, entered. I whispered him,—'That is Lord ——.' 'Not surely the famous Lord ——,' said he. 'Yes,' said I, 'the very same.' 'It must be acknowledged then,' continued he, 'that the noble earl does infinite honour to those who have had the care of his education.' 'How so?' rejoined I. 'Because,' replied the foreigner, 'a countenance so completely vacant, strongly indicates a deficiency of natural abilities; the respectable figure he makes in the senate, I therefore presume must be entirely owing to instruction.'

Strangers, on their arrival at Rome, form no high idea of the beauty of the Roman women, from the specimens they see in the fashionable circles to which they are first introduced. There are some exceptions; but in general it must be acknowledged, that the present race of women of high rank, are more distinguished by their other ornaments, than by their beauty. Among the citizens, however, and in the lower classes, you frequently meet with the most beautiful countenances. For a brilliant red and white, and all the charms of complexion, no women are equal to the English. If a hundred, or any greater number, of English women were taken at random, and compared with the same number of the wives and daughters of the citizens of Rome, I am convinced that ninety of the English would be found handsomer than ninety of the Romans; but the probability is, that

two or three in the hundred Italians, would have finer countenances than any of the English. English beauty is more remarkable in the country, than in towns; the peasantry of no country in Europe can stand a comparison, in point of looks, with those of England. That race of people have the conveniences of life in no other country in such perfection; they are no where so well fed, so well defended from the injuries of the seasons; and no where else do they keep themselves so perfectly clean, and free from all the vilifying effects of dirt. The English country girls, taken collectively, are, unquestionably, the handsomest in the world. The female peasants of most other countries, indeed, are so hard worked, so ill fed, so much tanned by the sun, and so dirty, that it is difficult to know whether they have any beauty or not. Yet I have been informed, by some amateurs, since I came here, that, in spite of all these disadvantages, they sometimes find, among the Italian peasantry, countenances highly interesting, and which they prefer to all the cherry cheeks of Lancashire.

Beauty, doubtless, is infinitely varied; and, happily for mankind, their tastes and opinions, on the subject, are equally various. Notwithstanding this variety, however, a style of face, in some measure peculiar to its own inhabitants, has been found to prevail in each different nation of Europe. This peculiar countenance is again greatly varied, and marked with every degree of discrimination between the extremes of beauty and ugliness. I will give you a sketch of the general style of the most beautiful female heads in this country, from which you may judge whether they are to your taste or not.

A great profusion of dark hair, which seems to encroach upon the forehead, rendering it short and narrow; the nose generally either aquiline, or continued in a straight line from the lower part of the brow; a full and short upper lip: by the way, nothing has a worse effect on a countenance, than a large interval between the nose and mouth; the eyes are large, and of a sparkling black,

The black eye certainly labours under one disadvantage, which is, that, from the iris and pupil being of the same colour, the contraction and dilitation of the latter is not seen, by which the eye is abridged of half its powers. Yet the Italian eye is wonderfully expressive; some people think it says too much. The complexion, for the most part, is of a clear brown, sometimes fair, but very seldom florid, or of that bright fairness which is common in England and Saxony. It must be owned, that those features which have a fine expression of sentiment and meaning in youth, are more apt, than less expressive faces, to become soon strong and masculine. In England and Germany, the women, a little advanced in life, retain the appearance of youth longer than in Italy.

With countenances so favourable for the pencil, you will naturally imagine, that portrait painting is in the highest perfection here. The reverse, however, of this is true; that branch of the art is in the lowest estimation all over Italy. In palaces, the best furnished with pictures, you seldom see a portrait of the proprietor, or any of his family. A quarter length of the reigning pope is sometimes the only portrait, of a living person, to be seen in the whole palace. Several of the Roman princes affect to have a room of state, or audience chamber, in which is a raised seat like a throne, with a canopy over it. In those rooms the effigies of the pontiffs are hung; they are the work of very inferior artists, and seldom cost above three or four sequins. As soon as his holiness departs this life, the portrait disappears, and the face of his successor is in due time hung up in its stead. This, you will say, is treating their old sovereign a little unkindly, and paying no very expensive compliment to the new; it is not so economical, however, as what was practised by a certain person. I shall not inform you whether he was a Frenchman or an Englishman, but he certainly was a courtier, and professed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs; but considered them as no better than any other piece of clay when dead. He

had a full length picture of his own sovereign in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expense of a fresh body, and a new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and periwig, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

The Italians, in general, very seldom take the trouble of sitting for their pictures. They consider a portrait as a piece of painting, which engages the admiration of nobody but the person it represents, or the painter who drew it. Those who are in circumstances to pay the best artists, generally employ them in some subject more universally interesting, than the representation of human countenances staring out of a piece of canvass.

Pompeio Battoni is the best Italian painter now at Rome. His taste and genius led him to history painting, and his reputation was originally acquired in that line; but by far the greater part of his fortune, whatever that may be, has flowed through a different channel. His chief employment, for many years past, has been painting the portraits of the young English, and other strangers of fortune, who visit Rome. There are artists in England, superior in this, and every other branch of painting, to Battoni. They, like him, are seduced from the free walks of genius, and chained, by interest, to the servile drudgery of copying faces. Beauty is worthy of the most delicate pencil; but, gracious heaven! why should every periwig-pated fellow, without countenance or character, insist on seeing his chubby cheeks on canvass?

'Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?' said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who showed him a portrait which he had just finished. 'I made that attempt already,' replied the painter; 'but what the picture gained in expression, it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the

countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture, with the face perfectly like, and perfectly meaningless, as you see it.'

Let the colours for ever remain, which record the last fainting efforts of Chatham; the expiring triumph of Wolf; or the indecision of Garrick, equally allured by the two contending muses! But let them perish and fly from the canvass, which blind self-love spreads for insipidity and ugliness! Why should posterity know, that the first genius of the age, and those whose pencils were formed to speak to the heart, and delineate beauteous nature, were chiefly employed in copying faces? and many of them, faces that imitate humanity so abominably, that, to use Hamlet's expression, they seem not the genuine work of nature, but of nature's journeymen.

To this ridiculous self-love, equally prevalent among the great vulgar and small, some of the best painters in France, Germany, and Great Britain, are obliged for their subsistence. This creates a suspicion, that a taste for the real beauties of painting, is not quite so universal, as a sensibility to their own personal beauties, among the individuals of these countries. And nothing can be a stronger proof of the important light in which men appear in their own eyes, and their small importance in those of others, than the different treatment which the generality of portraits receive, during the life, and after the death, of their constituents. During the first of these periods, they inhabit the finest apartments of the houses to which they belong; they are flattered by the guests, and always viewed with an eye of complacency by the landlord. But, after the commencement of the second, they begin to be neglected; in a short time are ignominiously thrust up to the garret; and, to fill up the measure of their affliction, they finally are thrown out of doors, in the most barbarous manner, without distinction of rank, age, or sex. Those of former times are scattered, like Jews, with their long beards and brown complexions, all over the face of

the earth; and, even of the present century, barons of the most ancient families, armed cap-a-pee, are to be purchased for two or three ducats, in most of the towns of Germany. French marquises, in full suits of embroidered velvet, may be had at Paris still cheaper; and many worshipful citizens of London are to be seen dangling on the walls of an auction-room, when they are scarce cold in their graves.

LETTER LII.

Rome.

THERE are no theatrical entertainments permitted in this city, except during the carnival; but they are then attended with a degree of ardour unknown in capitals whose inhabitants are under no such restraint. Every kind of amusement, indeed, in this gay season, is followed with the greatest eagerness. The natural gravity of the Roman citizens is changed into a mirthful vivacity; and the serious, sombre city of Rome exceeds Paris itself in sprightliness and gaiety. This spirit seems gradually to augment, from its commencement; and is at its height in the last week of the six which comprehend the carnival The citizens then appear in the streets, masked, in the characters of Harlequins, Pantaloons, Punchinellos, and all the fantastic variety of a masquerade. This humour spreads to men, women, and children; descends to the lowest ranks, and becomes universal. Even those who put on no mask, and have no desire to remain unknown, reject their usual clothes, and assume some whimsical dress. The coachmen, who are placed in a more conspicuous point of view than others of the same rank in life, and who are perfectly known by the carriages they drive, generally affect some ridiculous disguise: many of them choose a woman's dress, and have their faces painted, and adorned with patches. However dull these fellows may be, when in breeches, they are, in petticoats, considered as the pleasantest men in the world; and excite much

laughter in every street in which they appear. I observed to an Italian of my acquaintance, that, considering the staleness of the joke, I was surprised at the mirth it seemed to raise. 'When a whole city,' answered he, 'are resolved to be merry for a week together, it is exceedingly convenient to have a few established jokes ready made; the young laugh at the novelty, and the old from prescription. This metamorphosis of the coachmen is certainly not the most refined kind of wit; however, it is more harmless than the burning of heretics, which formerly was a great source of amusement to our populace.'

The street, called the Corso, is the great scene of these masquerades. It is crowded every night with people of all conditions: those of rank come in coaches, or in open carriages, made on purpose. A kind of civil war is carried on by the company, as they pass each other. The greatest mark of attention you can shew your friends and acquaintance, is, to throw a handful of little white balls, resembling sugar-plums, full in their faces; and, if they are not deficient in politeness, they will instantly return you the compliment. All who wish to make a figure in the Corso, come well supplied in this kind of ammunition.

Sometimes two or three open carriages, on a side, with five or six persons of both sexes in each, draw up opposite to each other, and fight a pitched battle. On these occasions, the combatants are provided with whole bags full of the small shot above mentioned, which they throw at each other, with much apparent fury, till their ammunition is exhausted, and the field of battle is as white as snow.

The peculiar dresses of every nation of the globe, and of every profession, besides all the fantastic characters usual at masquerades, are to be seen on the Corso. Those of Harlequin and Pantaloon are in great vogue among the men. The citizens wives and daughters generally affect the pomp of women of quality; while their brothers, or other relations, appear as train-bearers and attendants.

In general, they seem to delight in characters the most remote from their own. Young people assume the long beard, tottering step, and other concomitants of old age; the aged choose the bib and rattle of childhood; and the women of quality, and women of the town, appear in the characters of country maidens, nuns, and vestal virgins. All endeavour to support the assumed characters to the best of their ability; but none, in my opinion, succeed so well as those who represent children.

Towards the dusk of the evening, the horse-race takes place. As soon as this is announced, the coaches, cabriolets, triumphal cars, and carriages of every kind, are drawn up, and line the street; leaving a space in the middle for the racers to pass. These are five or six horses, trained on purpose for this diversion; they are drawn up abreast in the Piazza del Popolo, exactly where the Corso begins. Certain balls, with little sharp spikes, are hung along their sides, which serve to spur them on. As soon as they begin to run, those animals, by their impatience to be gone, shew that they understand what is required of them, and that they take as much pleasure as the spectators in the sport. A broad piece of canvass, spread across the entrance of the street, prevents them from starting too soon: the dropping that canvass is the signal for the race to begin. The horses fly off together, and, without riders, exert themselves to the utmost; impelled by emulation, the shouts of the populace, and the spurs above mentioned. They run the whole length of the Corso; and the proprietor of the victor is rewarded by a certain quantity of fine scarlet or purple cloth, which is always furnished by the Jews.

This diversion, such as it is, seems highly entertaining to the Roman populace; though it appears a mighty foolish business in the eyes of Englishmen. An acquaintance of mine, who had entirely ruined a fine fortune at Newmarket, told me, that Italian horse-races were the most absurd things in the world; that there were not a hundred guineas lost or won during a whole carnival; and

nothing could be a greater proof of the folly of the people, than their spending their time in such a silly manner.

Masking and horse-races are confined to the last eight days; but there are theatrical entertainments, of various kinds, during the whole six weeks of the carnival. The serious opera is most frequented by people of fashion, who generally take boxes for the whole season. The opera, with which this theatre opened, was received with the highest applause, though the music only was new. The Italians do not think it always necessary to compose new words for what is called a new opera; they often satisfy themselves with new music to the affecting dramas of Metastasio. The audience here seem to lend a more profound and continued attention to the music, than at Venice. This is probably owing to the entertainment being a greater rarity in the one city than in the other; for I could perceive that the people of fashion, who came every night, began, after the opera had been repeated several nights, to abate in their attention, to receive visitors in their boxes, and to listen only when some favourite airs were singing: whereas the audience in the pit uniformly preserve the most perfect silence, which is only interrupted by gentle murmurs of pleasure from a few individuals, or an universal burst of applause from the whole assembly. I never saw such genuine marks of satisfaction displayed by any assembly, on any occasion whatever. The sensibility of some of the audience gave me an idea of the power of sounds, which the dulness of my own auditory nerves could never have conveyed to my mind. At certain airs, silent enjoyment was expressed in every countenance; at others, the hands were clasped together, the eyes half shut, and the breath drawn in, with a prolonged sigh, as if the soul was expiring in a torrent of delight. One young woman, in the pit, called out,—'O Dio, dove sono! che piacer via caccia l'alma?' *

On the first night of the opera, after one of thees favourite airs, an universal shout of applause took place, inter-

* O God, where am I! what pleasure ravishes my soul!

mingled with demands that the composer of the music should appear. Il Maestro! il Maestro! resounded from every corner of the house. He was present, and led the band of music; he was obliged to stand upon the bench, where he continued, bowing to the spectators, till they were tired of applauding him. One person, in the middle of the pit, whom I had remarked displaying great signs of satisfaction from the beginning of the performance, cried out,—'He deserves to be made chief musician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels!' This expression would be thought strong, in any country; but it has peculiar energy here, where it is a popular opinion, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge, of music. I received this information on Christmas morning, when I was looking at two poor Calabrian pipers doing their utmost to please her, and the infant in her arms. They played for a full hour to one of her images which stands at the corner of a street. All the other statues of the Virgin, which are placed in the streets, are serenaded in the same manner every Christmas morning. On my inquiring into the meaning of that ceremony, I was told the above-mentioned circumstance of her character, which, though you may have always thought highly probable, perhaps you never before knew for certain. My informer was a pilgrim, who stood listening with great devotion to the pipers. He told me, at the same time, that the Virgin's taste was too refined to have much satisfaction in the performance of those poor Calabrians, which was chiefly intended for the infant; and he desired me to remark, that the tunes were plain, simple, and such as might naturally be supposed agreeable to the ear of a child of his time of life.

Though the serious opera is in highest estimation, and more regularly attended by people of the first fashion; yet the opera buffas, or burlettas, are not entirely neglected, even by them, and are crowded, every night, by the middle and lower classes. Some admired singers have performed there during the carnival, and the musical composers have rendered them highly pleasing to the general taste.

The serious and burlesque operas prevail infinitely over the other theatrical entertainments at Rome, in spite of the united efforts of Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Punchinello.

The prohibition of female performers renders the amusement of the Roman theatre very insipid, in the opinion of some unrefined Englishmen of your acquaintance who are here. In my own poor opinion, the natural sweetness of the female voice is ill supplied by the artificial trills of wretched castratos; and the awkward agility of robust sinewy fellows dressed in women's clothes, is a most deplorable substitution for the graceful movements of elegant female dancers. Is not the horrid practice which is encouraged by this manner of supplying the place of female singers, a greater outrage on religion and morality, than can be produced by the evils which their prohibition is intended to prevent? Is it possible to believe, that purity of sentiment will be preserved by producing eunuchs on the stage? I should fear it would have a different effect. At the funeral of Junia, the wife of Cassius, and sister of Brutus, the statues of all the great persons connected with her family by blood or alliance, were carried in procession, except those of her brother and husband. This *deficiency* struck the people more than any part of the procession, and brought the two illustrious Romans into their minds with more force than if their statues had been carried with the others.—Præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, says Tacitus, eo ipso, quod effigies eorum non visebantur.*

LETTER LIII.

Naples.

I TAKE the first opportunity of informing you of our arrival in this city Some of the principal objects which oc-

* The memory of Cassius and Brutus made a deeper impression on the minds of the spectators, on this very account, that their statues were *not* seen in the procession.

curred on the road, with the sentiments they suggested to my mind, shall form the subject of this letter.

It is almost impossible to go out of the walls of Rome, without being impressed with melancholic ideas. Having left that city by St. John de Lateran's gate, we soon entered a spacious plain, and drove for several miles in sight of sepulchral monuments and the ruins of ancient aqueducts. Sixtus V repaired one of them, to bring water into that part of Rome where Dioclesian's baths formerly stood: this water is now called *aqua felice*, from Felix, the name of that pontiff, while he was only a cordelier. Having changed horses at the Torre de Mezzo Via, so called from an old tower near the post-house, we proceeded through a silent, deserted, unwholesome country. We scarce met a passenger between Rome and Marino, a little town about twelve miles from the former, which has its name from Caius Marius, who had a villa there; it now belongs to the Colonna family. While fresh horses were harnessing, we visited two churches, to see two pictures which we had heard commended; the subject of one is as disagreeable, as that of the other is difficult to execute. The connoisseur who directed us to these pieces, told me, that the first, the flaying of St. Bartholomew, by Guercino, is in a great style, finely coloured, and the muscles convulsed with pain in the sweetest manner imaginable; he could have gazed at it for ever. 'As for the other,' added he, 'which represents the Trinity, it is natural, well grouped, and easily understood; and that is all that can be said for it.'

From Marino, the road runs for several miles over craggy mountains. In ascending Mons Albanus, we were charmed with a fine view of the country towards the sea; Ostia, Antium, the lake Albano, and the fields adjacent. The form and component parts of this mountain plainly shew, that it has formerly been a volcano. The lake of Nemi, which we left to the right, seems, like that of Albano, to have been formed in the cavity of a crater.

We came next to Valetri, an inconsiderable town, situ-

ated on a hill. There is one palace here, with spacious gardens, which, when kept in repair, may have been magnificent. The stair-case, they assured us, is still worthy of admiration. The inhabitants of Valetri assert, that Augustus was born there. Suetonius says, he was born at Rome. It is certainly of no importance where he was born. Perhaps it would have been better for Rome, and for the world in general, that he never had been born at all. The Valetrians are so fond of emperors, that they claim a connection even with Tiberius and Caligula, who had villas in their neighbourhood. The ruins of Otho's palace are still to be seen about a mile from this city, at a place called Colle Ottone. Of those four emperors, the last mentioned was by much the best worth the claiming as a countryman. As for Caligula, he was a mischievous madman. Tiberius seems to have been born with wicked dispositions, which he improved by art. Augustus was naturally wicked, and artificially virtuous; and Otho seems to have been exactly the reverse. Though educated in the most vicious of courts, and the favourite and companion of Nero, he still preserved, in some degree, the original excellence of his character; and, at his death, displayed a magnanimity of sentiment, and nobleness of conduct, of which the highly-flattered Augustus was never capable. 'Alii diutius imperium tenuerint,' says Tacitus; 'nemo tam fortiter reliquerit.' * Convinced that, if he continued the contest with Vitellius, all the horrors of a civil war would be prolonged, he determined to sacrifice his life to the quiet of his country, and to the safety of his friends.† 'To involve you in fresh calamities,'

* Many have held the empire longer; none ever relinquished it from more generous motives.

† Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram, ultra periculis objicere, nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto. An ego tantum Romanæ pubis, tot egregios exercitus, sterni rursus et republicâ eripi patiar? Este superstites, nec diu moremur; ego incolumitatem vestram, vos constantiam meam. De nemine queror, nam incusare deos vel homines, ejus est, qui vivere velit. TACIT. Hist. lib. ii.

said this generous prince to the officers who offered still to support his cause, 'is purchasing life at a price beyond what, in my opinion, is its value. Shall Roman armies be led against each other, and the Roman youth be excited to mutual slaughter, on my account? No! for your safety, and to prevent such evils, I die contented. Let me be no impediment to your treating with the enemy; nor do you any longer oppose my fixed resolution. I complain not of my fate, nor do I accuse any body. To arraign the conduct of gods or men, is natural to those only who wish to live.

Though they are not to be compared in other respects, yet the *death* of Otho may vie with that of Cato; and is one of the strongest instances to be found in history, that a life of effeminacy and voluptuousness does not always eradicate the seeds of virtue and benevolence.

In the middle of the square of Valetri is a bronze statue of Urban VIII. I think they told us it is the workmanship of Bernini.

Descending from that town by a rough road, bordered by vineyards and fruit trees, we traversed an unsalubrious plain to Sermonetta; between which, and the post-house, called Casa Nuova, a little to the left of the highway, are some vaults and ruins, not greatly worthy of the notice of the mere antiquarian. Yet passengers of a singular cast of mind, who feel themselves as much interested in the transactions recorded in the New Testament, as men of taste are in paintings or heathen antiquities, stop a little here to contemplate the *Tres Tabernæ*, which are said to be the Three Taverns mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, where the Christian brethren from Rome came to meet St. Paul, when he was on his journey to that city. I have seen, however, some Christian travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, were of opinion, that old ruined houses derived little value from the circumstance above mentioned, and who preferred a good modern inn to all the antiquities, sacred or profane, that they met with on their grand tours. Without presuming to blame any set of men for

their particular taste, I may venture to say, that a traveller, who loves always to see a well-peopled and well-cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day, and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.—I am certain he ought not to travel between Rome and Naples; for on this road, especially the part which runs through the ecclesiastical state, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from a less substantial foundation; from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authors; from a recollection of the important scenes which have been acted there; and even from the thought of treading the same ground, and viewing the same objects, with certain persons who lived there fifteen hundred or two thousand years ago. Strangers, therefore, who come under the first description, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill advised as to come so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor little Italian flea that they meet with on the road. But he who can put up with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stores of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.

Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ.*

Driving along this road, you have a fine view of Monte Circello, and

——— the Ææan bay
Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the Day;
Goddess and queen, to whom the powers belong
Of dreadful magic and commanding song.

This abode of the enchantress Circe has been generally described as an island; whereas it is, in reality, a pro-

* Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way.

montory, united to the continent by a neck of land. The adventures of Ulysses and his companions at this place, with all the extraordinary things which Homer has recorded of Circe, must serve to amuse you between Casa Nuova and Piperno; the road affords no other.

At Piperno, anciently Privernum, you quit Circe, for Virgil's Camilla, a lady of a very different character, whose native city this is.*

Near to Piperno, an abbey, called Fossa Nuova, is situated on the ruins of the little town of Forum Appii, the same of which mention is made in the Acts of the Apostles, and by Horace, in his account of his journey to Brundusium.

——— Inde Forum Appi
Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis.†

The abbey of Fossa Nuovo is said to have made a very valuable acquisition of late, no less than the head of St. Thomas Aquinas. We are told, in the memoirs of that saint, that he was taken ill as he passed this way, and was carried to this convent, where he died. His body was afterward required by the king of France, and ordered to be carried to Thoulouse; but before the remains of this holy

* Hos super advenit Volscâ de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum et florentes ære catervas,
Bellatrix: Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus; sed prœlia virgo
Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos. §
ÆNEID. lib. vii.

† To Forum-Appi thence we steer, a place
Stuff'd with rank boatmen, and with vintners base.
FRANCIS.

§ Last, with her martial troops, all sheath'd in brass,
Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race;
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care,
But arms and coursers, and the toils of war.
She led the rapid race, and left behind
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind;
Lightly she flies along the level plain,
Nor hurts the tender grass, nor bends the golden grain.
PITT.

person were removed from the convent, one of the monks, unwilling to allow the whole of such a precious deposite to be carried away, determined to retain the most valuable part, and actually cut off the saint's head, substituting another in its stead, which was carried to Thoulouse, very nicely stitched to the body of the saint. The monk, who was guilty of this pious fraud, hid the true head in the wall of the convent, and died without revealing the secret to any mortal. From that time the supposititious head remained unsuspected at Thoulouse; but as impostures are generally detected sooner or later, the venerable brethren of Fossa Nuova (this happened much about the time that the Cock-lane ghost made such a noise in London) were disturbed with strange knockings and scratchings at a particular part of the wall.—On this noise being frequently repeated, without any visible agent, and the people of the neighbourhood having been often assembled to hear it, the monks at length agreed to pull down part of the wall at the place where the scratching and knocking were always heard. This was no sooner done, than the true head of St. Thomas Aquinas was found as fresh as the day it was cut off;—on the vessel in which it was contained was the following inscription.—

Caput divi Thomæ Aquinatis.*

And near it a paper, containing a faithful narrative of the whole transaction, signed by the monk who did the deed.

Some people, not making a proper allowance for the difference between a saint's head and their own, say, this cannot possibly be the head of Thomas Aquinas, which must have putrified some centuries ago; they say, the paper is written in a character by much too modern; they say, the monks contrived the whole affair, to give an importance to their convent; they say—but what signifies what they say? In this age of incredulity, some people will say any thing. We next came to Terracina, and here I must finish my letter; in my next I shall carry you to Naples.

* The head of Thomas Aquinas.

LETTER LIV.

Naples.

Terracina, formerly called Anxur, was the capital of the warlike Volsci.* The principal church was originally a temple of Jupiter, who was supposed to have a partiality for this town, and the country around it. Virgil calls him Jupiter Anxurus. Enumerating the troops who came to support the cause of Turnus, he mentions those who plough the Rutulian hills,—

> Circeumque jugum; queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
> Præsidet, et viridi gaudens Feronia luco:
> Qua saturæ jacet atra palus, &c.†

Near this place we fell in again with the Appian way, and beheld, with astonishment, the depth of rock that has here been cut, to render it more convenient for passengers. This famous road is a paved causeway, begun in the year of Rome 441, by Appius Claudius Cæcus the censor, and carried all the way from Rome to Capua. It would be superfluous to insist on the substantial manner in which it has been originally made, since it still remains in many places. Though travellers are now obliged to make a circuit by Casa Nuova and Piperno, the Via Appia was originally made in a straight line through the Palude Pontine, or Palus Pomptina, as that vast marsh was anciently called: it is the Atra Palus above mentioned, in the lines quoted from Virgil. That part of the Appian road is now quite impassable, from the augmentation of this noxious marsh, whose exhalations are disagreeable to passengers, and near which it is dangerous to sleep a single night.

* Anxur fuit quæ nunc Terracinæ sunt; urbs prona in paludes.
Tit. Liv. lib. iv.

† And the steep hills of Circe stretch around,
Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,
And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove,
Where stands the Pontine lake.———
Pitt.

Keysler and some others say, that Appius made this road at his own expense. I do not know on what authority they make this assertion; but, whatever their authority may be, the thing is incredible. Could a Roman citizen, at a period when the inhabitants of Rome were not rich, bear an expense which we are surprised that even the state itself could support? Though this famous road has received its name from Appius, I can hardly imagine it was completed by him. The distance from Rome to Capua is above one hundred and thirty miles; a prodigious length for such a road as this to have been made, during the short course of one censorship; for a man could be censor only once in his life. This was an office of very great dignity; no person could enjoy it till he had previously been consul. It was originally held for five years; but, a hundred years before the time of Appius, the term was abridged to eighteen months. He, however, who, as Livy tells us, possessed all the pride and obstinacy of his family, refused to quit the censorship at the end of that period: and, in spite of all the efforts of the tribunes, continued three years and a half beyond the term to which the office had been restricted by the Æmilian law.' But even five years is a very short time for so great a work; yet this was not the only work he carried on during his censorship. 'Viam munivit,' says the historian, 'et aquam in urbem duxit.' The Appian road was carried on, afterwards, from Capua to Brundusium, and was probably completed so far, in the time of Horace; as appears by this verse, in one of his epistles addressed to Lollius,—

Brundusium Numici melius via ducat, an Appi.*

Terracina is the last town of the ecclesiastical, and Fundi the first of the Neapolitan, dominions. This last town stands on a plain, sheltered by hills, which is seldom the case with Italian towns: it probably derives its name from its situation. There is nothing very attractive in

* Whether it is best to go by the Numician or Appian way to Brundusium?

this place, now, more than in Horace's time; so we left it as willingly as he did,—

Fundos Aufidio Lusco Prætore *libenter*
Linquimus.*

Continuing our route, partly on the Appian way, we came to Mola di Gaeta, a town built on the ruins of the ancient Formiæ. Horace compliments Ælius Lamia, on his being descended from the first founder of this city,—

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,
Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur,
Princeps.†

The same poet puts the wine, made from the grapes of the Formian hills, on a footing with the Falernian,—

——— mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.‡

Cicero had a villa near this place; and it was on this coast where that great orator was murdered in his litter, as he was endeavouring to make his escape to Greece. The fortress of Gaeta is built on a promontory, about three miles from Mola; but travellers, who have the curiosity to go to the former, generally cross the gulf between the two; and immediately, as the most remarkable thing in the place, they are shewn a great cleft in a rock, and informed that it was miraculously split in this manner at the death of our Saviour. To put this beyond doubt, they shew, at the same time, something like the impression of a man's hand on the rock, of which the following account is given.—A certain person having been told on what occasion the rent took place, struck the palm of his hand on the marble, declaring he could no more believe their story, than that his hand would leave its stamp on the rock; on which, to the terror and confusion of this

* We willingly leave Fundi, where Aufidius Luscus is chief magistrate.

† From whom the illustrious race arose,
Who first possess'd the Formian towers. FRANCIS.

‡ My cups are neither enriched with the juice of the Falernian grapes nor that of those from the Formian hills.

infidel, the stone yielded like wax, and the impression remains till this day.

Nothing is so injurious to the cause of truth, as attempts to support it by fiction. Many evidences of the justness of this observation occur in the course of a tour through Italy. That mountains were rent at the death of our Saviour, we know from the New Testament; but, as none of them are there particularized, it is presumptuous in others to imagine they can point out what the Evangelists have thought proper to conceal.

This rock, however, is much resorted to by pilgrims; and the tartanes, and other vessels, often touch there, that the seamen may be provided with little pieces of marble, which they earnestly request may be taken as near the fissure as possible. These they wear constantly in their pockets, in case of shipwreck, from a persuasion, that they are a more certain preservative from drowning, than a cork jacket. Some of these poor people have the misfortune to be drowned notwithstanding; but the sacred marble loses none of its reputation on that account. Such accidents are always imputed to the weight of the unfortunate person's sins, which have sunk him to the bottom, in spite of all the efforts of the marble to keep him above water; and it is allowed on all hands, that a man so oppressed with iniquity, as to be drowned with a piece of this marble in his pocket, would have sunk much sooner, if, instead of that, he had had nothing to keep him up but a cork jacket.

Strangers are next led to the castle, and are shewn, with some other curiosities, the skeleton of the famous Bourbon, constable of France, who was killed in the service of the emperor Charles V, as he scaled the walls of Rome.

It is remarkable that France, a nation which values itself so much on an affectionate attachment to its princes, and places loyalty at the head of the virtues, should have produced, in the course of the two last centuries so many illustrious rebels: Bourbon, Coligni, Guise, Tu-

renne, and the Condés; all of them were, at some period of their lives, in arms against their sovereign.

That it is the duty of subjects to preserve their allegiance, however unjustly and tyrannically their prince may conduct himself, is one of the most debasing and absurd doctrines that ever was obtruded on the understanding of mankind. When Francis forgot the services which the gallant Bourbon had rendered him at Mirignan; when, by repeated acts of oppression, he forgot the duty of a king; Bourbon spurned at his allegiance, as a subject. The Spanish nobleman, who declared that he would pull down his house, if Bourbon should be allowed to lodge in it, either never had heard of the injurious treatment which that gallant soldier had received, or he betrayed the sentiments of a slave, and meant to insinuate his own implicit loyalty to the emperor. Mankind in general have a partiality for princes. The senses are imposed on by the splendour which surrounds them; and the respect due to the office of a king, is naturally converted into an affection for his person: there must therefore be something highly unpopular in the character of the monarch, and highly oppressive in the measures of government, before people can be excited to rebellion. Subjects seldom rise through a desire of attacking, but rather from an impatience of suffering. Where men are under the yoke of feudal lords, who can force them to fight in any cause, it may be otherwise; but when general discontent pervades a free people, and when, in consequence of this, they take arms against their prince, they must have justice on their side. The highest compliment which subjects can pay, and the best service they can render, to a good prince, is, to behave in such a manner, as to convince him that they would rebel against a bad one.

From Mola we were conducted by the Appian way, over the fertile fields washed by the silent Liris.—

——Rura quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.*

* —— The rich fields that Liris laves
And eats away with silent waves. FRANCIS.

This river bounded Latium. On its banks are still seen some ruins of the ancient Minturnæ. After Manlius Torquatus, in what some will call a phrenzy of virtue, had offered up his son as a sacrifice to military discipline; and his colleague Decius, immediately after, devoted himself in a battle against the Latins; the broken army of that people assembled at Minturnæ, and were a second time defeated by Manlius, and their lands divided by the senate among the citizens of Rome. The first battle was fought near Mount Vesuvius, and the second between Sinuessa and Minturnæ. In the morasses of Minturnæ, Caius Marius, in the seventieth year of his age, was taken, and brought a prisoner to that city, whose magistrates ordered an assassin to put him to death, whom the fierce veteran disarmed with a look. What mortal, says Juvenal, would have been thought more fortunate than Marius, had he breathed out his aspiring soul, surrounded by the captives he had made, his victorious troops, and all the pomp of war, as he descended from his Teutonic chariot, after his triumph over the Cimbri.—

—— Quid illo dive tulisset
Natura in terris, quid Roma beatius unquam?
Si circumducto captivorum agmine, et omni
Bellorum pompâ, animam exhalâsset opimam,
Cum de Teutonico vellet descendere curru.

Several writers, in their remarks on Italy, observe, that it was on the banks of the Liris that Pyrrhus gained his dear-bought victory over the Romans. They have fallen into this mistake, by confounding the Liris with the Siris, a river in Magna Græcia, near Heraclea; in the neighbourhood of which Pyrrhus defeated the Romans by the means of his elephants.

Leaving Garilagno, which is the modern name of the Liris, we pass the rising ground where the ancient Sinuessa was situated: the city where Horace met his friends Plotius, Varius, and Virgil. The friendly glow with which this admirable painter has adorned their characters, conveys an amiable idea of his own.—

—— Animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit; neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
O, qui complexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*

Do you not share in the happiness of such a company? And are you not rejoiced that they happened to meet near the Ager Falernus, where they could have the best Mastic and Falernian wines?

New Capua, through which the road from Rome to Naples lies, is a small town of no importance. The ancient city of that name was situated two miles distant from the new. The ruins of the amphitheatre, which are still to be seen, give some idea of the ancient grandeur of that city. Before the amphitheatre of Vespasian was built, there was none in Rome of equal size with this. Old Capua is said, at one period, to have vied in magnificence with Rome and Carthage.—

Altera dicta olim Carthago, atque altera Roma,
Nunc prostrata jacet, proprioque sepulta sepulchro.†

The army of Hannibal is said to have been conquered by the luxuries of this place: but the judicious Montesquieu observes, that the Carthaginian army, enriched by so many victories, would have found a Capua wherever they had gone. Whether Capua brought on the ruin of Hannibal or not, there can be no doubt that Hannibal occasioned the ruin of Capua.

Having broken their connection with Rome, and formed an alliance with her enemy, the Capuans were, in the course of the war, besieged by the consuls Fulvius and Appius. Hannibal exerted all his vast abilities for the relief of his new friends; but was not able to bring the Roman army to a battle, or to raise the siege. When

* Pure spirits these; the world no purer knows;
For none my heart with such affection glows.
How oft did we embrace! our joys how great!
Is there a blessing in the power of fate
To be compar'd, in sanity of mind
To friends of such companionable kind? FRANCIS.

† Formerly called another Carthage, or another Rome; it now lies buried in its own ruins.

every other expedient had failed, he marched directly to Rome, in the hopes of drawing the Roman army after him to defend the capital. A number of alarming events conspired, at this time, to depress the spirit of the Roman senate. The proconsul Sempronius Gracchus, who commanded an army in Lucania, had fallen into an ambuscade, and was massacred. The two gallant brothers, the Scipios, who were their generals in Spain, had been defeated and killed; and Hannibal was at their gates. How did the senate behave at this crisis? Did they spend their time in idle harangues and mutual accusations? Did they throw out reflections against those senators who were against entering into a treaty with the Carthaginians till their army should be withdrawn from Italy? Did they recall their army from Capua? Did they shew any mark of despondence? In this state of affairs, the Roman senate sent orders to Appius to continue the siege of Capua; they ordered a reinforcement to their army in Spain: the troops for that service marching out at one gate of Rome, while Hannibal threatened to enter by storm at another. How could such a people fail to become the masters of the world!

The country between Capua and Naples displays a varied scene of lavish fertility, and with great propriety might be named Campania Felix, if the richest and most generous soil, with the mildest and most agreeable climate, were sufficient to render the inhabitants of a country happy.

LETTER LV.

Naples.

THE day after our arrival at this place, we waited on Sir William Hamilton, his majesty's minister at this court. He had gone early that morning on a hunting party with the king; but the Portuguese ambassador, at Lady Hamilton's desire, undertook to accompany the duke on the usual round of visits; Sir William was not expected to

return for several days, and the laws of etiquette do not allow that important tour to be delayed so long. As we have been continually driving about ever since our arrival, I am already pretty well acquainted with this town, and the environs.

Naples was founded by the Greeks. The charming situation they have chosen, is one proof among thousands, of the fine taste of that ingenious people.

The bay is about thirty miles in circumference, and twelve in diameter; it has been named Crater, from its supposed resemblance to a bowl. This bowl is ornamented with the most beautiful foliage; with vines; with olive, mulberry, and orange trees; with hills, dales, towns, villas, and villages.

At the bottom of the bay of Naples, the town is built in the form of a vast amphitheatre, sloping from the hills towards the sea.

If, from the town, you turn your eyes to the east, you see the rich plains leading to mount Vesuvius, and Portici. If you look to the west, you have the grotto of Pausilippo, the mountain on which Virgil's tomb is placed, and the fields leading to Puzzoli and the coast of Baia. On the north, are the fertile hills, gradually rising from the shore to the Campagna Felice. On the south, is the bay, confined by the two promontories of Misenum and Minerva, the view being terminated by the islands Procida, Ischia, and Caprea; and as you ascend to the castle of St. Elmo, you have all these objects under your eye at once, with the addition of a great part of the Campagna.

Independent of its happy situation, Naples is a very beautiful city. The style of architecture, it must be confessed, is inferior to what prevails at Rome; but though Naples cannot vie with that city in the number of palaces, or in the grandeur and magnificence of the churches, the private houses in general are better built, and are more uniformly convenient; the streets are broader and better paved. No street in Rome equals in beauty the Strada di Toledo at Naples; and still less can any of them be

compared with those beautiful streets which are open to the bay. This is the native country of the zephyrs; here the excessive heat of the sun is often tempered with sea breezes, and with gales, wafting the perfumes of the Campagna Felice.

The houses, in general, are five or six stories in height, and flat at the top; on which are placed, numbers of flower vases or fruit trees, in boxes of earth, producing a very gay and agreeable effect.

The fortress of St. Elmo is built on a mountain of the same name. The garrison stationed here, have the entire command of the town, and could lay it in ashes at pleasure. A little lower, on the same mountain, is a convent of Carthusians. The situation of this convent is as advantageous and beautiful as can be imagined; and much expense has been lavished to render the building, the apartments, and the gardens, equal to the situation.

To bestow great sums of money in adorning the retreat of men who have abandoned the world for the express purpose of passing the remainder of their lives in self-denial and mortification, seems to be very ill judged; and might, on some occasions, counteract the design of their retreat. I expressed this sentiment to a Neapolitan lady at Sir William Hamilton's assembly, the evening after I had visited this convent. She said, 'that the elegant apartments, the gardens, and all the expensive ornaments I had particularized, could not much impede a system of self-denial; for they soon became insipid to those who had them constantly before their eyes, and proved no compensation for the want of other comforts.' 'In that case,' said I, 'the whole expense might have been saved, or bestowed in procuring comforts to others who have made no vows of mortification.' 'Tolga iddio!'* cried the lady, forgetting her former argument, 'for none have so good a title to every comfortable and pleasant thing in this world, as those who have renounced it, and placed their affections entirely on the next; instead of depriving these

* God forbid!

sanctified Carthusians of what they already possess, it would be more meritorious to give them what they have not.'

'Give them then,' said I, 'what will afford some satisfaction, instead of the luxuries of sculpture, and painting, and architecture, which, as you say, become so soon insipid; let them have enjoyments of a different kind. Why should their diet be confined to fish and vegetables? Let them enjoy the pleasures of the table without any limitation. And since they are so very meritorious, why is your sex deprived of the happiness of their conversation, and why are they denied the pleasure which the society of women might afford them?'

'Cristo benedetto!'* cried the lady, 'You do not understand this matter.——Though none deserve the pleasures of this world, but those who think only on the next; yet none can obtain the joys of the next, who indulge in the pleasures of this.'

'That is unlucky,' said I.

'Unlucky! to be sure it is the most unlucky thing that could have happened, *ecco dove mi doleva*,'† added the lady.

Though Naples is admirably situated for commerce, and no kingdom produces the necessaries and luxuries of life in greater profusion, yet trade is but in a languishing condition: the best silks come from Lyons, and the best woollen goods from England.

The chief articles manufactured here, at present, are, silk stockings, soap, snuff-boxes, or tortoise shells; and the lava of Mount Vesuvius, tables, and ornamental furniture, of marble.

They are thought to embroider here better than even in France; and their macaroni is preferred to that made in any other part of Italy. The Neapolitans excel also in liqueurs and confections; particularly in one kind of confection, which is sold at a very high price, called Diabo-

* Blessed Jesus!

† It is that which vexes me.

lonis. This drug, as you will guess from its name, is of a very hot and stimulating nature, and what I should think by no means requisite to Neapolitan constitutions.

The inhabitants of this town are computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. I make no doubt of their amounting to that number; for though Naples is not one-third of the size of London, yet many of the streets here are more crowded than the Strand. In London and Paris, the people who fill the streets are mere passengers, hurrying from place to place on business; and when they choose to converse, or to amuse themselves, they resort to the public walks or gardens: at Naples, the citizens have fewer avocations of business to excite their activity; no public walks, or gardens, to which they can resort; and are, therefore, more frequently seen sauntering and conversing in the streets, where a great proportion of the poorest sort, for want of habitations, are obliged to spend the night as well as the day. While you sit in your chamber at London, or at Paris, the usual noise you hear from the streets, is that of carriages; but at Naples, where they talk with uncommon vivacity, and where whole streets full of talkers are in continual employment, the noise of carriages is completely drowned in the aggregated clack of human voices. In the midst of all this idleness, fewer riots or outrages of any kind happen, than might be expected in a town where the police is far from being strict, and where such multitudes of poor unemployed people meet together every day. This partly proceeds from the national character of the Italians; which, in my opinion, is quiet, submissive, and averse to riot or sedition; and partly to the common people being universally sober, and never inflamed with strong and spirituous liquors, as they are in the northern countries. Iced water and lemonade are among the luxuries of the lowest vulgar; they are carried about in little barrels, and sold in halfpenny's worth. The half-naked lazzarone is often tempted to spend the small pittance destined for the maintenance of his family, on this betwitching beverage,

as the most dissolute of the low people in London spend their wages on gin and brandy; so that the same extravagance which cools the mob of the one city, tends to inflame that of the other to acts of excess and brutality.

There is not, perhaps, a city in the world, with the same number of inhabitants, in which so few contribute to the wealth of the community by useful, or by productive labour, as Naples; but the numbers of priests, monks, fiddlers, lawyers, nobility, footmen, and lazzaronis, surpass all reasonable proportion; the last alone are computed at thirty or forty thousand. If these poor fellows are idle, it is not their own fault; they are continually running about the streets, as we are told of the artificers of China, offering their service, and begging for employment, and are considered by many as of more real utility than any of the classes above mentioned.

LETTER LVI.

Naples.

THERE is an assembly once a week at the house of the British minister; no assembly in Naples is more numerous, or more brilliant, than this. Exclusive of that gentleman's good qualities, and those accomplishments which procure esteem in any situation, he would meet with every mark of regard from the Neapolitan nobles, on account of the high favour in which he stands with their sovereign. Sir William's house is open to strangers of every country who come to Naples properly recommended, as well as to the English; he has a private concert almost every evening. Lady Hamilton understands music perfectly, and performs in such a manner, as to command the admiration even of the Neapolitans. Sir William, who is the happiest-tempered man in the world, and the easiest amused, performs also, and succeeds perfectly in amusing himself, which is a more valuable attainment than the other.

The Neapolitan nobility are excessively fond of splen-

dour and show. This appears in the brilliancy of their equipages, the number of their attendants, the richness of their dress, and the grandeur of their titles.

I am assured, that the king of Naples counts a hundred persons with the title of prince, and still a greater number with that of duke, among his subjects. Six or seven of these have estates, which produce from ten to twelve or thirteen thousand pounds a-year; a considerable number have fortunes of about half that value; and the annual revenue of many is not above one or two thousand pounds. With respect to the inferior orders of nobility, they are much poorer; many counts and marquisses have not above three or four hundred pounds a-year of paternal estate, many still less, and not a few enjoy the title without any estate whatever.

When we consider the magnificence of their entertainments, the splendour of their equipages, and the number of their servants, we are surprised that the richest of them can support such expensive establishments. I dined, soon after our arrival, at the prince of Franca Villa's; there were about forty people at table; it was meagre day; the dinner consisted entirely of fish and vegetables, and was the most magnificent entertainment I ever saw, comprehending an infinite variety of dishes, a vast profusion of fruit, and the wines of every country in Europe. I dined since at the Prince Iacci's. I shall mention two circumstances, from which you may form an idea of the grandeur of an Italian palace, and the number of domestics which some of the nobility retain. We passed through twelve or thirteen large rooms before we arrived at the dining room; there were thirty-six persons at table; none served but the prince's domestics, and each guest had a footman behind his chair; other domestics belonging to the prince remained in the adjacent rooms, and in the hall. We afterwards passed through a considerable number of other rooms in our way to one from which there is a very commanding view.

No estate in England could support such a number of

servants, paid and fed as English servants are; but here the wages are very moderate indeed, and the greater number of men-servants belonging to the first families, give their attendance through the day only, and find beds and provisions for themselves. It must be remembered, also, that few of the nobles give entertainments, and those who do not, are said to live very sparingly; so that the whole of their revenue, whatever that may be, is exhausted on articles of show.

As there is no opera at present, the people of fashion generally pass part of the evening at the Corso, on the sea-shore. This is the great scene of Neapolitan splendour and parade; and, on grand occasions, the magnificence displayed here will strike a stranger very much. The finest carriages are painted, gilt, varnished, and lined, in a richer and more beautiful manner, than has yet become fashionable either in England or France; they are often drawn by six, and sometimes by eight horses. As the last is the number allotted to his Britannic majesty when he goes to parliament, some of our countrymen are offended that any individuals whatsoever should presume to drive with the same number.

It is the mode here, to have two running footmen, very gaily dressed, before the carriage, and three or four servants in rich liveries behind; these attendants are generally the handsomest young men that can be procured. The ladies or gentlemen within the coaches, glitter in all the brilliancy of lace, embroidery, and jewels. The Neapolitan carriages, for gala days, are made on purpose, with very large windows, that the spectators may enjoy a full view of the parties within. Nothing can be more showy than the harness of the horses; their heads and manes are ornamented with the rarest plumage, and their tales set off with riband and artificial flowers, in such a graceful manner that you are apt to think they have been adorned by the same hands that dressed the heads of the ladies, and not by common grooms.

After all, you will perhaps imagine the amusement can-

not be very great. The carriages follow each other in two lines, moving in opposite directions. The company within smile, and bow, and wave the hand, as they pass and repass their acquaintance; and doubtless imagine, that they are the most important figures in the procession. The horses, however, seem to be quite of a different way of thinking, and to consider themselves as the chief objects of admiration, looking on the livery servants, the volantis, the lords, and the ladies, as their natural suit on all such solemn occasions.

LETTER LVII.

Naples.

THE greatest part of kings, whatever may be thought of them after their death, have the good fortune to be represented, at some period of their lives, generally at the beginning of their reigns, as the greatest and most virtuous of mankind. They are never compared to characters of less dignity than Solomon, Alexander, Cæsar, or Titus; and the comparison usually concludes to the advantage of the living monarch. They differ in this, as in many other particulars, from those of the most distinguished genius and exalted merit among their subjects, That the fame of the latter, if any awaits them, seldom arrives at its meridian till many years after their death; whereas the glory of the former is at its fullest splendour during their lives; and most of them have the satisfaction of hearing all their praises with their own ears. Each particular monarch, taken separately, is, or has been, considered as a star of great lustre; yet any number of them, taken without selection, and placed in the historical galaxy, add little to its brightness, and are often contemplated with disgust. When we have occasion to mention kings in general, the expression certainly does not awaken a recollection of the most amiable or most deserving part of the human species; and tyranny in no country is pushed so far, as to constrain men to speak of them, when we speak in general

terms, as if they were. It would revolt the feelings, and rouse the indignation, even of slaves. Full freedom is allowed therefore on this topic; and, under the most arbitrary government, if you choose to declaim on the imbecility, profligacy, or corruption of human nature, you may draw your illustrations from the kings of any country, provided you take them in groupes, and hint nothing to the detriment of the reigning monarch. But, when we talk of any one living sovereign, we should never allow it to escape from our memory, that he is wise, valiant, generous, and good; and we ought always to have Solomon, Alexander, Cæsar, and Titus, at our elbow, to introduce them apropos when occasion offers. We may have what opinion we please of the whole race of Bourbon; but it would be highly indecent to deny, that the reigning kings of Spain and Naples are very great princes. As I never had the happiness of seeing the father, I can only speak of the son. His Neapolitan majesty seems to be about the age of six or seven and twenty. He is a prince of great activity of body, and a good constitution; he indulges in frequent relaxations from the cares of government and the fatigue of thinking, by hunting and other exercises; and (which ought to give a high idea of his natural talents) he never fails to acquire a very considerable degree of perfection in those things to which he applies. He is very fond, like the king of Prussia, of reviewing his troops, and is perfectly master of the whole mystery of the manual exercise. I have had the honour, oftener than once, of seeing him exercise the different regiments which form the garrison here: he always gave the word of command with his own royal mouth, and with a precision which seemed to astonish the whole court. This monarch is also a very excellent shot; his uncommon success at this diversion is thought to have roused the jealousy of his most Catholic majesty, who also values himself on his skill as a marksman. The correspondence between those two great personages often relates to their favourite amusement.—A gentleman, who came lately from Madrid, told me, that

the king, on some occasion, had read a letter which he had just received from his son at Naples, wherein he complained of his bad success on a shooting party, having killed no more than eighty birds in a day: and the Spanish monarch, turning to his courtiers, said, in a plaintive tone of voice,—'Mio filio piange di non aver' fatto piu di ottante beccacie in uno giorno, quando mi crederei l'uomo il piu felice del mondo se potesse fare quaranta.' * All who take a becoming share in the afflictions of a royal bosom, will no doubt join with me, in wishing better success to this good monarch, for the future. Fortunate would it be for mankind, if the happiness of their princes could be purchased at so easy a rate! and thrice fortunate for the generous people of Spain, if the family connexions of their monarch, often at variance with the real interest of that country, should never seduce him into a more ruinous war, than that which he now wages against the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. His Neapolitan majesty, as I am informed, possesses many other accomplishments; I particularize those only to which I have myself been a witness. No king in Europe is supposed to understand the game of billiards better. I had the pleasure of seeing him strike the most brilliant stroke that perhaps ever was struck by a crowned head. The ball of his antagonist was near one of the middle pockets, and his own in such a situation, that it was absolutely necessary to make it rebound from two different parts of the cushion, before it could pocket the other. A person of less enterprise would have been contented with placing himself in a safe situation, at a small loss, and never have risked any offensive attempt against the enemy; but the difficulty and danger, instead of intimidating, seemed rather to animate the ambition of this prince. He summoned all his address; he estimated, with a mathematical eye, the angles at which the ball must fly off; and he struck it

* My son laments, that he has not killed more than eighty birds in one day, whereas I should think myself the happiest man in the world, if I could kill forty.

with an undaunted mind and a steady hand. It rebounded obliquely, from the opposite side-cushion, to that at the end; from which it moved in a direct line towards the middle pocket, which seemed to stand in gaping expectation to receive it. The hearts of the spectators beat thick as it rolled along; and they shewed, by the contortions of their faces and persons, how much they feared that it should move one hair-breadth in a wrong direction. —I must here interrupt this important narrative, to observe, that, when I talk of contortions, if you form your idea from any thing of that kind which you may have seen around an English billiard-table or bowling-green, you can have no just notion of those which were exhibited on this occasion; your imagination must triple the force and energy of every English grimace, before it can do justice to the nervous twist of an Italian countenance.— At length the royal ball reached that of the enemy, and with a single blow drove it off the plain. An universal shout of joy, triumph, and applause burst from the beholders; but,

> O thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
> Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!

the victorious ball, pursuing the enemy too far, shared the same fate, and was buried in the same grave, with the vanquished. This fatal and unforeseen event seemed to make a deep impression on the minds of all who were witnesses to it; and will no doubt be recorded in the annals of the present reign, and quoted by future poets and historians, as a striking instance of the instability of sublunary felicity.

It is imagined that the cabinet of this court is entirely guided by that of Spain; which, on its part, is thought to be greatly under the influence of French counsels. The manners, as well as the politics, of France, are said to prevail at present at the court of Madrid. I do not presume to say of what nature the politics of his Neapolitan majesty are, or whether he is fond of French counsels or not; but no true-born Englishman existing can

shew a more perfect contempt of their manners than he does. In domestic life, this prince is generally allowed to be an easy master, a good-natured husband, a dutiful son, and an indulgent father.

The queen of Naples is a beautiful woman, and seems to possess the affability, good-humour, and benevolence, which distinguish, in such an amiable manner, the Austrian family.

LETTER LVIII.

Naples.

The hereditary jurisdiction of the nobles over their vassals subsists, both in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, in the full rigour of the feudal government. The peasants therefore are poor; and it depends entirely on the personal character of the masters, whether their poverty is not the least of their grievances. If the land was leased out to free farmers, whose property was perfectly secure, and the leases of a sufficient length to allow the tenant to reap the fruits of his own improvements, there is no manner of doubt that the estates of the nobility would produce much more. The landlord might have a higher rent paid in money, instead of being collected in kind, which subjects him to the salaries and impositions of a numerous train of stewards; and the tenants, on their parts, would be enabled to live much more comfortably, and to lay up, every year, a small pittance for their families. But the love of domineering is so predominant in the breasts of men who have been accustomed to it from their infancy, that, if the alternative were in their choice, many of them would rather submit to be themselves slaves to the caprices of an absolute prince, than become perfectly independent, on the condition of giving independence to their vassals. There is reason to believe that this ungenerous spirit prevails pretty universally among the nobility all over Europe. The German barons are more shocked at the idea of their peasants becoming per-

feetly free, like the farmers of Great Britain, than they are solicitous to limit the power of their princes: And, from the sentiments I have heard expressed by the French, I very much doubt, whether their high nobility would accept of the privileges of English peers, at the expense of that insolent superiority, and those licentious freedoms, with which *they* may, though no English peer can, treat with impunity the citizens and people of inferior rank.* We need be the less surprised at this, when we consider that, in some parts of the British empire, where the equable and generous laws of England prevail, those who set the highest value on freedom, who submit to every hardship, and encounter every danger, to secure it to themselves, never have shewn a disposition of extending its blessings, or even alleviating the bondage of that part of the human species, which a sordid and unjustifiable barter has brought into their power.

The court of Naples has not yet ventured, by one open act of authority, to abolish the immoderate power of the lords over their tenants. But it is believed that the minister secretly wishes for its destruction; and in cases of flagrant oppression, when complaints are brought before the legal courts, or directly to the king himself, by the peasants against their lord, it is generally remarked that the minister favours the complainant. Notwithstanding this, the masters have so many opportunities of oppress-

* Whatever justice may have been in this remark, when these letters were first published, it is now apparent that some of the first nobility of France entertain different sentiments from those here imputed to them.

Whether the French imbibed their love of freedom from their intercourse with British America, or from the progress of philosophy and good sense in their own country, a complete alteration in the political sentiments of the nation seems to have preceded the late revolution in their government; a revolution more extraordinary than any which the annals of mankind present to our admiration. The inhabitants of a great kingdom, in one instant, by an influence as sudden as that of electricity, are shocked at the idea of their being slaves: they start up and assert the rights of mankind to be free, and they are free! Long may they continue so, and may their example be followed by every nation now suffering under the scourge of despotism.

ing, and such various methods of teasing, their vassals, that they generally choose to bear their wrongs in silence; and perceiving that those who hold their lands immediately from the crown, are in a much easier situation than themselves, without raising their hopes to perfect freedom, the height of their wishes is to be sheltered, from the vexations of little tyrants, under the unlimited power of one common master. The objects of royal attention, they fondly imagine, are too sublime, and the minds of kings too generous, to stoop to, or even to countenance, in their servants, the minute and unreasonable exertions, which are wrung at present from the hard hands of the exhausted labourer.

Though the Neapolitan nobility still retain the ancient feudal authority over the peasants, yet their personal importance depends, in a great measure, on the favour of the king; who, under pretext of any offence, can confine them to their own estates, or imprison them at pleasure; and who, without any alleged offence, and without going to such extremes, can inflict a punishment, highly sensible to them, by not inviting them to the amusements of the court, or not receiving them with smiles when they attend on any ordinary occasion. Unless this prince were so very impolitic as to disgust all the nobility at once, and so unite the whole body against him, he has little to fear from their resentment. Even in case of such an union, as the nobles have lost the affection and attachment of their peasants, what could they do in opposition to a standing army of thirty thousand men, entirely devoted to the crown? The establishment of standing armies has universally given stability to the power of the prince, and ruined that of the great lords. No nobility in Europe can now be said to inherit political importance, or to act independent of, or in opposition to, the influence of the crown; except the *temporal peers of that part of Great Britain called England.*

As men of high birth are seldom, in this country, called to the management of public affairs, or placed in those

situations where great political knowledge is required; and as his majesty relies on his own talents and experience in war for the direction of the army; neither the civil nor military establishments open any very tempting field for the ambition of the nobles, whose education is usually adapted to the parts in life which they have a probability of acting. Their fortunes and titles descend to them, independent of any effort of their own. All the literary distinctions are beneath their regard; it is therefore not thought expedient to cloud the playful innocence of their childhood, or the amiable gaiety of their youth, with severe study. In some other countries, where a very small portion of literary education is thought becoming for young men of rank, and where even this small portion has been neglected, they sometimes catch a little knowledge of history and mythology, and some useful moral sentiments, from the excellent dramatic pieces that are represented on their theatres. They also sometimes pick up some notion of the different governments in Europe, and a few political ideas, in the course of their travels. But the nobility of this country very seldom travel; and the only dramatic pieces, represented here, are operas; in which music, not sentiment, is the principal thing attended to. In the other theatrical entertainments, Punchinello is the shining character. To this disregard of literature among the nobles, it is owing, that in their body are to be found few tiresome, scholastic pedants, and none of those perturbed spirits, who ruffle the serenity of nations by political alarms, who clog the wheels of government by opposition, who pry into the conduct of ministers, or in any way disturb that total indifference with regard to the public, which prevails all over this kingdom. We are told by a great modern historian,* that 'force of mind, a sense of personal dignity, gallantry in enterprise, invincible perseverance in execution, contempt of danger and of death, are the characteristic virtues of uncivilized nations.' But as the nobles of

* Vide Dr. Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles V. Sect. I.

this country have long been sufficiently civilized, these qualities may in them be supposed to have given place to the arts which embellish a polished age; to gaming, gallantry, music, the parade of equipage, the refinements of dress, and other nameless refinements.

LETTER LIX.

Naples.

The citizens of Naples form a society of their own, perfectly distinct from the nobility; and although they are not the most industrious people in the world, yet, having some degree of occupation, and their time being divided between business and pleasure, they probably have more enjoyment than those, who, without internal resources, or opportunities of active exertion, pass their lives in sensual gratifications, and in waiting the returns of appetite around a gaming table. In the most respectable class of citizens, are comprehended the lawyers, of whom there are an incredible number in this town. The most eminent of this profession hold, indeed, a kind of intermediate rank between the nobility and citizens; the rest are on a level with the physicians, the principal merchants, and the artists; none of whom can make great fortunes, however industrious they may be; but a moderate income enables them to support their rank in society, and to enjoy all the conveniences, and many of the luxuries, of life.

England is perhaps the only nation in Europe where some individuals, of every profession, even of the lowest, find it possible to accumulate great fortunes; the effect of this very frequently is, that the son despises the profession of the father, commences gentleman, and dissipates, in a few years, what cost a life to gather. In the principal cities of Germany and Italy, we find, that the ancestors of many of those citizens who are the most eminent in their particular businesses, have transmitted the art to them through several generations. It is natural to imagine, that this will tend to the improvement of the art, or science, or pro-

fession, as well as the family fortune; and that the third generation will acquire knowledge from the experience, as well as wealth from the industry, of the former two; whereas, in the cases alluded to above, the wheel of fortune moves differently. A man, by assiduity in a particular business, and by genius, acquires a great fortune and a high reputation; the son throws away the fortune and ruins his own character by extravagance; and the grandson is obliged to recommence the business, unaided by the wealth or experience of his ancestors. This, however, is pointing out an evil which I should be sorry to see remedied; because it certainly originates in the riches and prosperity of the country in which it exists.

The number of priests, monks, and ecclesiastics of all the various orders that swarm in this city, is prodigious; and the provision appropriated for their use, is as ample. I am assured, that the clergy are in possession of considerably above one-third of the revenue of the whole kingdom, over and above what some particular orders among them acquire by begging for the use of their convents, and what is gotten in legacies by the address and assiduity of the whole. The unproductive wealth, which is lodged in the churches and convents of this city, amounts also to an amazing value. Not to be compared in point of architecture to the churches and convents of Rome, those of Naples surpass them in riches, in the value of their jewels, and in the quantity of silver and golden crucifixes, vessels, and implements of various kinds. I have often heard these estimated at a sum so enormous as to surpass all credibility; and which, as I have no opportunity of ascertaining with any degree of precision, I shall not mention. This wealth, whatever it amounts to, is of as little use to the kingdom, as if it still remained in the mines of Peru; and the greater part of it, surely, affords as little comfort to the clergy and monks as to any other part of the community; for though it belongs to their church, or their convent, yet it can no more be converted to the use of the priests and monks of such churches and con-

vents, than to the tradesmen who inhabit the adjacent streets. For this reason I am a good deal surprised, that no pretext, or subterfuge, has been found, no expedient fallen on, no treaty or convention made, for appropriating part of this at least, to the use of some set of people or other. If the clergy were to lay their hands on it, this might be found fault with by the king; if his majesty dreamt of taking any part of it for the exigencies of the state, the clergy would undoubtedly raise a clamour; and if both united, the pope would think he had a right to pronounce his vote: but if all these three powers could come to an understanding, and settle their proportions, I am apt to think a partition might be made as quietly as that of Poland.

Whatever scruples the Neapolitan clergy may have to such a project, they certainly have none to the full enjoyment of their revenues. No class of men can be less disposed to offend providence by a peevish neglect of the good things which the bounty of heaven has bestowed. Self-denial is a virtue, which I will not say they possess in a smaller degree, but which, I am sure, they affect less than any other ecclesiastics I know; they live very much in society, both with the nobles and citizens. All of them, the monks not excepted, attend the theatre, and seem to join most cordially in other diversions and amusements; the common people are no ways offended at this, or imagine that they ought to live in a more recluse manner. Some of the orders have had the address to make a concern for their temporal interest, and a desire of seeing them live full, and in something of a jolly manner, be regarded by the common people as a proof of zeal for religion. I am informed, that a very considerable diminution in the number of monks has taken place in the kingdom of Naples since the suppression of the Jesuits, and since a liberty of quitting the cowl was granted by the late pope; but still there is no reason to complain of a deficiency in this order of men. The richest and most commodious convents in Europe, both for male and female

votaries, are in this city; the most fertile and beautiful hills of the environs are covered with them; a small part of their revenue is spent in feeding the poor, the monks distributing bread and soup to a certain number every day before the doors of the convents. Some of the friars study physic and surgery, and practise these arts with great applause. Each convent has an apothecary's shop belonging to it, where medicines are delivered gratis to the poor, and sold to those who can afford to pay. On all these accounts the monks in general are greater favourites with the common people than even the secular clergy; all the charity of the friars, however, would not be able to cover their sins, if the stories circulated by their enemies were true,—by which they are represented as the greatest profligates and debauchees in the world. Without giving credit to all that is reported on this subject, as the Neapolitan monks are very well fed, as this climate is not the most favourable to continency (a virtue which in this place is by no means estimated in proportion to its rarity), it is most likely that the inhabitants of the convents, like the inhabitants in general, indulge in certain pleasures with less scruple or restraint than is usual in some other places. Be that as it may, it is certain that they are the most superstitious of mankind; a turn of mind which they communicate with equal zeal and success to a people remarkably ignorant, and remarkably amorous. The seeds of superstition thus zealously sown on such a warm and fertile, though uncultivated, soil, sometimes produce the most extraordinary crops of sensuality and devotion that ever were seen in any country.

The lazzaroni, or black-guards, as has been already observed, form a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives and children, live in the

suburbs of Naples near Pausilippo; in huts, or in caverns or chambers dug out of that mountain. Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others by carrying burdens to and from the shipping; many walk about the streets ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompense. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soup and bread distributed at the doors of the convents supply the deficiency. The lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; what I have observed gives me a very different idea of their character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice; they are always ready to perform any work, however laborious, for a very reasonable gratification. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout active citizens remain unemployed; and so far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that I cannot help thinking they are by much too tame and submissive. Though the inhabitants of the Italian cities were the first who shook off the feudal yoke, and though in Naples they have long enjoyed the privilege of municipal jurisdiction, yet the external splendour of the nobles, and the authority they still exercise over the peasants, impose upon the minds of the lazzaroni; and however bold and resentful they may be of injuries offered by others, they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a volanti tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the liveried slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace and the others in rags. Instead of calling to them to make way, when the noise in the streets prevents the common people from hearing the approach of the carriage, a stroke across the shoulders with the cane of the running footman, is the usual warning they receive. Nothing animates this people to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal

cause; such as a scarcity of bread: every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter. When we consider thirty thousand human creatures without beds or habitations, wandering almost naked in search of food through the streets of a well-built city; when we think of the opportunities they have of being together, of comparing their own destitute situation with the affluence of others, one cannot help being astonished at their patience.

Let the prince be distinguished by splendour and magnificence; let the great and the rich have their luxuries; but, in the name of hnmanity, let the poor, who are willing to labour, have food in abundance to satisfy the cravings of nature, and raiment to defend them from the inclemencies of the weather!

If their governors, whether from weakness or neglect, do not supply them with these, they certainly have a right to help themselves.—Every law of equity and common sense will justify them, in revolting against such governors, and in satisfying their own wants from the superfluities of lazy luxury.

LETTER LX.

Naples.

I HAVE made several visits to the museum at Portici, principally, as you may believe, to view the antiquities dug out of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The work publishing by government, ornamented with engravings of the chief articles of this curious collection, will, in all probability, be continued for many years, as new articles worthy of the sculptor's art are daily discovered, and as a vast mine of curiosities is supposed to be concealed in the unopened streets of Pompeii. Among the ancient paintings, those which ornamented the theatre of Herculaneum are more elegant than any that have hitherto been found at Pompeii. All those paintings were executed upon the stucco which lined the walls; they have been sawed off with great labour and address, and are now preserved in

glass cases; the colours, we are told, were much brighter before they were drawn out of their subterraneous abode, and exposed to the open air; they are, however, still wonderfully lively; the subjects are understood at the first glance by those who are acquainted with the Grecian history and mythology. There is a Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre, Ariadne deserted, the Judgment of Paris, some Bacchantes and Fauns; the largest piece represents Theseus's victory over the Minotaur. It consists of seven or eight figures very well grouped; but a Frieze, with a dancing woman, on a black ground, not above ten inches long, is thought the best.

We ought not, however, to judge of the progress which the ancients had made in the art of painting, by the degree of perfection which appears in those pictures. It is not probable that the best paintings of ancient Greece or Italy were at Herculaneum; and, if it could be ascertained that some of the productions of the best masters were there, it would not follow that those which have been discovered are of that class. If a stranger were to enter at random a few houses in London, and see some tolerably good pictures there, he could not with propriety conclude that the best of them were the very best in London. The paintings brought from Herculaneum are perfect proofs that the ancients had made that progress in the art, which those pictures indicate; but do not form even a presumption, that they had not made a much greater. It is almost demonstrable that these paintings are not of their best. The same school which formed the sculptor to correctness, would form the painter to equal correctness in his drawings, however deficient he might be in all the other parts of his art. Their best statues are correct in their proportions, and elegant in their forms; these paintings are not correct in their proportions, and are comparatively inelegant in their forms.

Among the statues, the drunken Faun and the Mercury are the best. There are some fine bronze busts; the intaglios and cameos, which hitherto have been found

either in Herculaneum or Pompeii, are reckoned but indifferent.

The elegance of form, with the admirable workmanship, of the ornamental furniture and domestic utensils, in silver and other metals; the variety and beauty of the lamps, tripods, and vases; sufficiently testify, if there were no other proofs, the fertile imagination and exquisite execution of the ancient artists. And, had their own poets and historians been quite silent concerning the Roman refinements in the art of cookery, and the luxury of their tables; the prodigious variety of culinary instruments, the moulds for jellies, for confections, and pastry, which are collected in this museum, would afford a strong presumption that the great men of our own days have a nearer resemblance to those ancient conquerors of the world, than is generally imagined.

Many of the ancient manuscripts found at Herculaneum have been carried to Madrid; but a great number still remain at Portici. Great pains have been bestowed, and much ingenuity displayed, in separating and unrolling the sheets, without destroying the writing. This has succeeded in a certain degree; though, in spite of all the skill and attention of those who are employed in this very delicate work, the copiers are obliged to leave many blanks where the letters are obliterated. The manuscripts hitherto unrolled and copied, are in the Greek language, and not of a very important nature. As the unrolling those papers must take up a great deal of time, and requires infinite address, it is to be wished that his Neapolitan majesty would send one at least to every university in Europe, that the abilities of the most ingenious men of every country might be exercised on a subject so universally interesting. The method which should be found to succeed best, might be immediately made known, and applied to the unfolding of the remaining manuscripts. The probability of recovering those works, whose loss the learned have so long lamented, would by this means be greatly increased.

Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by the same eruption of Mount Vesuvius, about seventeen hundred years ago. The former was a town of much more magnificence than the other; but it is infinitely more difficult to be cleared of the matter which covers it. Sir William Hamilton, in his accurate and judicious observations on Mount Vesuvius, asserts, that there are evident marks that the matter of six eruptions has taken its course over this devoted town, since the great explosion which involved it in the same fate with Pompeii. These different eruptions have all happened at considerable distances of time from each other. This appears by the layers of good soil which are found between them. But the matter which immediately covers the town, and with which the theatre, and all the houses hitherto examined, were found filled, is not lava, but a sort of soft stone, composed of pumice and ashes, intermixed with earth. This has saved the pictures, manuscripts, busts, utensils, and other antiquities, which have been recovered out of Herculaneum, from utter destruction. For if any of the six succeeding eruptions had happened previous to this, and the red-hot liquid lava, of which they consisted, had flowed into the open city, it would have filled every street, scorched up every combustible substance with intense heat, involving the houses, and all they contained, in one solid rock of lava, undistinguishable, and for ever inseparable, from it. The eruption, which buried the city in cinders, earth, and ashes, has in some measure preserved it from the more destructive effects of the fiery torrents which have overwhelmed it since.

When we consider that the intervals between those eruptions were sufficiently long to allow a soil to be formed upon the hardened lava of each: that a new city has been actually built on the lava of the last eruption; and that the ancient city is from seventy to one hundred feet below the present surface of the earth; we must acknowledge it more surprising that any, than that so few, of its ornaments have been recovered. At the beginning of the

present century, any body would have imagined that the busts, statues, and pictures of Herculaneum had not a much better chance, than the persons they represent, of appearing again, within a few years, upon the surface of this globe.

The case is different with regard to Pompeii. Though it was not discovered till about twenty-five years ago, which is forty years almost after the discovery of Herculaneum, yet the probability was greatly in favour of its being discovered sooner, for Pompeii has felt the effects of a single eruption only; it is not buried above twelve feet below the surface of the ground, and the earth, ashes, cinders, and pumice-stones, with which it is covered, are so light, and so little tenacious, that they might be removed with no great difficulty. If the attention of his Neapolitan majesty were not engrossed with more important concerns, he might have the whole town uncovered in a very short space of time; half the lazzaroni of Naples could complete the business in one year. Hitherto only one street and a few detached buildings are cleared; the street is well paved with the same kind of stone of which the ancient roads are made; narrow causeways are raised a foot and an half on each side for the conveniency of foot passengers. The street itself, to my recollection, is not so broad as the narrowest part of the Strand, and is supposed to have been inhabited by tradespeople. The traces of wheels of carriages are to be seen on the pavement; the distance between the traces is less than that between the wheels of a modern post-chaise. I remarked this the more as, on my first viewing the street, I doubted whether there was room for two modern coaches to pass each other. I plainly saw there was sufficient room for two of the ancient chariots, whose wheels were of no greater distance than between the traces on the pavement. The houses are small, and in a very different style from the modern Italian houses; for the former gave an idea of neatness and conveniency. The stucco on the walls is hard

as marble, smooth and beautiful. Some of the rooms are ornamented with paintings, mostly single figures, representing some animal; they are tolerably well executed, and on a little water being thrown on them, the colours appear surprisingly fresh.

Most of the houses are built on the same plan, and have one small room from the passage, which is conjectured to have been the shop, with a window to the street, and a place which seems to have been contrived for shewing the goods to the greatest advantage. The nature of the traffic carried on at one particular house, is indicated by a figure in alto relievo of a very expressive kind, immediately above the door.

It is to be wished they would cover one of the best houses with a roof, as nearly resembling that which originally belonged to it as they could imagine, with a complete assortment of the antique furniture of the kitchen and each particular room. Such a house fitted up with accuracy and judgment, with all its utensils and ornaments properly arranged, would be an object of universal curiosity, and would swell the heart of the antiquarian with veneration and delight. Only imagine, my dear sir, what those gentlemen must feel, when they see the venerable habitations of the ancients in their present mournful condition, neglected, despised, abandoned to the peltings of rain, and all the injuries of the weather! those precious walls, which were it possible to transport them to the various countries of the world, would be bought with avidity, and placed in the gardens of princes! How must the bosoms of all true virtuosos glow with indignation, when they behold the mansions of the ancient Romans stripped of their ornaments, dishonoured, and exposed, like a parcel of ragged galley slaves, in the most indecent manner, with hardly any covering to their nakedness; while a little paltry brick house, coming the Lord knows how, from a country which men of taste have always depised, has been received with hospitality, dressed in a fine coat of the richest marble, adorned with

jewels and precious stones, and treated with every mark of honourable distinction.

In another part of the town of Pompeii, there is a rectangular building, with a colonade towards the court, something in the style of the Royal Exchange at London, but smaller. This has every appearance of a barrack and guard-room; the pillars are of brick, covered with shining stucco, elegantly fluted; the scrawlings and drawings still visible on the walls, are such as we might naturally expect on the walls of a guard-room, where soldiers are the designers, and swords the engraving tools. They consist of gladiators fighting, some with each other, some with wild beasts; the games of the circus, as chariot races, wrestling, and the like; a few figures in caricatura, designed probably by some of the soldiers, in ridicule of their companions, or perhaps of their officers; and there are abundance of names inscribed on various parts of the wall, according to the universal custom of the humblest candidates for fame in all ages and countries. It may be safely asserted, that none of those who have endeavoured to transmit their names to posterity in this manner, have succeeded so well as the soldiers of the garrison of Pompeii.

At a considerable distance from the barrack, is a building, known by the inscription upon it, for a temple of the goddess Isis; there is nothing very magnificent in its appearance; the pillars are of brick stuccoed like those of the guard-room. The best paintings hitherto found at Pompeii are those of this temple; they have been cut out of the walls and removed to Portici. It was absolutely necessary to do this with the pictures at Herculaneum, because *there* they could not be seen without the help of torches; but *here*, where they could be seen by the light of the sun, they would, in my humble opinion, have appeared to more advantage, and have had a better effect in the identical situation in which they were placed by the ancient artist. A few still remain, particularly one, which is considered by travellers as a great curiosity; it is a small view of a villa, with the gardens belonging to it.

There is one house or villa without the walls, on a much larger scale than any of the others. In a large cellar, or vaulted gallery belonging to this house, there are a number of amphoræ, or earthen vessels, arranged along the walls; most of them filled with a kind of red substance, supposed to have been wine. This cellar is sunk about two-thirds below the surface of the ground, and is lighted by small narrow windows. I have called it gallery, because it is about twelve feet in width, and is the whole length of two adjoining sides of the square which the villa forms. It was used not only as a repository for wine, but also as a cool retreat for the family during excessive hot weather. Some of this unfortunate family sought shelter in this place from the destructive shower which overwhelmed the town. Eight skeletons, four being those of children, were found here; where they must have met a more cruel and lingering death, than that which they shunned. In one room, the body of a man was found, with an axe in the hand; it is probable he had been endeavouring to cut a passage into the open air; he had broken and pierced the wall, but had expired before he could clear away the surrounding rubbish. Few skeletons were found in the streets, but a considerable number in the houses. Before the decisive shower fell, which smothered the inhabitants of this ill-fated city, perhaps such quantities of ashes and cinders were occasionally falling, as frightened, and obliged them to keep within doors.

It is impossible to view those skeletons, and reflect on this dreadful catastrophe, without horror and compassion. We cannot think of the inhabitants of a whole town being destroyed at once, without imagining that their fate has been uncommonly severe. But are not the inhabitants of all the towns then existing, of whom we think without any emotion of pity, as completely dead as those of Pompeii? And could we take them one by one, and consider the nature of their deaths, and the circumstances attending that of each individual; some destroyed by

painful bodily diseases, some by the torture of the executioner, some bowed to the grave by the weight of accumulated sorrow, and the slow anguish of a broken heart, after having suffered the pangs of dissolution, over and over again, in the death of those they loved, after having beheld the dying agonies of their children; could all this, I say, be appraised, calculated, and compared, the balance of suffering might not be found with the inhabitants of Pompeii, but rather with those of the contemporary cities, who, perhaps at that time, as we do now, lamented its severe fate.

LETTER LXI.

Naples.

As I sauntered along the Strada Nuova lately, I perceived a groupe of people listening, with much attention, to a person who harangued them in a raised, solemn voice, and with great gesticulation. I immediately made one of the auditory, which increased every moment; men, women, and children, bringing seats from the neighbouring houses, on which they placed themselves around the orator. He repeated stanzas from Ariosto, in a pompous, recitativo cadence, peculiar to the natives of Italy; and he had a book in his hand, to assist his memory when it failed. He made occasional commentaries in prose, by way of bringing the poet's expression nearer to the level of his hearers capacities. His cloak hung loose from one shoulder; his right arm was disengaged, for the purposes of oratory. Sometimes he waved it with a slow, smooth motion, which accorded with the cadence of the verses; sometimes he pressed it to his breast, to give energy to the pathetic sentiments of the poet. Now he gathered the hanging folds of the right side of his cloak, and held them gracefully up, in imitation of a Roman senator; and anon he swung them across his left shoulder, like a citizen of Naples. He humoured the stanza by his voice, which he could modulate to the key of any passion, from the boisterous bursts of rage, to the soft notes of pity or

love. But, when he came to describe the exploits of Orlando, he trusted neither to the powers of his own voice, nor the poet's genius; but, throwing off his cloak, and grasping his cane, he assumed the warlike attitude and stern countenance of that hero; representing, by the most animated action, how he drove his spear through the bodies of six of his enemies at once; the point at the same time killing a seventh, who would also have remained transfixed with his companions, if the spear could have held more than six men of an ordinary size upon it at a time.

Il Cavalier d' Anglante ove pui spesse
Vide le genti e l'arme, abbassò l'asta,
Ed uno in quella, e poscia un altro messe
E un altro, e un altro, che sembrar di pasta,
E fino a sei ve n'infilzò, e li resse
Tutti una lancia; e perche' ella non basta
A piu Capir, lasciò il settimo fuore
Ferito si che di quel colpo muore.*

This stanza our declaimer had no occasion to comment upon, as Ariosto has thought fit to illustrate it in a manner which seemed highly to the taste of this audience. For, in the verse immediately following, Orlando is compared to a man killing frogs in marshy ground, with a bow and arrow made for that purpose; an amusement very common in Italy, and still more so in France.

Non altrimente nell' estrema arena
Veggiam le rane de' canali e fosse
Dal cauto arcier ne i fianchi, e nella schiena
L'una vicina all' altera esser percosse,
Ne dalla freccia, fin che tutta piena
Non sia da un capo all' altero esser rimosse.†

* The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his spear,
Where closely press'd the men at arms appear;
First one, and then another, helpless dies;
Thro' six at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the seventh inflicts so deep a wound
That prone he tumbles lifeless to the ground. HOOLE.

† Thus, by some standing pool or marshy place,
We see an archer slay the croaking race
With pointed arrow, nor the slaughter leave,
Till the full weapon can no more receive. HOOLE.

I must however do this audience the justice to acknowledge, that they seemed to feel the pathetic and sublime, as well as the ludicrous, parts of the ancient bard.

This practice of rehearsing the verses of Ariosto, Tasso, and other poets, in the street, I have not observed in any other town of Italy; and I am told it is less common here than it was formerly. I remember, indeed, at Venice, to have frequently seen mountebanks, who gained their livelihood by amusing the populace at St. Mark's Place, with wonderful and romantic stories in prose.—'Listen, gentlemen,' said one of them: 'let me crave your attention, ye beautiful and virtuous ladies; I have something equally affecting and wonderful to tell you; a strange and stupendous adventure, which happened to a gallant knight.'—Perceiving that this did not sufficiently interest the hearers, he exalted his voice, calling out that his knight was uno Cavalliero Cristiano. The audience seemed still a little fluctuating. He raised his voice a note higher, telling them that this Christian knight was one of their own victorious countrymen, 'un' Eroe Veneziano.' This fixed them; and he proceeded to relate how the knight, going to join the Christian army, which was on its march to recover the Sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels, lost his way in a vast wood, and wandered at length to a castle, in which a lady of transcendent beauty was kept prisoner by a gigantic Saracen, who, having failed in all his endeavours to gain the heart of this peerless damsel, resolved to gratify his passion by force, and had actually begun the horrid attempt, when the shrieks of this chaste maiden reached the ears of the Venetian hero; who, ever ready to relieve virgins in distress, rushed into the apartment from whence the cries issued. The brutal ravisher, alarmed at the noise, quits the struggling lady, at the very instant when her strength began to fail; draws his flaming sword; and a dreadful combat begins between him and the Christian knight, who performs miracles of courage and address in resisting the blows of this mighty giant; till, his foot unfortunate-

ly slipping in the blood which flowed on the pavement, he fell at the feet of the Saracen; who, immediately seizing the advantage which chance gave him, raised his sword with all his might, and —— Here the orator's hat flew to the ground, open to receive the contributions of the listeners; and he continued repeating, 'raised his sword over the head of the Christian knight'—'raised his bloody, murderous brand, to destroy your noble, valiant countryman.'—But he proceeded no farther in his narrative, till all who seemed interested in it had thrown something into the hat. He then pocketed the money with great gravity, and went on to inform them, that, at this critical moment, the lady, seeing the danger which threatened her deliverer, redoubled her prayers to the blessed Mary, who, a virgin herself, is peculiarly attentive and propitious to the prayers of virgins. Just as the Saracen's sword was descending on the head of the Venetian, a large bee flew, quick as thought, in at the window, stung the former very smartly on the left temple, diverted the blow, and gave the Christian knight time to recover himself. The fight then recommenced with fresh fury; but, after the Virgin Mary had taken such a decided part you may believe it was no match. The infidel soon fell dead at the feet of the believer. But who do you think this beauteous maiden was, on whose account the combat had begun? Why no other than the sister of the Venetian hero.—This young lady had been stolen from her father's house, while she was yet a child, by an Armenian merchant, who dealt in no other goods than women. He concealed the child till he found means to carry her to Egypt; where he kept her in bondage, with other young girls, till the age of fifteen, and then sold her to the Saracen. I do not exactly remember whether the recognition between the brother and sister was made out by means of a mole on the young lady's neck, or by a bracelet on her arm, which, with some other of her mother's jewels, happened to be in her pocket when she was stolen; but, in whatever manner this came about, there was

the greatest joy on the happy occasion; and the lady joined the army with her brother, and one of the Christian commanders fell in love with her, and their nuptials were solemnized at Jerusalem; and they returned to Venice, and had a very numerous family of the finest children you ever beheld.

At Rome, those street-orators sometimes entertain their audience with interesting passages of real history. I remember having heard one in particular, give a full and true account how the bloody heathen emperor Nero set fire to the city of Rome, and sat at a window of his golden palace, playing on a harp, while the town was in flames. After which the historian proceeded to relate, how this unnatural emperor murdered his own mother; and he concluded by giving the audience the satisfaction of hearing a particular detail of all the ignominious circumstances attending the murderer's own death.

This business of street-oratory, while it amuses the populace, and keeps them from less innocent and more expensive pastimes, gives them at the same time some general ideas of history. Street-orators, therefore, are a more useful set of men than another class, of which there are numbers at Rome, who entertain companies with extemporaneous verses on any given subject. The last are called Improuvisatoris; and some people admire these performances greatly. For my own part, I am too poor a judge of the Italian language either to admire or condemn them; but, from the nature of the thing, I should imagine they are but indifferent. It is said, that the Italian is peculiarly calculated for poetry, and that verses may be made with more facility in this than in any other language. It may be more easy to find smooth lines, and make them terminate in rhime in Italian, than in any language; but to compose verses with all the qualities essential to good poetry, I imagine leisure and long reflection are requisite. Indeed I understand, from those who are judges, that those extempore compositions of the Improuvisatori are in general but mean productions, consisting of a few fulsome

compliments to the company, and some common-place observations, put into rhime, on the subject proposed. There is, however, a lady of an amiable character, Signora Corilla, whose extempore productions, which she repeats in the most graceful manner, are admired by people of real taste. While we were at Rome, this lady made an appearance one evening, at the assembly of the Arcadi, which charmed a very numerous company; and of which our friend Mr. Ramsay has given me such an account, as makes me regret that I was not present. After much entreaty, a subject being given, she began, accompanied by two violins, and sung her unpremeditated strains with great variety of thought and elegance of language. The whole of her performance lasted above an hour, with three or four pauses, of about five minutes each, which seemed necessary, more that she might recover her strength and voice, than for recollection; for that gentleman said, that nothing could have more the air of inspiration, or what we are told of the Pythian prophetess. At her first setting out, her manner was sedate, or rather cold; but gradually becoming animated, her voice rose, her eyes sparkled, and the rapidity and beauty of her expressions and ideas seemed supernatural. She at last called on another member of the society to sing alternately with her, which he complied with; but Mr. Ramsay thought, though they were *Arcades ambo*, they were by no means *cantare pares*. *

Naples is celebrated for the finest opera in Europe. This however happens not to be the season of performing; but the common people enjoy *their* operas at all seasons. Little concerts of vocal and instrumental music are heard every evening in the Strada Nuova, the Chiaca, the Strada di Toledo, and other streets: and young men and women are seen dancing to the music of ambulatory performers all along this delightful bay. To a mere spectator, the amusements of the common people afford more delight, than those of the great; because they seem to be more enjoyed by the one class, than by the other. This

* Both Arcadeans, but not equally skilled in singing.

is the case every where, except in France; where the high appear as happy as those of middle rank, and the rich are very near as merry as the poor. But, in most other countries, the people of great rank and fortune, though they flock to every kind of entertainment, from not knowing what to do with themselves, yet seem to enjoy them less than those of inferior rank and fortune.

The English particularly are said to be in this predicament. This may be true in some degree; though I imagine there is more appearance than reality in it; owing to an absurd affectation of indifference, or what the French call *nonchalance*, which has prevailed of late years. A few insipid characters in high life, whose internal vacancy leads them to seek amusement in public places, and whose insensibility prevents them from finding it, have probably brought this appearance of a want of all enjoyment into fashion. Those who wish to be thought of what is called the *ton*, imitate the mawkish insipidity of their superiors in rank, and imagine it distinguishes them from the vulgar, to suppress all the natural expressions of pity, joy, or admiration, and to seem, upon all occasions, in a state of complete apathy. Those amiable creatures frequent public places, that it may be said of them, *they are not as other men are*. You will see them occasionally at the playhouse placed in the boxes, like so many busts, with unchanging features; and, while the rest of the audience yield to the emotions excited by the poet and the actors, those men of the *ton* preserve the most dignified serenity of countenance; and, except that they from time to time pronounce the words *Pshaw!* and *Stuff!*—one would think them the express representatives of the Pagan gods, who *have eyes but do not see, and ears but do not hear*.

I know not what may be the case at the opera; but I can assure you there are none of those busts among the auditories which the street-performers at Naples gather around them. I saw very lately a large cluster of men, women, and children, entertained to the highest degree, and to all appearance made exceedingly happy, by a poor fellow

with a mask on his face, and a guitar in his hands. He assembled his audience by the songs he sung to the music of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery. This assembly was in an open place, facing the bay, and near the palace. The old women sat listening, with their distaffs, spinning a kind of coarse flax, and wetting the thread with their spittle; their grandchildren sprawled at their feet, amused with the twirling of the spindle. The men and their wives, the youths and their mistresses, sat in a circle, with their eyes fixed on the musician, who kept them laughing for a great part of the evening with his stories, which he enlivened occasionally with tunes upon the guitar. At length, when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his guitar, and opened a little box which stood before him, and addressed the audience in the following words, as literally as I can translate them.—'Ladies and gentlemen, there is a time for all things; we have had enough of jesting: innocent mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but other things are requisite for the health of the soul. I will now, with your permission, my honourable masters and mistresses, entertain you with something serious; and of infinitely greater importance; something for which all of you will have reason to bless me as long as you live.' Here he shook out of a bag a great number of little leaden crucifixes. 'I am just come from the holy house of Loretto, my fellow Christians,' continued he, 'on purpose to furnish you with those jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. Now, my beloved brethren and sisters, you are afraid that I shall demand a price for those sacred crosses, far above your abilities, and something correspondent with their value, by way of indemnification for the fatigue and expense of the long journey which I have made on your account, all the way from the habitation of the blessed Virgin to this thrice renowned city of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose

inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. No, my generous Neapolitans; I do not wish to take the advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all of which, let me inform you, have touched the foot of the holy image of the blessed Virgin, which was formed by the hands of St. Luke; and, moreover, each of them has been shaken in the Santissima Scodella, the sacred porringer in which the Virgin made the pap for the infant Jesus); I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such, that I shall let you have them for a penny a piece.'

You must acknowledge, my friend, that this morsel of eloquence was a very great pennyworth; and when we recollect the sums that some of our acquaintance receive for their oratory, though they never could produce so pathetic a specimen, you will naturally conclude that eloquence is a much rarer commodity in England than in Italy.

LETTER LXII.

Naples.

I HAVE made two visits to Mount Vesuvius, the first in company with your acquaintance Mr. Nisbet. Leaving the carriage at Herculaneum, we mounted mules, and were attended by three men, whose business it is to accompany strangers up the mountain. Being arrived at a hermitage, called Il Salvatore, we found the road so broken and rough, that we thought proper to leave the mules at that place, which is inhabited by a French hermit. The poor man must have a very bad opinion of mankind, to choose the mouth of Mount Vesuvius for his nearest neighbour, in preference to their society. From the hermitage we walked over various fields of lava, which have burst out at different periods. These seemed to be perfectly well known to our guides, who mentioned their different dates as we passed. The latest appeared,

before we left Rome, about two months ago; it was, however, but inconsiderable in comparison of other eruptions, there having been no bursting of the crater, or of the side of the mountain, as in the eruption 1767, so well described by Sir William Hamilton; but only a boiling over of lava from the mouth of the volcano, and that not in excessive quantity; for it had done no damage to the vineyards or cultivated parts of the mountain, having reached no farther than the old black lava on which soil had not as yet been formed. I was surprised to see this lava of the last eruption still smoking, and in some places, where a considerable quantity was confined in a kind of deep path like a dry ditch, and shaded from the light of the sun, it appeared of a glowing red colour. In other places, notwithstanding its being perfectly black and solid, it still retained such a degree of heat, that we could not stand upon it for any considerable time, but were obliged very frequently to step on the ground, or on older lava, to cool our feet. We had advanced a good way on a large piece of the latest lava, which was perfectly black and hard, and seemed cooler than the rest; while from this we looked at a stream of liquid lava, which flowed sluggishly along a hollow way at some distance. I accidentally threw my eyes below my feet, and perceived something, which mightily discomposed my contemplations. This was a small stream of the same matter, gliding to one side from beneath the black crust on which we stood. The idea of this crust giving way, and our sinking into the glowing liquid which it covered, made us shift our ground with great precipitation; which one of our guides observing, he called out,—'Animo, animo, signori;' and immediately jumped on the incrustation which we had abandoned, and danced above it, to shew that it was sufficiently strong, and that we had no reason to be afraid. We afterwards threw large stones of the heaviest kind we could find, into this rivulet, on whose surface they floated like cork in water; and on thrusting a stick into the stream, it required a consider-

able exertion of strength to make it enter. About this time the day began to overcast; this destroyed our hopes of enjoying the view from the top of the mountain, and we were not tempted to ascend any farther.

Sometime after, I went to the summit with another party;—but I think it fair to inform you, that I have nothing new to say on the subject of volcanos, nor any philosophical remarks to make upon lavas. I have no guess of what time may be necessary for the formation of soil, nor do I know whether it accumulates in a regular progression, or is accelerated or retarded by various accidents, which may lead us into infinite errors, when we calculate time by such a rule. I have not the smallest wish to insinuate that the world is an hour older than Moses makes it; because I imagine those gentlemen whose calculations differ from his, are very nearly as liable to be as mistaken as he was; because an attempt to prove it more ancient, can be of no service to mankind; and finally, because, unless it could at the same time be proved that the world has acquired wisdom in proportion to its years, such an attempt conveys an oblique reflection on its character; for many follies may be overlooked and forgiven to a world of only five or six thousand years of age, which would be quite unpardonable at a more advanced period of existence. Having forewarned you that I shall treat of none of those matters, but simply describe what I saw, and mention perhaps a few incidents, none of which, I confess, are of great importance, I leave it in your choice to ascend the mountain with me, or not, as you please.

Having proceeded on mules as far as on the former occasion, we walked to that part of the mountain which is almost perpendicular. This appears of no great height, yet those who have never before attempted this ascent, fatigue themselves here much more than during all the rest of the journey, notwithstanding their being assisted by laying hold of the belts which the guides wear about their waists for that purpose. This part of the mountain appearing much shorter than it really is, people are tempt-

ed to make a violent effort, in the expectation of surmounting the difficulty at once; but the cinders, ashes, and other drossy materials, giving way, the foot generally sinks back two-thirds of each step; so that besides the height being greater than it appears, you have all the fatigue of ascending a hill three times as high as this is in reality. Those, therefore, who set out too briskly at first, and do not husband their strength at the beginning, have reason to repent their imprudence, being obliged to throw many a longing look, and make many a fruitless vow, before they, with the wretched guide who lugs them along, can arrive, panting and breathless, at the top; like those young men who, having wasted their vigour in early excesses, and brought on premature old age, link themselves to some ill-fated woman, who drags them, tormenting and tormented, to the grave.

Those who wish to view Mount Vesuvius to the greatest advantage, must begin their expedition in the evening; and the darker the succeeding night happens to be, so much the better. By the time our company had arrived at the top of the mountain, there was hardly any other light than that which issued by interrupted flashes from the volcano.

Exclusive of those periods when there are actual eruptions, the appearance and quantity of what issues from the mountain are very various; sometimes, for a long space of time together, it seems in a state of almost perfect tranquillity; nothing but a small quantity of smoke ascending from the volcano, as if that vast magazine of fuel, which has kept it alive for so many ages, was at last exhausted, and nothing remained but the dying embers; then, perhaps, when least expected, the cloud of smoke thickens, and is intermixed with flame; at other times, quantities of pumice stone and ashes are thrown up with a kind of hissing noise. For near a week the mountain has been more turbulent than it has been since the small eruption, or rather boiling over of lava, which took place about two months ago; and while we remained at the top,

the explosions were of sufficient importance to satisfy our curiosity to the utmost. They appeared much more considerable there than we had imagined while at a greater distance; each of them was preceded by a noise like thunder within the mountain; a column of thick black smoke then issued out with great rapidity, followed by a blaze of flame; and immediately after, a shower of cinders and ashes, or red hot stones, were thrown into the sky. This was succeeded by a calm of a few minutes, during which nothing issued but a moderate quantity of smoke and flame, which gradually increased, and terminated in thunder and explosion as before. These accesses and intervals continued with varied force while we remained.

When we first arrived, our guides placed us at a reasonable distance from the mouth of the volcano, and on the side from which the wind came, so that we were no way incommoded by the smoke. In this situation the wind also bore to the opposite side the cinders, ashes, and other fiery substances, which were thrown up; and we ran no danger of being hurt, except when the explosion was very violent, and when red hot stones, and such heavy substances were thrown like sky-rockets, with a great noise and prodigious force, into the air; and even these make such a flaming appearance, and take so much time in descending, that they are easily avoided.

Mr. Brydone, in his admirable account of Mount Ætna, tells us, he was informed, that, in an eruption of that mountain, large rocks of fire were discharged, with a noise much more terrible than that of thunder; that the person who informed him, reckoned from the time of their greatest elevation till they reached the ground, and found they took twenty-one seconds to descend; from whence he concludes their elevation had been seven thousand feet. This unquestionably required a power of projection far superior to what Vesuvius has been known to exert. He himself measured the height of the explosions of the latter by the same rule; and the stones thrown the highest, never took above nine seconds to descend; which, by the same me-

thod of calculating, shews they had risen to little more than twelve hundred feet.—A pretty tolerable height, and might have satisfied the ambition of Vesuvius, if the stones of Ætna had not been said to have mounted so much higher. But before such an excessive superiority is granted to the latter, those who are acquainted with Mr. Brydone will recollect, that they have his own authority for the one fact, and that of another person for the other.

After having remained sometime at the place where they were posted by the guides, our company grew bolder, as they became more familiarized to the object. Some made the circuit of the volcano, and by that means increased the risk of being wounded by the stones thrown out. Your young friend Jack was a good deal hurt by a fall, as he ran to avoid a large portion of some fiery substance, which seemed to be falling directly on his head.

Considering the rash and frolicsome disposition of some who visit this mountain, it is very remarkable that so few fatal accidents happen. I have heard of young English gentlemen betting, who should venture farthest, or remain longest, near the mouth of the volcano. A very dreadful event had nearly taken place while our company remained. The bank, if it may be so called, on which some of them had stood when they looked into the volcano, actually fell in before we left the summit of the mountain. This made an impression on all present, and inclined them to abandon so treacherous a neighbourhood. The steep hill of dross and cinders, which we had found it so difficult to ascend, we descended in a twinkling; but, as the night was uncommonly dark, we had much trouble in passing over the rough valley between that and the hermitage, near which the mules waited. I ought to be ashamed, however, to mention the fatigue of this expedition; for two ladies, natives of Geneva, formed part of the company. One of them, big with child, accompanied her husband as far as the hermitage, and was then with difficulty persuaded to go back; the other actually went to the summit, and returned with the rest of the company.

Before we set out for Naples, we were refreshed, at a little inn at the bottom of the mountain, with some glasses of a very generous and palatable wine, called *Lachrima Christi*; and experienced the truth of what an Italian poet observed, that the effects of this wine form a strong contrast with its name.—

Chi fu, de contadini il più indiscreto,
Che à sbigottir la gente,
Diede nome dolente,
Al vin, che sopra ogn' altro il cuor fà lieto ?
Lachrima dunque appellarassi un' riso,
Parto di nobilissima vindemia.*

LETTER LXIII.

Naples.

Your account of our friend's state of health gives me much concern; the more, as I cannot approve the change he has made of a physician. You say, the doctor, under whose care he is at present, has employed his mind so entirely in medical researches, that he scarcely displays a grain of common sense when the conversation turns on any other subject; and that, although he seems opinionative, vain, and ostentatious in his profession, and full of false and absurd ideas in the common affairs of life, yet he is a very able physician, and has performed many wonderful cures. Be assured, my dear sir, that this is impossible; for medical skill is not like the rod of an enchanter, which may be found accidentally, and which transfers its miraculous powers indiscriminately to a blockhead or a man of sense. The number of weak, gossipping men, who have made fortunes by this profession, do not prove the contrary. I do not say that men of that kind cannot make fortunes; I only assert they are not the most likely to cure diseases. An interest with apothecaries, nurses, and a few talkative old ladies, will en-

* What inconsiderate fellow, to terrify people, could first give the mournful name of tears to that wine, which, above all others, renders the heart glad, and excites cheerfulness?

able them to do the first; but a clear understanding, and a considerable share of natural sagacity, are qualities essentially necessary for the second, and for every business which requires reflection. Without these, false inferences will be drawn from experience itself; and learning will tend to confirm a man in his errors, and to render him more completely a coxcomb.

The profession of physic is that, of all others, in which the generality of mankind have the fewest lights, by which they can discern the abilities of its professors; because the studies which lead to it are more out of the road of usual education, and the practice more enveloped in technical terms and hieroglyphical signs. But I imagine the safest criterion by which men, who have not been bred to that profession, can form a judgment of those who have, is, the degree of sagacity and penetration they discover on subjects equally open to mankind in general, and which ought to be understood by all who live in society. You do not mention particularly what has been prescribed by either; only that the former physician seemed to rely almost entirely on exercise and regimen, whereas the present flatters our friend with a speedy cure, by the help of the pectoral and balsamic medicines which he orders in such abundance, and which he declares are so efficacious in *pulmonary consumptions*.

Having lamented with you the mournful events which render the name of that disease peculiarly alarming to you, and knowing your friendly solicitude about Mr. ——, I do not wonder at your earnest desire to know something of the nature of a distemper with which he is threatened, and which has proved fatal to so many of our friends. But I am surprised that you have not chosen a more enlightened instructor, when you have so many around you. Though conscious that I have no just claim to all the obliging expressions which your partiality to my opinions has prompted you to make use of, yet I am too much flattered by some of them, to refuse complying with your request. My sentiments, such as they are, will at least

have the merit of being clearly understood. I shall observe your prohibition, not to refer you to any medical book: and shall carefully avoid all technical terms which you so much abominate. With regard to your shewing my letter to any of the faculty; if you find yourself so inclined, I have not the smallest objection: for those who have the greatest knowledge in their profession, are best acquainted with its uncertainty, and most indulgent to the mistakes or errors of others.

Alas, my friend! how is it possible that physicians should avoid mistakes? If the ablest mechanic were to attempt to remedy the irregular movements of a watch, while he remained ignorant of the structure and manner of acting of some of the principal springs, would he not be in danger of doing harm instead of good? Physicians are in the situation of such a mechanic; for, although it is evident that the nerves are the organs of motion and sensation, yet their structure is not known. Some anatomists assert they are impervious cords; others, that they are slender tubes, containing a fluid. But what the nature of this fluid is; whether it serves only to nourish the nerves themselves, or is the medium by which they convey feeling and the power of motion to other parts, is not ascertained even by those who argue for its existence; far less is it explained in what manner ideas, formed within the brain, can, by the means of solid cords, or by a fluid contained in tubes, communicate motion at pleasure to the legs and arms. We are ignorant why the will, which has no influence over the motion of an animal's heart, should find the feet obedient to her dictates; and we can no more explain how a man can move one leg over the other by volition, or the mere act of willing, than how he could, by the same means, move Ossa on the top of Olympus. The one happens every moment, the other would be considered as a miracle; but they are equally unaccountable. While parts so infinitely essential to life are not understood, instead of being surprised that so many diseases baffle the

skill of the physician, we have more reason to be astonished that any can be alleviated or cured by his art.

The pen of the satirist, no doubt, may be fairly aimed against the presumption and ignorance of many individuals of this, as of every other profession; but cannot with justice be directed against the art itself: since, in spite of the obscurity which still involves some parts of the animal economy, many disorders are relieved, and some of the severest and most disagreeable to which the human body is liable, are cured with certainty by the art of medicine.

Unfortunately for mankind, and in a particular manner for the inhabitants of Great Britain, the pulmonary consumption is not of the number.

This disease may originate from various causes.—

1*st*, An external bruise or wound.

2*d*, The disease called pleurisy, including in that term an inflammation of the lungs themselves, as well as the membrane which covers them.

3*d*, The bursting of some of the blood-vessels of the lungs, independent of external injury, and owing to a faulty conformation of the chest, and the slenderness of the vessels.

4*th*, Certain small tumours, called tubercles, in the lungs.

The first cause I have mentioned is an external bruise or wound.

An accident of that kind happening to the lungs, is more dangerous and difficult to cure, than when the same takes place in most other parts of the body; because the lungs are vital organs, essentially necessary to life, and when their motion is impaired, other animal functions are thereby injured; because they are of an uncommonly delicate texture, in which a rupture having once taken place, will be apt to increase; because they are in constant motion and exposed to the access of external air, both of which circumstances are unfavourable to the healing of wounds, and because the mass of blood distributed

to the whole body passes previously through the lungs, and consequently the blood-vessels of this organ are more numerous than those of any other part of the body.

When we consider these peculiarities, it is natural to conclude, that every wound of the lungs must necessarily prove mortal; but experience has taught the contrary. Many wounds of the lungs heal of themselves, by what is called the first intention. The physician may prevent a fever, by ordering the patient to lose blood in proper quantities, and he may regulate the diet; but the cure must be left to nature, which she will perform with greater certainty, if she is not disturbed by any of those balsams which the wounded are sometimes directed to swallow on such occasions. But when the wound, either from injudicious treatment, or from its size, or from the bad habit of the patient, degenerates into an ulcer attended with hectic symptoms, the disease must be treated as if it had arisen from any of the other causes.

The pleurisy, or inflammation of the lungs, is a disease more frequent in cold countries than in mild; in the spring than in the other seasons; and more apt to seize people of a sanguine constitution than others.

Plentiful and repeated bleedings, fomentations, blisters near the affected part, and a cooling, diluting regimen, generally remove it, without its leaving any bad consequence. Sometimes, by the omission of bleeding in due quantity at the beginning, and sometimes in spite of all possible care, it terminates in an abscess, which, on bursting, may suffocate the patient; or, if the matter is coughed up, becomes an open ulcer, and produces the disease in question.

The third cause of the pulmonary consumption above mentioned, is, a spitting of blood, from the bursting of vessels of the lungs, independent of external wound or bruise. People of a fair complexion, delicate skin, slender make, long neck, and narrow chest, are more subject to this than others. Those who have a predisposition to this complaint, by their form, are most apt to be attacked

after their full growth: women from fifteen to three-and-thirty; men two or three years later. In Great Britain, a spitting of blood generally occurs to those predisposed to it, in the spring, or beginning of summer, when the weather suddenly changes from cold to excessive hot; and when the heat is supposed to rarify the blood, before the solids are proportionably relaxed from the contracted state they acquire during the cold of winter. When a spitting of blood happens to a person who has actually lost brothers or sisters, or other near relations, by the pulmonary consumption, as that circumstance gives reason to suspect a family taint or predisposition, the case will, on that account, be more dangerous.

Violent exercise may occasion the rupture of blood-vessels in the lungs, even in those who have no hereditary disposition to such an accident; it ought therefore to be carefully avoided by all who have. Violent exercise, in the spring, is more dangerous than in other seasons; and, when taken at the top of high mountains, by those who do not usually reside there, it has been considered as more dangerous than in valleys. The sudden diminution of the weight of the atmosphere, co-operating with the exercise, renders the vessels more apt to break. Of all things the most pernicious to people predisposed to a spitting of blood, is, playing upon wind-instruments. Previous to the spitting of blood, some perceive an uneasiness in the chest, an oppression on the breath, and a saltish taste in the spittle; but these symptoms are not constant.

Nothing can be more insidious than the approaches of this disease sometimes are. The substance of the lungs, which is so full of blood-vessels, is not supplied so liberally with nerves; the lungs, therefore, may be materially affected, before danger is indicated by acute pain. And it sometimes happens, that people of the make above described are, in the bloom of life, and generally in the spring of the year, seized with a slight cough, which gradually increases, without pain, soreness in the breast, dif-

ficulty of respiration, or spitting of blood. A slow fever supervenes every night, which remits every morning, with sweats. These symptoms augment daily; and, in spite of early attention, and what is thought the best advice, the unsuspecting victims gradually sink into their graves.

Those who by their make, or by the disease having in former instances appeared in their family, are predisposed to this complaint, ought to be peculiarly attentive in the article of diet. A spare and cooling regimen is the best. They should avoid violent exercise, and every other exciting cause; and use the precaution of loosing blood in the spring. If their circumstances permit, they ought to pass the cold months in a mild climate; but, if they are obliged to remain during the winter in Great Britain, let them wear flannel next the skin, and use every other precaution against catching colds.

The fourth cause above enumerated is, tubercles in the lungs.

The moist, foggy, and changeable weather, which prevails in Great Britain, renders its inhabitants more liable, than those of milder and more uniform climates, to catarrhs, rheumatisms, pleurisies, and other diseases proceeding from obstructed perspiration. The same cause subjects the inhabitants of Great Britain to obstructions of the glands, scrofulous complaints, and tubercles in the substance of the lungs. The scrofulous disease is more frequent than is generally imagined. For one person in whom it appears by swellings in the glands below the chin, and other external marks, may have the internal glands affected by it. This is well known to those who are accustomed to open dead bodies. On examining the bodies of such as have died of the pulmonary consumption, besides the open ulcers in the lungs, many little hard tumours or tubercles are generally found; some, with matter; others, on being cut open, discover a little blueish spot, of the size of a small lead shot. Here the suppuration, or formation of matter, is just going to begin;

and in some the tubercle is perfectly hard, and the colour whittish, throughout its whole substance. Tubercles may remain for a considerable time in the lungs, in this indolent state, without much inconveniency: but, when excited to inflammation by frequent catarrhs, or other irritating causes, matter is formed, they break, and produce an ulcer. Care and attention may prevent tubercles from inflammation, or may prevent *that* from terminating in the formation of matter; but when matter is actually formed, and the tubercle has become an abscess, no remedy can stop its progress. It must go on till it bursts. If this happens near any of the large air-vessels, immediate suffocation may ensue; but for the most part, the matter is coughed up.

From the circumstances above enumerated of the delicate texture, constant motion, and numerous blood-vessels of the lungs, it is natural to imagine, that a breach of this nature in their substance will be still more difficult to heal than a wound from an external cause. So unquestionably it is; yet there are many instances of even this kind of breach being repaired; the matter expectorated diminishing in quantity every day, and the ulcer gradually healing; not, surely, by the power of medicine, but by the constant disposition and tendency which exists in nature, by inscrutable means of her own, to restore health to the human body.

It may be proper to observe, that those persons whose formation of body renders them most liable to a spitting of blood, have also a greater predisposition than others to tubercles in the lungs. The disease, called the spasmodic asthma, has been reckoned among the causes of the pulmonary consumption. It would require a much greater degree of confidence in a man's own judgment, than I have in mine, to assert, that this complaint has no tendency to produce tubercles in the lungs: but I may say, with truth, that I have often known the spasmodic asthma, in the most violent degree, attended with the most alarming symptoms, continue to harass the patients for a long

period of time, and at length suddenly disappear, without ever returning; the persons who have been thus afflicted, enjoying perfect health for many years after. It is not probable that tubercles were formed in any of these cases; and it is certain they were not in some, whose bodies were opened after their deaths, which happened from other distempers, the asthma having disappeared several years before.

Certain eruptions of the skin, attended with fever, particularly the small-pox, and still oftener the measles, leave after them a foundation for the pulmonary consumption. From whichever of the causes above enumerated this disease takes its origin, when once an ulcer, attended with a hectic fever, is formed in the lungs, the case is, in the highest degree, dangerous. When it ends fatally, the symptoms are, a quick pulse, and a sensation of cold, while the patient's skin, to the feeling of every other person, is hot; irregular shiverings, a severe cough, expectoration of matter streaked with blood, morning sweats, a circumscribed spot of a crimson colour on the cheeks, heat of the palms of the hands, excessive emaciation, crooking of the nails, swelling of the legs, giddiness, delirium, soon followed by death.

These symptoms do not appear in every case. Although the emaciation is greater in this disease than in any other, yet the appetite frequently remains strong and unimpaired to the last; and although delirium sometimes comes before death, yet in many cases the senses seem perfect and entire; except in one particular, that in spite of all the foregoing symptoms, the patient often entertains the fullest hopes of recovery to the last moment.

Would to heaven it were as easy to point out the cure, as to describe the symptoms of a disease of such a formidable nature, and against which the powers of medicine have been directed with such bad success, that there is reason to fear, its fatal termination has been oftener accelerated than retarded by the means employed to remove it! To particularize the drugs which have been long in

use, and have been honoured with the highest encomiums for their great efficacy in healing inward bruises, ulcers of the lungs, and confirmed consumptions, would in many instances be pointing out what ought to be shunned as pernicious, and in others what ought to be neglected as futile.

Salt water, and some of the mineral springs, which are unquestionably beneficial in scrofulous and other distempers, have been found hurtful, or at least inefficacious, in the consumption; there is no sufficient reason to depend on a course of these, or any medicine at present known, for preventing or dissolving tubercles in the lungs. Mercury, which has been found so powerful in disposing other ulcers to heal, has no good effect on ulcers of that organ;—though some physicians imagine it may be of service in the beginning to dissolve tubercles, before they begin to suppurate; but as there is no absolute evidence, during life, of indolent tubercles being formed, there can be none that mercury cures them.

Various kinds of gums, with the natural and artificial balsams, were long supposed to promote the healing of external wounds and ulcers, and on that account were made the basis of a vast variety of ointments and plasters. It was afterwards imagined, that the same remedies, administered internally, would have the same effect on internal ulcers; and of course many of those gums and balsams were prescribed in various forms for the pulmonary consumption. The reasoning on which this practice was established, however, seems a little shallow, and is far from being conclusive; for although it were granted, that these balsams contributed to the cure of wounds, when applied directly to the part, it does not follow that they could carry their healing powers, unimpaired, from the stomach to the lungs, through the whole process of digestion. But more accurate surgery having made it manifest, that the granulations which spring up to supply the loss of substance in external wounds, and the healing or skinning over of all kinds of sores, proceeds from no

active virtue in the plasters or ointments with which they are dressed, but is entirely the work of nature, and best performed when the mildest substances, or even dry lint only is applied; and that heating gums, resins, and balsams, rather retard than promote their cure; the internal use of such remedies ought to be rejected now, on the same principles they were adopted formerly.

No kind of reasoning ought to have weight, when opposed by fair experience. But physicians have formed contrary and opposite conclusions, with respect to the effect of the natural and artificial balsams, even when they have laid all theory and reasoning aside, and decided on their powers from practice and experiment only. This is sufficient to prove, at least, that their efficacy is very problematical. For my own part, after the fairest trials, and the most accurate observations I have been able to make, I cannot say that I ever knew them of service in any hectic complaint proceeding from an ulcer in the lungs; and I have generally found those physicians, on whose judgment I have more reliance than on my own, of the same opinion.

It is far from being uncommon to see a cure retarded, not to say any thing stronger, by the means employed to hasten it; and physicians who found their practice on theoretical reasonings, are not the only persons to whom this misfortune may happen. Those who profess to take experience for their sole guide, if it is not directed by candour, and enlightened by natural sagacity, are liable to the same. A man may, for twenty years, order a medicine, which has in every instance done a little harm, though not always so much as to prevent nature from removing the complaint at last; and if the reputation of this medicine should ever be attacked, he may bring his twenty years experience in support of it. It ought to be remembered, that as often as the animal constitution is put out of order, by accident or distemper, nature endeavours to restore health. Happily she has many resources

and various methods of accomplishing her purpose; and very often she succeeds best without medical assistance. But medical assistance being given, she frequently succeeds *notwithstanding*; and it sometimes happens, that both physician and patient are convinced, that the means which did not prevent have actually performed the cure.

A peasant is seized with a shivering, followed by feverishness, and accompanied with a slight cough—he goes to bed, and excessive heat and thirst prompt him to drink plentifully of plain water; on the second or third day a copious sweat bursts from all his pores, and terminates the disorder. A person of fortune is seized with the same symptoms, arising from the same cause, and which would have been cured by the same means, in the same space of time; but the apothecary is called, who immediately sends pectoral linctuses to remove the cough, and afterwards gives a vomit, to remove the nausea which the linctuses have occasioned: the heat and fever augment: the physician is called; he orders the patient to be blooded, to abate the violence of the fever, and gives a little physic on some other account. All this prevents the natural crisis by sweat; and the patient being farther teased by draughts of powders every two or three hours, nature cannot shake off the fever so soon by six or seven days, as she would have done had she been left to herself. She generally does her business at last, however; and then the physician and apothecary glory in the happy effects of their skill, and receive the grateful thanks of their patient for having cured him of a dangerous fever.

Every body of common penetration, at all conversant in medical matters, must have seen enough to convince them that the above description is not exaggerated; but it is not to be inferred from this, that the art of medicine is of no use to mankind. There are many diseases in which nature sinks, without medical assistance. It is the part of the penetrating and experienced physician to distinguish

these from others, and leave it to the knavish and weak to assume the merit of cures in cases where they know, or ought to know, that medicine can do nothing.

Some physicians, who have abandoned the other resins and gums, as useless or hurtful in hectic complaints, still adhere to myrrh as a beneficial medicine; but from what I can learn, the cases in which this gum has been thought serviceable, are hectic complaints, from debility, in consequence of excessive evacuations of various kinds, and not proceeding from ulcerated lungs. After it is fully established that myrrh is of use in such instances, it will still be worthy of investigation, whether it is of more or less than Jesuits bark. I have repeatedly mentioned bloodletting, and a spare, diluting regimen, as the most powerful means of preventing and curing all affections of the lungs that depend on inflammation. In the case of external wounds, or bruises of the lungs, this method facilitates the immediate cure by the first intention. It is the chief thing to be depended on for the cure of pleurisies; and it is often owing to a neglect, or too sparing an use of this evacuation, that the complaint terminates in an abscess. In people predisposed by the form of their bodies, or the nature of their constitutions, to a spitting of blood, it may prevent the turgid vessels from bursting; and in those who have tubercles in the lungs, it is of the greatest utility, by preventing those tumours from inflaming, and becoming ulcers; but after the ulcers are actually formed, I have great doubts with regard to the propriety of attempting a cure by repeated bleedings, even in small quantities. This method has been often tried; but I fear the success with which it has been attended, gives no encouragement to continue the practice. That symptoms may be such, in every period of this disease, as to require this evacuation, is not to be denied; but there is a great difference in the application of what is considered as an occasional palliative, and that from which we expect a radical cure. In the one case, it will only be used when some particular symptom strongly

urges; in the other, it will be used at stated intervals, whether the symptoms press or not; and may tend to weaken the already debilitated patient, without our having the consolation of knowing, with certainty, that it has had any other effect.

Blisters do not weaken so much; they are of undoubted use in pleurisies; perhaps, by exciting external inflammation, they may contribute to draw off the inflammatory disposition within the breast; perhaps—But in whatever way they act, I imagine I have frequently seen blisters and setons, particularly the latter, of considerable service, even after the symptoms indicated the existence of an ulcer in the lungs.

As for the numerous forms of electuaries, lohochs, and linctuses, composed of oils, gums, and syrups, and by the courtesy of dispensatory writers called *pectoral;* I am convinced they are of no manner of service in this complaint, and seldom have any other effect than that of loading the stomach, and impairing the digestion of salutary food. So far from being of any permanent service to the disease, they cannot be depended on for giving even a temporary relief to the cough; when that symptom becomes troublesome, gentle opiates will be found the best palliatives. Some practitioners object to these medicines, on a supposition that they check expectoration; but they only seem to have this effect, by lulling the irritation to cough; the same quantity will be expectorated in the morning, after the influence of the opiate is over. It is surely better that the matter should accumulate, and the patient spit it up at once, than allow him to be kept from rest, and teased with coughing and spitting through the whole night. These palliatives, however, are to be managed with great caution; never exhibited while the patient enjoys a tolerable share of *natural* rest. Small doses should be given at first, and not increased without absolute necessity. Exhibited in this manner, they cannot do harm; and those who reject the assistance of a class of medicines, which afford ease and

tranquillity in the most deplorable state of this disease, ought to give better proofs than have hitherto appeared, that they are able to procure their patients more valuable and lasting comforts than those they deprive them of.

The known efficacy of the Peruvian bark, in many distempers, especially in intermittent fevers; the remission of the symptoms, which happens regularly every day at a particular stage of the pulmonary consumption, and in some degree gives it the appearance of an intermittent, joined to the failure of all other remedies, prompted physicians to make trial of that noble medicine in this disease. In consequence of these trials, the bark is now pretty generally acknowledged to be serviceable in hectical complaints, proceeding from debility, and other causes, exclusive of ulcerated lungs; but when the disease proceeds from this cause, the bark is supposed, by some very respectable physicians, always to do harm. I am most clearly of the first opinion, and perhaps it would not become me to dispute the second. It may be permitted, however, to observe, that the most discerning practitioners may be led into a notion, that a very safe medicine does harm, when it is exhibited at the worst stage of a disease, in which hardly any medicine whatever has been found to do good. In every stage of this disease, elixir of vitriol may be used. It is a pleasant and safe medicine, but particularly efficacious when the patient is troubled with wasting sweats.

Having, in obedience to your request, delivered my sentiments freely, you will perceive, that, besides the objections already mentioned to the person under whose care our friend is at present, I cannot approve of his being directed to take so many drugs, or of his being detained in town, at a season when he may enjoy, in the country, what is preferable to all medicine; I mean air, exercise, and, let me even add, diet.

Had I known of our friend's complaints earlier, I should have advised him to have met the advancing

spring in the south of France; but at the season in which you will receive this letter, the moderate warmth, and refreshing verdure of England, are preferable to the sultry heats and scorched fields of the south. From the view I have of his complaints, I can have no hesitation in advising you to endeavour to prevail on him to quit his drugs, and to leave London without delay. Since he bears riding on horseback so well, let him enjoy that exercise in an atmosphere freed from the smoke of the town, and impregnated with the flavour of rising plants and green herbage; a flavour which may with more truth be called *pectoral*, than any of the heating resins, or loathsome oils, on which that term has been prostituted. Let him pass the summer in drinking the waters, and riding around the environs of Bristol. It will be easy for him to find a house in the free air of the country, at some distance from that town; and it will be of use to have an additional reason for rising early, and riding every morning. It is of the greatest importance that he continue that exercise every day that the weather will permit: a little cloudiness of the sky should not fright him from it; there is no danger of catching cold during the continuation of that movement which assists digestion, promotes the determination of blood from the lungs to the surface of the body, and is more salutary in the morning than after dinner.

With respect to diet, he should carefully observe the important rule of taking food frequently in small quantities, and never making a full meal; that the digestive organs may not be overpowered, or the vessels charged with too large a quantity of chyle at a time; which never fails to bring on oppressive breathing, and augments the fever and flushing, which in some degree succeeds every repast.

Since all kinds of milk are found to disagree with his constitution, that nourishment, which is in general so well adapted to similar complaints, must be omitted, and light broths, with vegetable food, particularly of the farinaceous kind, substituted in its place.

Acids, especially the native acid of vegetables, are remarkably agreeable and refreshing to all who labour under the heat, oppression, and languor, which accompany hectic complaints. It is surprising what a quantity of the juice of lemons the constitution will bear, without any inconveniency, when it is accustomed to it by degrees; and in those cases where it does not occasion pains in the stomach and bowels, or other immediate inconveniences, it has been thought to have a good effect in abating the force of the hectic fever.

I have met with two cases, since I have been last abroad, in both of which there seemed to be a quicker recovery than I ever saw, from the same symptoms. The first was that of a young lady, of about seventeen years of age, and apparently of a very healthy constitution. In bad weather, during the spring, she caught cold: this being neglected in the beginning, gradually grew worse. When physicians were at length consulted, their prescriptions seemed to have as bad an effect as her own neglect. By the middle of summer her cough was incessant, accompanied with hectic fever and flushings, irregular shiverings, morning sweats, emaciation, expectoration of purulent phlegm streaked with blood, and every indication of an open ulcer in the lungs. In this desperate state she was carried from the town to a finely situated village in Switzerland, where, for several months, she lived in the middle of a vineyard, on ripe grapes and bread. She had been directed to a milk and vegetable diet in general. Her own taste inclined her to the grapes, which she continued, on finding, that, with this diet only, she was less languid, and of a more natural coolness, and that the cough, fever, and all the other symptoms gradually abated. She seemed to be brought from the jaws of death by the change of air, and this regimen only; and she returned to her own home in high spirits, and with the look and vigour of health. The ensuing winter, after being heated with dancing at the house of a friend, she walked home in a cold night; the cough, spitting of blood, and

other symptoms immediately returned, and she died three months after.

In the other case, there was not such a degree of fever, but there was an expectoration of matter, frequently streaked with blood, and evident signs of an ulcer in the lungs. The person who laboured under these symptoms had tried the usual remedies of pectorals, pills, linctuses, &c. with the usual success. He grew daily worse. He had formerly found much relief from bleeding, but had left it off for many months, on a supposition that it had lost all effect; and he had allowed an issue to be healed, on the same supposition; though he still persevered in a milk regimen. I mentioned to him the case of the young lady, as it is above recited. He immediately took the resolution to confine himself to bread and grapes for almost his only food. I advised him at the same time to have the issue opened, and to continue that drain for some time; but this he did not comply with. He forsook, however, the town for the country, and passed as much of the morning on horseback, as he could bear without fatigue. He soon was able to bear more; and after about three weeks or a month, his cough had greatly abated. When he had persisted in this regimen between two and three months, he had very little cough; and what he spit up was pure phlegm, unmixed with blood or matter. He has now been well above a year; and although I understand that he occasionally takes animal food, he has hitherto felt no inconveniency from it. He passed the second autumn, as he had done the first, at a house in the country, surrounded with vineyards. The greater part of his food consisted of ripe grapes and bread. With such a diet, he had not occasion for much drink of any kind; what he used was simple water, and he made an ample provision of grapes for the succeeding winter.

Though I have no idea that there is any specific virtue in grapes, for the cure of the pulmonary consumption, or that they are greatly preferable to some other cooling, sub-

acid, mild fruit, equally agreeable to the taste, provided any such can be found; yet I thought it right to particularize what was used on those two occasions; leaving it to others to determine, what share of the happy consequences I have enumerated were owing to the change of air, how much may have flowed from the exercise, how much from the regimen, and whether there is reason to think, that the favourable turn in both cases depended on other circumstances, unobserved by me.

I have now, my dear sir, complied with your request; and although I have endeavoured to avoid technical verbosity, and all unnecessary detail, yet I find my letter has swelled to a greater size than I expected. I shall be exceedingly happy to hear that any hint I have given has been serviceable to our friend. If the cough should still continue, after he has passed two or three months at Bristol, I imagine the most effectual thing he can do will be to take a voyage to this place; he will by that means escape the severity of a British winter. The voyage itself will be of service, and at the end of it he will have the benefit of the mild air of the Campagna Felice, be refreshed and nourished by the finest grapes, and, when tired of riding, he will have continual opportunities of sailing in this charming bay.

LETTER LXIV.

Naples.

As I was walking a few days since in the street with two of our countrymen, T—— and N——, we met some people carrying the corpse of a man on an open bier, and others following in a kind of procession. The deceased was a tradesman, whose widow had bestowed the utmost attention in dressing him to the greatest advantage on this solemn occasion; he had a perfectly new suit of clothes, a laced hat upon his head, ruffles, his hair finely powdered, and a large blooming nosegay in his left hand, while the right was very gracefully stuck in his side. It is the custom at

Naples to carry every body to church in full dress soon after their death, and the nearest relations display the magnitude of their grief by the magnificent manner in which they decorate the corpse. This poor woman, it seems, was quite inconsolable, and had ornamented the body of her late husband with a profusion she could ill afford. When the corpse arrives in church, the service is read over it. That ceremony being performed, and the body carried home, it is considered as having no farther occasion for fine clothes, but is generally stript to the shirt, and buried privately.

'Can any thing be more ridiculous,' says N——, 'than to trick a man out in his best clothes after his death?' 'Nothing,' replied T——; 'unless it be to order a fantastical dress at a greater expense on purpose, as if the dead would not be satisfied with the clothes they wore when alive, but delighted in long flowing robes in a particular style of their own.'

T—— has long resided abroad, and now prefers many foreign customs to those of his own country, which frequently involves him in disputes with his countrymen.

The princess of —— drove past. 'There she goes,' says N——, 'with her cavalieros, her volantis, and all the splendour of a sovereign; yet the wife of a plain English gentleman is in a far more enviable situation. With all her titles and her high rank, she is a mere servant of the queen's, a dependant on the caprice of another; a frown from her majesty would annihilate her.' 'Those who are *nothing*, exclusive of court favour,' replied T——, 'ought not to be censured for devoting their time to court attendance. But did you never hear of any who are dazzled with the glitter of court shackles in the boasted land of liberty; people whom riches, rank, and the most flattering favours of fortune cannot make independent; whose minds seem the more abject, as their situation lays them under the less necessity of remaining in servitude; who, withered with age, and repining with envy, sacrifice every domestic duty, and stalk around the mansions of royalty, as ghosts are

said to haunt those abodes in which they most delighted when they enjoyed life and vigour?' 'Well, well,' says N——, 'let us say no more about them, since we are agreed, that, of all the old tapestry of courts, those grotesque figures, who, without the confidence of those they serve, continue to the last exhibiting their antique countenances at birth-day balls, and in the assemblies of youth and beauty, are the most ridiculous.' At that instant the queen passed in her coach with the royal children, and N—— made some comparative remarks in his usual style; to which T—— replied, 'In this particular I acknowledge the happiness of Great Britian. I presume not to make comparisons; the great character you have mentioned defies censure, and is far superior to my praise. But I must observe, it appears singular that you, who affect to despise all other countries, and seem of opinion, that what is most valuable in nature is always the product of *England*, should bring your brightest illustration of that opinion from *Germany*.'

T——, perceiving the advantage he had gained over his antagonist, proceeded vigorously to censure, what he called, the absurd partiality of the English in their own favour; and observed, that it would be fortunate for them, if the other nations of Europe would allow them but a few of the numerous good qualities which they so lavishly attribute to themselves. He severely attacked the common people, and denied them even the character of good-nature, which they have been thought to possess in an eminent degree. He declared them to be rough and insolent in their manners, (for the truth of this he appealed to the opinion of all their neighbours), cruel in their dispositions, (as a proof of which he instanced some of their favourite diversions), and absurd in their prejudices, which appears by their hatred and contempt of other nations; by all of whom, he asserted, they were in return most cordially abhorred. 'How, indeed, can it be otherwise,' continued he, 'considering the rough, boisterous nature of their weather?' He then expatiated on the fer-

tility of Italy, and the mild serenity of the climate; to which he partly attributed the fertile genius and mild character of the Italians. 'No doubt,' he said, 'moral causes might contribute to the same effect; for more pains were taken to cultivate and encourage good and quiet dispositions in the common people here than in England. They were accustomed to perform their religious duties more regularly; they had frequent opportunities of hearing the most excellent music in the churches; they were instructed in history by orators in the street, and were made acquainted with the beauties of their best poets in the same manner. All these causes united must necessarily enlarge their minds, and make them the most gentle, humane, and ingenious people in the world.' N—— shook his head, as if he laid little stress on the other's reasoning. For my own part, I remained silent, being desirous that the dispute should go on between the two who had begun it.

Continuing our walk a little without the town, we saw a crowd of people looking over a wall, which formed one side of a square, expressly built for the purpose of bating cattle with bull dogs. It is imagined that this renders their flesh more tender and agreeable to the taste; and this is considered as a sufficient reason for torturing great numbers of bulls, oxen, and cows, before they are slaughtered for the markets; we found a multitude of spectators enjoying this amusement. 'Pray,' says Mr. N——, addressing himself to T——, 'do you imagine this humane practice, and the complacency which these refined spectators seem to take in beholding it, proceed from the mildness of the climate, the pains bestowed in teaching the people the duties of Christianity, the enlargement of their minds by history and poetry, or from the gentle influence of music upon their dispositions?' Then turning from Mr. T—— to me, he continued, 'Not satisfied with knocking the poor animals on the head, those unfeeling epicures put them to an hour's additional torture, merely to gratify a caprice of their corrupted palates.'

'Of all subjects, replied T——, recovering himself from the confusion into which N—— 's questions had thrown him, 'those who take upon them to be the panegyrists of the English nation, ought to avoid mentioning that species of epicurism which depends on eating, lest they be put in mind of whipping pigs to death, their manner of collaring brawn, crimping fish, and other refinements peculiar to that humane good-natured people.'

N—— was just going to reply, when a large bull, rendered outrageous by the stones which the populace were throwing at him, ran suddenly towards the gate at the instant the keepers were opening it on some other account; which threw them into such confusion, that they had not time to shut it before the bull burst out on the multitude. He now became an object of terror to those who the moment before had looked on him as an object of mirth. The mighty lords of the creation, who consider other animals as formed entirely for *their pastime*, *their attire*, *their food*, fled in crowds from one quadruped, and would gladly have fallen on their knees and worshipped him, like so many Egyptians adoring Apis, if by so doing they could have hoped to deprecate the just wrath of the incensed animal. They found safety at length, not in their own courage or address, but in the superior boldness and agility of other animals, who were leagued with man against him. He was surrounded by dogs, who attacked him on all sides—he killed some outright, tossed and wounded many more; but perceiving his own strength diminishing, and the number of his enemies increasing every moment, he threw himself into the sea, and there found a temporary protection from the fury of his persecutors. But the dogs were instigated to follow; they at length drove him from this last asylum; and the poor, torn, bleeding, exhausted animal was forced ashore, three or four of the most furious of the dogs hanging at different parts of his head and neck. When they were removed, he raised his honest countenance, and threw an indignant look upon the rabble, as if to upbraid them for

such a return for his own labours, and all the essential services which his whole species render to mankind. Upon my soul I felt the reproach. We could not bear his looks, but sneaked away without feeling much pride on account of our near connection with those lords of the creation, whom we had just beheld exerting their prerogative.

We walked along a considerable time without speaking. N—— broke silence at last.—'Well,' said he, 'those amiable creatures whom we have quitted, are what they call human beings;—they are more, they are Neapolitans, men who are moved with the concord of sweet sounds; from which I conclude (Shakespeare may say what he pleases) that such men are as fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, as those who never heard softer melody than that of marrow-bones and cleavers.'

'This fondness for barbarous amusements,' said I, 'cannot be stated exclusively to the account of Neapolitans, of English, or of any other particular people. I am afraid the charge lies against mankind in general; from whatever motive it arises, a large proportion of the individuals in all countries have displayed a decided taste for diversions which may be ranged in this class.'

'It ought to be remembered, however,' says T——, 'that those fellows, with their dogs, who have been tormenting the bull, are butchers, and the lowest of the vulgar of this country; whereas, among those who order fish to be crimped, and pigs to be whipped to death, as well as among those who formerly attended Broughton's amphitheatre, and still attend cockpits, will be found people of the first rank in England.'

'Pray,' said N——, addressing himself to me, 'did you ever see a cocagna?'

I acknowledged I never had.

'Then,' continued he, 'I beg leave to give you an idea of it. It is a Neapolitan entertainment, relished by people of the first rank in this polished country; where the very vagrants in the street are instructed in history, and

the human mind is refined by poetry, softened by music, and elevated by religion. The cocagna—Pray mark me—the cocagna is an entertainment given to the people four succeeding Sundays during the carnival. Opposite to the palace, a kind of wooden amphitheatre is erected. This being covered with branches of trees, bushes, and various plants, real and artificial, has the appearance of a green hill. On this hill are little buildings, ornamented with pillars of loaves of bread, with joints of meat, and dried fish, varnished, and curiously arranged by way of capitals. Among the trees and bushes are some oxen, a considerable number of calves, sheep, hogs, and lambs, all alive, and tied to posts. There are, besides, a great number of living turkeys, geese, hens, pigeons, and other fowls, nailed by the wings to the scaffolding. Certain heathen deities appear also occasionally upon this hill, but not with a design to protect it, as you shall see immediately. The guards are drawn up in three ranks, to keep off the populace. The royal family, with all the nobility of the court, crowd the windows and balconies of the palace, to enjoy this magnificent sight. When his majesty waves his handkerchief, the guards open to the right and left; the rabble pour in from all quarters, and the entertainment commences. You may easily conceive what a delightful sight it must be, to see several thousand hungry, half-naked lazzaroni rush in like a torrent, destroy the whole fabric of loaves, fishes, and joints of meat; overturn the heathen deities, *for the honour of Christianity;* pluck the fowls, at the expense of their wings, from the posts to which they were nailed; and, in the fury of their struggling and fighting for their prey, often tearing the miserable animals to pieces, and sometimes stabbing each other.'

'You ought, in candour, to add,' interrupted Mr. T——, 'that, though formerly they were fixed to the posts alive, yet of late the larger cattle have been previously killed.'—'And pray, my good sir,' said N——, 'will you be so obliging as to inform me, what crime the poor lambs and fowls have committed, that they should

be torn in pieces alive?' 'This piece of humanity,' continued he, 'recalls to my memory a similar instance, in a certain ingenious gentleman, who proposed, as the best and most effectual method of sweeping chimneys, to place a large goose at the top; and then, by a string tied around her feet, to pull the animal gently down to the hearth. The sagacious projector asserted, that the goose, being extremely averse to this method of entering a house, would struggle against it with all her might; and, during this resistance, would move her wings with such force and rapidity, as could not fail to sweep the chimney completely.' 'Good God, sir,' cried a lady who was present when this new method was proposed, 'How cruel would that be to the poor goose!' 'Why, madam,' replied the gentleman, 'if you think my method cruel to the goose, a couple of ducks will do.'

LETTER LXV.

Naples.

On the first Sunday of May, we had an opportunity of seeing the famous Neapolitan miracle, of the liquefaction of Saint Januarius's blood, performed. This saint, you know, is the patron of Naples; which circumstance alone forms a strong presumption of his being a saint of very considerable power and efficacy; for it is not to be imagined that the care of a city, like Naples, which is threatened every moment with destruction from Mount Vesuvius, would be intrusted to an understrapper. Indeed there has, on some occasions, been reason to fear, that, great and powerful as this saint is, the demon of the mountain would have got the better of him; however, as Saint Januarius has been able to protect them hitherto, and is supposed to be improved in the science of defence by long practice, the Neapolitans think it more prudent to abide by him than to choose another: who, though he may possibly be of higher rank, and older standing, cannot have equal experience in this particular kind of warfare.

Saint Januarius suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century. When he was beheaded, a pious lady of this city caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been carefully preserved in a bottle ever since, without having lost a single grain of its weight. This of itself, were it equally demonstrable, might be considered as a greater miracle than the circumstance on which the Neapolitans lay the whole stress, viz. that the blood which has congealed, and acquired a solid form by age, is no sooner brought near the head of the saint, than, as a mark of veneration, it immediately liquefies. This experiment is made three different times every year, and is considered by the Neapolitans as a miracle of the first magnitude.

As the divinity of no other religion whatever is any longer attempted to be proved by fresh miracles, but all are now trusted to their own internal evidence, and to those wrought at a former period, this miracle of Saint Januarius is probably the more admired on account of its being the only one, except transubstantiation, which remains still in use, out of the vast abundance said to have been performed at various periods in support of the Roman Catholic faith. The latter is unquestionably the greater miracle of the two; for to change a wafer into flesh and blood, is more extraordinary than to liquefy any substance whatever: yet I once imagined the liquefaction had rather the advantage in this particular; that the change is more obvious to the senses. But I have lately been otherwise instructed, by an ingenious person, who was formerly a Jesuit. On somebody (not me, for I never do make objections in matters of faith) having observed, that it was unfortunate that the great change operated on the wafer in transubstantiation, was not visible, the person above alluded to pronounced the miracle to be much greater on that account. 'For pray, sir,' said he, addressing himself to the objector, 'suppose I should immediately turn that fowl, pointing to a turkey which was at that moment stalking past; suppose I should immediately turn that fowl into a woman, would you not think it

very extraordinary?' 'Certainly,' replied the other. 'Well, sir, but after the change is actually made, and the fowl has to all intents and purposes become a woman, if it still retained the appearance of a turkey, you must acknowledge *that* would be more extraordinary still. In the same manner,' continued he, 'in the celebration of mass, the conversion of the wafer into the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, is a great miracle, and highly to be venerated; but, after this wonderful change has actually taken place, that the real body of Christ should, even in the eyes of the sharpest sighted spectators, still retain its original form of a wafer, is a great deal more amazing and stupendous.'

But, however great a superiority the miracle of transubstantiation may have over that of St. Januarius, in the opinion of Roman Catholics in general, the Neapolitans imagine the latter is sufficient to convert infidels, and put heretics out of countenance. A zealous believer of this country, having described the miracle, breaks out into the following exclamations:—'O illustre memoria! O verità irrefragabile! Vengano gli Heretici, vengano, e Stupiscano, ed aprano gli occhi alla verità Cattolica, et Evangelica; Bastarebbe questo sangue di S. Gennaro sola à fare testimonia della Fede. E possibile, che a tanto, et si famoso miraculo non si converta tutta la Gentilità, ed Infedeltà alla verita Catolica della Romana chiesa?' * Though I am not such an enthusiastic admirer of the performance of this author, yet, on the other hand, I do not think that Protestants, however much they may be convinced it is a trick, have any right to call it a *clumsy trick*, without explaining in what it consists. This is a liberty which some travellers of great eminence have taken. Others have asserted, that the substance in the bottle, which is exhibited

* O illustrious memorial! O irrefragable truth! Come hither, ye heretics! Come hither, and be astonished, and open your eyes to Catholic and Evangelic truth. The blood of Saint Januarius alone is a sufficient testimony of the truth. Is it possible, that such a great and famous miracle does not convert all heretics and infidels to the truths of the Roman Catholic church.

for the blood of the saint, is something naturally solid, but which melts with a small degree of heat. When it is first brought out of the cold chapel, say those gentlemen, it is in its natural solid state: but when brought before the saint by the priest, and rubbed between his warm hands, and breathed upon for some time, it melts; and this is the whole mystery. Though I find myself unable to explain on what principle the liquefaction depends, I am fully convinced that it must be something different from this; for I have it from the most satisfactory authority, from those who had opportunities of knowing, and who believe no more in the miracle than you do, that this congealed mass has sometimes been found in a liquid state in cold weather, before it was touched by the priest, or brought near the head of the saint; and that, on other occasions, it has remained solid when brought before him, notwithstanding all the efforts of the priest to melt it. When this happens, the superstitious, which, at a very moderate calculation, comprehends ninety-nine in a hundred of the inhabitants of this city, are thrown into the utmost consternation, and are sometimes wrought up by their fears into a state of mind which is highly dangerous both to their civil and ecclesiastical governors. It is true, that this happens but seldom; for, in general, the substance in the phial, whatever it may be, is in a solid form in the chapel, and becomes liquid when brought before the saint; but as this is not always the case, it affords reason to believe, that, whatever may have been the case when this miracle or trick, call it which you please, was first exhibited, the principle on which it depends has somehow or other been lost, and is not now understood fully even by the priests themselves; or else they are not now so expert, as formerly, in preparing the substance which represents the saint's blood, so as to make it remain solid when it ought, and liquefy the instant it is required.

The head and blood of the saint are kept in a kind of press, with folding doors of silver, in the chapel of St.

Januarius, belonging to the cathedral church. The real head is probably not so fresh, and well preserved, as the blood; and on that account is not exposed to the eyes of the public, but inclosed in a large silver bust, gilt and enriched with jewels of high value. This being what appears to the people, their idea of the saint's features and complexion are taken entirely from the bust.

The blood is kept in a small repository by itself.

About mid-day, the bust, inclosing the real head, was brought with great solemnity, and placed under a kind of portico, open on all sides, that the different communities, which come in procession, may be able to traverse it, and that the people may have the comfort of beholding the miracle. The processions of that solemn day were innumerable; all the streets of Naples were crowded with the various order of ecclesiastics, dressed in their richest robes. The monks of each convent were mustered under their own particular banners. A splendid cross was carried before each procession; and the images, in massy silver, of the saints, peculiarly patronizing the convents, followed the cross. In this order they marched from the convents to the pavilion, under which the head of St. Januarius was placed, and having done due obeisance to that great protector of this city, they marched back by a different route, in the same order, to their convent. But as there are a great many convents in Naples, and a great number of monks in each convent, though the processions began soon after mid-day, the evening was well advanced before the last of them had passed. The grand procession of all began when the others had finished. It was composed of a numerous body of clergy, and an immense multitude of people of all ranks, headed by the archbishop of Naples himself, who carried the phial containing the blood of the saint. The duke of Hamilton and I accompanied Sir William Hamilton to a house directly opposite to the portico, where the sacred head was placed. We there found a large assembly of Neapolitan nobility. A magnificent robe of velvet, richly embroider-

ed, was thrown over the shoulders of the bust; a mitre, refulgent with jewels, was placed on its head. The archbishop, with a solemn pace, and a look full of awe and veneration, approached, holding forth the sacred phial which contained the precious lump of blood. He addressed the saint in the humblest manner, fervently praying that he would graciously condescend to manifest his regard to his faithful votaries the people of Naples, by the usual token of ordering that lump of his sacred blood to assume its natural and original form. In those prayers he was joined by the multitude around, particularly by the women; of whom there seemed more than their proportion. My curiosity prompted me to leave the balcony, and mingle with the multitude. I got by degrees quite near the bust. Twenty minutes had already elapsed, since the archbishop had been praying with all possible earnestness, and turning the phial around and around without any effect. An old monk stood near the archbishop, and was at the utmost pains to instruct him how to handle, chafe, and rub the phial; he frequently took it into his own hands, but his manœuvres were as ineffectual as those of the archbishop. By this time the people had become exceedingly noisy; the women were quite hoarse with praying; the monk continued his operations with increased zeal; and the archbishop was all over in a profuse sweat with vexation. In whatever light the failure of the miracle might appear to others, it was a very serious matter to him; because the people consider such an event as a proof of the saint's displeasure, and a certain indication that some dreadful calamity will ensue. This was the first opportunity he had had of officiating since his nomination to the see. There was no knowing what fancy might have entered into the heads of a superstitious populace; they might have imagined, or his enemies might have insinuated, that the failure of the miracle proceeded from St. Januarius's disapprobation of the person in whose hands it was to have taken place. I never saw more evident marks of vexation and alarm than appeared

in the countenance of the right reverend personage. This alone would have convinced me that they cannot command the liquefaction when they please. While things were in this state I observed a gentleman come hastily through the crowd, and speak to the old monk, who, in a pretty loud voice, and with an accent and a grimace very expressive of chagrin, replied, 'Cospetto di bacco è dura come una pietra.'* At the same time an acquaintance whispered me, that it would be prudent to retire, because the mob on similar occasions have been struck with a notion, that the operation of the miracle was disturbed by the presence of heretics; on which they are apt to insult them. I directly took his hint, and joined the company I had left. An universal gloom had overspread all their countenances, they talked to each other in whispers, and seemed oppressed with grief and contrition. One very beautiful young lady cried and sobbed as if her heart had been ready to break. The passions of some of the rabble without doors took a different turn; instead of sorrow, they were filled with rage and indignation at the saint's obstinacy. They put him in mind of the zeal with which he was adored by people of all ranks in Naples; of the honours which had been conferred on him; that he was respected here more than in any other country on earth; and some went so far as to call him, an old ungrateful yellow-faced rascal, for his obduracy. It was now almost dark—and when least expected, the signal was given that the miracle was performed.—The populace filled the air with repeated shouts of joy; a band of music began to play; Te Deum was sung; couriers were dispatched to the royal family, then at Portici, with the glad tidings; the young lady dried up her tears; the countenances of our company brightened in an instant, and they sat down to cards without farther dread of eruptions, earthquakes, or pestilence.

I had remarked, during their suspense with respect to the success of the miracle, that some imputed the delay

* 'Sblood! it is still as hard as a stone.

partly to the weather, which happened to be rainy, and colder than is usual at this season; and partly to the awkwardness of the archbishop, who, never having performed before, was accused of not handling the phial in the same dexterous and efficacious manner that a person of experience would have done. While they imputed the failure to those causes, they seemed equally uneasy with the rest of the company about the consequences. It struck me that the first sentiment was perfectly inconsistent with the second. I mentioned this to a French gentleman, who is here as travelling companion to the young comte de Grammont. 'If,' said I, 'the weather, or the unskilfulness of the archbishop, has prevented the substance in the phial from becoming liquid, this surely cannot be an indication that heaven or the saint is displeased; if, on the contrary, the blood continuing solid in the presence of the saint, proceeds from heaven or the saint being offended, then no kind of weather, and no kind of expertness on the part of the archbishop, could have rendered it liquid.'——'Monsieur,' said he, 'voilà ce qu'on appelle raisonner, ce que ces messieurs ne font jamais.'

The same evening, an acquaintance of mine, who is also a Roman Catholic, and who remained close by the archbishop till all was over, assured me, that the miracle had failed entirely; for the old monk seeing no symptom of the blood liquefying, had called out that the miracle had succeeded; on which the signal had been given, the people had shouted, the archbishop had held up the bottle, moving it with a rapid motion before the eyes of the spectators, and nobody choosing to contradict what every body wished, he had been allowed to cover up the phial, and carry it back to the chapel, with the contents, in the same form they had come abroad. How far this account is exactly true I will not take on me to assert; I was not near enough to see the transaction myself, and I have only the authority of this person, having heard no other body say they had observed the same.

LETTER LXVI.

Naples.

The tomb of Virgil is on the mountain of Pausilippo, a little above the grotto of that name; you ascend to it by a narrow path which runs through a vineyard; it is overgrown with ivy leaves and shaded with branches, shrubs, and bushes; an ancient bay-tree, with infinite propriety, overhangs it. Many a solitary walk have I taken to this place. The earth, which contains his ashes, we expect to find clothed in the brightest verdure. Viewed from the magic spot, the objects which adorn the bay become doubly interesting. The poet's verses are here recollected with additional pleasure; the verses of Virgil are interwoven in our minds with a thousand interesting ideas, with the memory of our boyish years, or the sportive scenes of childhood, of our earliest friends and companions, many of whom are now dead; and those who still live, and for whom we retain the first impression of affection, are at such a distance as renders the hopes of seeing them again very uncertain. No wonder, therefore, when in a contemplative mood, that our steps are often directed to a spot so well calculated to create and cherish sentiments congenial with the state of our mind. But then comes an antiquarian, who, with his odious doubts, disturbs the pleasing source of our enjoyment; and from the fair and delightful fields of fancy, conveys us in a moment to a dark, barren, and comfortless desert;—he *doubts*, whether this be the real place where the ashes of Virgil were deposited; and tells us an unsatisfactory story about the other side of the bay, and that he is rather inclined to believe that the poet was buried somewhere there, without fixing on any particular spot.

Would to heaven these doubters would keep their minds to themselves, and not ruffle the tranquillity of believers!

But, after all, why should not this be the real tomb of Virgil? Why should the enthusiasts, who delight in pil-

grimages to this spot, be deprived of that pleasure? Why should the poet's ghost be allowed to wander along the dreary banks of Styx, till the antiquarians erect a cenotaph in his honour? Even they acknowledge that he was buried on this bay, and near Naples; and tradition has fixed on this spot, which, exclusive of other presumptions, is a much stronger evidence in its favour than their vague conjectures against it.

In your way to the classic fields of Baia and Cumæ, you pass through the grotto of Pausilippo, a subterraneous passage through the mountain, near a mile in length, about twenty feet in breadth, and thirty or forty in height, every where, except at the two extremities, where it is much higher. People of fashion generally drive through this passage with torches, but the country people and foot passengers find their way without much difficulty by the light which enters at the extremities, and at two holes pierced through the mountain near the middle of the grotto, which admit light from above.

Mr. Addison tells us, that the common people of Naples in his time believed that this passage through the mountain was the work of magic, and that Virgil was the magician. But this is the age of scepticism; and the common people, in imitation of people of fashion, begin to harbour doubts concerning all their old-established opinions. A Neapolitan valet-de-place asked an English gentleman lately, Whether Signior Virgilio, of whom he had heard so much, had really, and bona fide, been a magician or not? 'A magician,' replied the Englishman; 'ay, that he was, and a very great magician too.' 'And do you,' resumed the valet, 'believe it was he who pierced this rock?' 'As for this particular rock,' answered the master, 'I will not swear to it from my own knowledge, because it was done before I was born; but I am ready to make oath, that I have known him pierce, and even melt, some very obdurate substances.'

Two miles beyond the Grotta di Pausilippo, is a circular lake, about half a mile in diameter, called Lago

d'Agnano; on whose margin is situated the famous Grotta del Cane, where so many dogs have been tortured and suffocated, to shew the effect of a vapour which rises about a foot above the bottom of this little cave, and is destructive of animal life. A dog having his head held in this vapour, is convulsed in a few minutes, and soon after falls to the earth motionless. This experiment is repeated for the amusement of every unfeeling person, who has half a crown in his pocket, and affects a turn for natural philosophy. The experiment is commonly made on dogs; because they, of all animals, show the greatest affection for man, and prefer his company to that of their own species, or of any other living creature. The fellows who attend at this cave have always some miserable dogs, with ropes about their necks, ready for this cruel purpose. If the poor animals were unconscious of what was to happen, it would be less affecting; but they struggle to get free, and show every symptom of horror when they are dragged to this cave of torment. I should have been happy to have taken the effect of the vapour for granted, without a new trial; but some of the company were of a more philosophical turn of mind than I have any pretensions to. When the unhappy animal found all his efforts to escape were ineffectual, he seemed to plead for mercy by the dumb eloquence of looks, and the blandishments natural to his species. While he licked the hand of his keeper, the unrelenting wretch dashed him a blow, and thrust his head into the murderous vapour.

When the real utility of the knowledge acquired by cruel experiments on animals (a practice which has been carried to dreadful lengths of late) is fairly stated, and compared with the exquisiteness of *their* sufferings, the benefit resulting to mankind from thence will seem too dearly bought in the eyes of a person of humanity. Humanity! If language had belonged to other animals besides man, might not they have chosen that word to express—cruelty? if they had, thank God, they would have done injustice to many of the human race. I have left the poor

dog too long in the vapour; much longer than he remained in reality. The duke of Hamilton, shocked at the fellow's barbarity, wrested the dog from his hands, bore him to the open air, and gave him life and liberty; which he seemed to enjoy with all the bounding rapture of gladness and gratitude. If you should ever come this way, pray do not insist on seeing the experiment; it is not worth while; the thing is ascertained; it is beyond a doubt that this vapour convulses and kills every breathing animal.

You come next to the favourite fields of fancy and poetical fiction. The Campi Phlegrei, where Jupiter overcame the giants; the solfaterra still smoking, as if from the effects of his thunder; the Monte Nova, which was thrown suddenly from the bowels of the earth, as if the sons of Titan had intended to renew the war; the Monte Barbaro, formerly Mons Gaurus, the favourite of Bacchus; the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl; the noxious and gloomy lakes of Avernus and Acheron; and the green bowers of Elysium.

The town of Puzzoli, and its environs, present such a number of objects, worthy of the attention of the antiquarian, the natural philosopher, and the classic scholar, that to describe all with the minuteness they deserve, would fill volumes.

The temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzoli, is accounted a very interesting monument of antiquity; being quite different from the Roman and Greek temples, and built in the manner of the Asiatics, probably by the Egyptian and Asiatic merchants settled at Puzzoli, which was the great emporium of Italy, until the Romans built Ostia and Antium.

Sylla having abdicated the dictatorship, retired and passed the remainder of his life in this city.

The ruins of Cicero's villa, near this city, are of such extent, as to give a high idea of the wealth of this great orator. Had fortune always bestowed her gifts with so much propriety, she never would have been accused of

blindness. When the truly great are blessed with riches, it affords pleasure to every candid mind. Neither this villa near Puzzoli, that at Tusculum, nor any of his other country-seats, were the scenes of idleness or riot. They are distinguished by the names of the works he composed there; works which have always been the delight of the learned, and which, still more than the important services he rendered his country when in office, have contributed to immortalize his name.

The bay between Puzzoli and Baia is about a league in breadth. In crossing this in a boat, you see the ruins called Ponte di Caligula, from their being thought the remains of a bridge which Caligula attempted to build across. They are by others, with more probability, thought to be the ruins of a mole built with arches. Having passed over this gulf, a new field of curiosities presents itself. The baths and prisons of Nero, the tomb of Agrippina, the temples of Venus, of Diana, and of Mercury, and the ruins of the ancient city of Cumæ; but no vestiges now remain of many of those magnificent villas which adorned this luxurious coast, nor even of the town of Baia. The whole of this beauteous bay, formerly the seat of pleasure, and, at one period, the most populous spot in Italy, is now very thinly inhabited; and the contrast is still stronger between the ancient opulence and present poverty, than between the numbers of its ancient and present inhabitants. It must be acknowledged, that we can hardly look around us, in any part of this world, without perceiving objects which, to a contemplative mind, convey reflections on the instability of grandeur, and the sad vicissitudes and reverses to which human affairs are liable: but *here* those objects are so numerous, and so striking, that they must make an impression on the most careless passenger.

LETTER LXVII.

Naples.

As the court are not at present at Casserta, we have not seen that place in all its splendour; we passed, however, one very agreeable day there, with Lady Hamilton and Sir Harry Featherston.

The palace at Casserta was begun in the year 1750, after a plan of Vanvitelli; the work is now carried on under the direction of his son. While the present king of Spain remained at Naples, there were generally about two thousand workmen employed; at present there are about five hundred. It will be finished in a few years, and will then, unquestionably, be one of the most spacious and magnificent palaces in Europe. It has been said, that London is too large a capital for the island of Great Britain; and it has been compared to a turgid head placed on an emaciated body. The palace of Casserta also seems out of proportion with the revenues of this kingdom. It is not, properly speaking, a head too large for the body; but rather an ornament, by much too expensive and bulky for either head or body. This palace is situated about sixteen miles north from Naples, on the plain where ancient Capua stood. It was thought prudent to found a building, on which such sums of money were to be lavished, at a considerable distance from Mount Vesuvius. It were to be wished, that the contents of the cabinet at Portici were removed from the same dangerous neighbourhood. That he might not be limited in ground for the gardens, may have been his Spanish majesty's motive for choosing that his palace should be at a distance from Naples; and that it might not be exposed to insult from an enemy's fleet was probably the reason that determined him to place it at a distance from the sea.

This immense building is of a rectangular form, seven hundred and fifty feet English, by five hundred and eighty; about one hundred and twelve feet high, comprehending five habitable storeys, which contain such a

number of apartments as will accommodate the most numerous court, without any accessary buildings.

The rectangle is divided into four courts, each of about two hundred and fifty-two feet by one hundred and seventy. In each of the two principal fronts, are three corresponding gates, forming three openings, which pierce the whole building. The middle gate forms the entry to a magnificent portico, through which the coaches drive. In the middle of this, and in the centre of the edifice, there is a vestibule of an octagonal form, which opens into the four grand courts at four sides of the octagon; two other sides open into the portico, one to the staircase; and, at the eighth side, there is a statue of Hercules, crowned by victory, with this inscription,—

VIRTUS POST FORTIA FACTA CORONAT.*

The grand staircase is adorned with the richest marble; the upper vestibule, to which you ascend by this noble stair, is an octagon also, and surrounded by twenty-four pillars of yellow marble, each of which is of one piece of eighteen feet high, without including the pedestal or capital. From this upper vestibule there are entries into ——But I have a notion you are tired of this description, which I assure you is likewise my case. I beg, therefore, you may take it for granted, that the apartments within, particularly their majesties, and that destined for balls and theatrical entertainments, correspond with the magnificence of the external appearance.

Among the workmen employed in finishing this palace and the gardens, there are one hundred and fifty Africans; for as the king of Naples is constantly at war with the Barbary States, he always has a number of their sailors prisoners, all of whom are immediately employed as slaves in the galleys, or at some public work. There are at present at Casserta about the same number of Christian slaves; all of these have been condemned to this servitude for some crime, some of them for the greatest of all crimes; they are, however, better clothed and fed than

* Virtue crowns him after many great achievements.

the Africans. This is done, no doubt, in honour of the Christian religion, and to demonstrate that Christians, even after they have been found guilty of the blackest crimes, are worthier men, and more deserving of lenity, than Mahometan prisoners, however innocent they may be in all *other* respects.

The gardens belonging to this palace are equally extensive and magnificent. A great number of fine statues, most of them copies of the best antique, are kept in a storehouse till the gardens are finished, when they will be placed in them. The largest and finest elephant I ever saw is here at present; he is kept by African slaves: they seem to know how to manage him perfectly; he is well thriven, and goes through a number of tricks and evolutions with much docility and judgment.

In the garden, there is an artificial water and island. This, if one may venture to say so, seems a little injudicious; it brings to our memory the bay of Naples, with its islands, a recollection by no means favourable to this royal contrivance. In this island there is a kind of a castle, regularly fortified, with a ditch around it, and ramparts, bastions, sally-ports, &c. &c. and a numerous train of artillery, some of them nine or ten *ouncers*. I no sooner entered this fort, than I wished that Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim had been of our party; it would have charmed the soul of the worthy veteran and his faithful servant.

I asked the man who attended us, what he imagined this fortification was intended for?—Sir Harry Featherston said,—'The cannon were certainly designed against the frogs, who were continually attempting to scale the ramparts from the ditch.'——I asked again, what was the real design of erecting this fort? The man answered, stretching out his arms, and making as wide a circle with them as he could,—'Tutto, tutto per il sollazo del re.'* 'Yes,' said, I, 'it is surely in the highest degree reasonable, that not only this fort, but the whole kingdom,

* All, all for the king's amusement.

should be appropriated to the amusement of his majesty.' 'Certo,'* replied the man. I wished to see how far the fellow's liberality would go—'Not only this kingdom,' continued I, 'but all Europe would be highly honoured in contributing to the amusement of his majesty.' 'Certo, certo,'† said the man.

LETTER LXVIII.

Naples.

THE king and queen lately paid a visit to four of the principal nunneries in this town. Their motive was, to gratify the curiosity of the archduchess, and her husband, Prince Albert of Saxony. I ought to have informed you, that this illustrious couple left Vienna some months after us, with an intention to make the tour of Italy. We had the honour of seeing them frequently while at Rome, where they conciliated the affections of the Italian nobles by their obliging manners, as much as they commanded respect by their high rank. The archduchess is a very beautiful woman, and more distinguished by the propriety of her conduct, than by either birth or beauty. As white, by the link of contrast, is connected with the idea of black; so this amiable duchess sometimes recals those to people's memories, whose ideas of dignity are strongly contrasted with hers. Conscious, from her infancy, of the highest rank, and accustomed to honours, it never enters into her thoughts that any person will fail in paying her a due respect; while they, eternally jealous that enough of respect is not paid them, give themselves airs which would be intolerable in an empress. A smile of benignity puts all who approach this princess perfectly at their ease, and dignity sits as smoothly on her as a well-made garment; while, on them, it bristles out like the quills of a porcupine, or the feathers of an enraged turkey-cock.

As nobody is permitted to enter those convents, except

* Surely. † Surely, surely.

on such extraordinary occasions as this, when they are visited by the sovereigns, the British minister seized this opportunity of procuring an order for admitting the duke of Hamilton and me. We accordingly accompanied him, and a few others, who were in the king's suite. I have seen various nunneries in different parts of Europe, but none that could be compared even with the meanest of those four in this city, for neatness and conveniency. Each of them is provided with a beautiful garden; and the situation of one is the happiest that can be imagined, commanding a prospect nearly as extensive as that from the Carthusian convent near the castle of St. Elmo. Those four nunneries are for the reception of young ladies of good families; and, into one in particular, none but such as are of very high rank can be admitted, either as pensioners, or to take the veil. Each of the young ladies in this splendid convent have both a summer and a winter apartment, and many other accommodations unknown in other retreats of this nature. The royal visitors were received in all of them by the lady abbess, at the head of the oldest of the sisterhood; they were afterwards presented with nosegays, and served with fruit, sweetmeats, and a variety of cooling drinks, by the younger nuns. The queen and her amiable sister received all very graciously; conversing familiarly with the lady abbesses, and asking a few obliging questions of each.

In one convent the company were surprised, on being led into a large parlour, to find a table covered, and every appearance of a most plentiful cold repast, consisting of several joints of meat, hams, fowl, fish, and various other dishes. It seemed rather ill-judged to have prepared a feast of such a solid nature immediately after dinner; for those royal visits were made in the afternoon. The lady abbess, however, earnestly pressed their majesties to sit down, with which they complied, and their example was followed by the archduchess and some of the ladies; the nuns stood behind, to serve their royal guests. The queen chose a slice of cold turkey, which, on being

cut up, turned out a large piece of lemon ice, of the shape and appearance of a roasted turkey. All the other dishes were ices of various kinds, disguised under the forms of joints of meat, fish, and fowl, as above mentioned. The gaiety and good humour of the king, the affable and engaging behaviour of the royal sisters, and the satisfaction which beamed from the plump countenance of the lady abbess, threw an air of cheerfulness on this scene; which was interrupted, however, by gleams of melancholy reflection, which failed not to dart across the mind, at sight of so many victims to the pride of family, to avarice, and superstition. Many of those victims were in the full bloom of health and youth, and some of them were remarkably handsome. There is something in a nun's dress which renders the beauty of a young woman more interesting than is in the power of the gayest, richest, and most laboured ornaments. This certainly does not proceed from any thing remarkably becoming in black and white flannel. The lady abbess and the elderly nuns made no more impression in their vestal robes, than those stale, forlorn dames whom you may see displaying their family jewels and shrivelled countenances every night at Ranelagh or in the side-boxes. The interest you take in a beautiful woman is heightened on seeing her in the dress of a nun, by the opposition which you imagine exists between the life to which her rash vows have condemned her, and that to which her own unbiassed inclinations would have led her. You are moved with pity, which you know is a-kin to love, on seeing a young blooming creature doomed to retirement and self-denial, who was formed by nature for society and enjoyment.

If we may credit the ancient poets, those young women who are confined to a cloister life on any part of this coast, are more to be pitied than they would be under the same restraint elsewhere. They tell us, the very air in this part of Italy is repugnant to that kind of constitution, and that turn of mind, of which it would be peculiarly

happy for nuns to be possessed. Propertius entreats his Cynthia not to remain too long on a shore which he seems to think dangerous to the chastest maiden.

Tu modo quamprimum corruptas desere Baias—*
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Littora quæ fuerant castis inimica puellis.

Martial asserts, that a woman who came hither as chaste as Penelope, if she remained any time, would depart as licentious and depraved as Helen.

Penelope venit, abit Helene.†

I have certainly met with ladies, after they resided some time at Naples, who, in point of character and constitution, were thought to have a much stronger resemblance to Helen than to Penelope; but as I have no great faith in the sudden operation of physical causes in matters of this kind, I never doubted of those ladies having carried the same disposition to Naples that they brought from it. Though there are not wanting those who affirm, that the influence of this seducing climate is evident *now* in as strong a degree as it is described to have been anciently; that it pervades people of all ranks and conditions, and that in the convents themselves;

Even there where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

Others, who carry their researches still deeper, and pretend to have a distinct knowledge of the effect of aliment through all its changes on the human constitution, think, that the amorous disposition, imputed to Neapolitans, is only in part owing to their voluptuous climate, but in a far greater degree to the hot, sulphureous nature of their soil, which those profound naturalists declare communicates its fiery qualities to the juices of vegetables; thence they are conveyed to the animals who feed on them, and particularly to man, whose nourishment consisting both of animal and vegetable food, he must have in his veins a

* I entreat you to forsake, as soon as possible, the corrupt coast of Baia.

† A coast most unfriendly to modest maids.

double dose of the stimulating particles in question. No wonder, therefore, say those nice investigators of cause and effect, that the inhabitants of this country are more given to amorous indulgences, than those who are favoured with a chaster soil and a colder climate.

For my own part, I must acknowledge, that I have seen nothing, since I came to Naples, to justify the general imputations above mentioned, or to support this very ingenius theory. On the contrary, there are circumstances from which the opposers of this system draw very different conclusions; for every system of philosophy, like every minister of Great Britain, has an opposition. The gentlemen in opposition to the voluptuous influence of this climate, and the fiery effects of this soil, undermine the foundation of their antagonists theory, by asserting, that, so far from being of a warmer complexion than their neighbours, the Neapolitans are of colder constitutions, or more philosophic in the command of their passions, than any people in Europe. Do not the lower class of men, say they, strip themselves before the houses which front the bay, and bathe in the sea without the smallest ceremony? Are not numbers of those stout, athletic figures, during the heat of the day, seen walking and sporting on the shore perfectly naked; and with no more idea of shame, than Adam felt in his state of innocence; while the ladies from their coaches, and the servant-maids and young girls, who pass along, contemplate this singular spectacle with as little apparent emotion as the ladies in Hyde Park behold a review of the horse-guards?

As Sir William and Lady Hamilton are preparing to visit England, and the duke feels no inclination to remain after they are gone, we intend to return to Rome in a few days.

LETTER LXIX.

Rome.

WE delayed visiting Tivoli, Frescati, and Albano, till our return from Naples.

The Campagna is an uninhabited plain, surrounding the city of Rome, bounded on one side by the sea, and on the other by an amphitheatre of hills, crowned with towns, villages, and villas, which form the finest landscapes that can be imagined. The ancient Romans were wont to seek shelter from the scorching heats of summer, among the woods and lakes of those hills; and the cardinals and Roman princes, at the same season, retire to their villas; while many of the wealthier sort of citizens take lodgings in the villages, during the season of gathering the vines.

On the road from Rome to Tivoli, about three miles from the latter, strangers are desired to visit a kind of lake called Solfatara, formerly Lakus Albulus, and there shown certain substances, to which they give the name of Floating Islands. They are nothing else than bunches of bulrushes, springing from a thin soil, formed by dust and sand blown from the adjacent ground, and glued together by the bitumen which swims on the surface of this lake, and the sulphur with which its waters are impregnated. Some of these islands are twelve or fifteen yards in length; the soil is sufficiently strong to bear five or six people, who, by the means of a pole, may move to different parts of the lake, as if they were in a boat. This lake empties itself, by a whitish, muddy stream, into the Teverone, the ancient Anio; a vapour, of a sulphureous smell, arising from it as it flows. The ground near this rivulet, as also around the borders of the lake, resounds, as if it were hollow, when a horse gallops over it. The water of this lake has the singular quality of covering every substance which it touches with a hard, white, stoney matter. On throwing a bundle of small sticks or shrubs into it, they will, in a few days, be covered with a white crust; but,

what seems still more extraordinary, this incrustating quality is not so strong in the lake itself, as in the canal, or little rivulet that runs from it; and the farther the water has flowed from the lake, till it is quite lost in the Anio, the stronger this quality is. Those small, round incrustations, which cover the sand and pebbles, resembling sugar-plumbs, are called Confetti di Tivoli.* Fishes are found in the Anio, both above and below Tivoli, till it receives the Albula; after which, during the rest of its course to the Tiber, there are none. The waters of this lake had a high medical reputation anciently, but they are in no esteem at present.

Near the bottom of the eminence on which Tivoli stands, are the ruins of the vast and magnificent villa built by the emperor Adrian. In this were comprehended an amphitheatre, several temples, a library, a circus, a naumachia. The emperor also gave to the buildings and gardens of this famous villa the names of the most celebrated places; as the Academia, the Lycæum, the Prytaneum of Athens, the Tempe of Thessaly, and the Elysian fields and infernal regions of the poets. There were also commodious apartments for a vast number of guests, all admirably distributed with baths, and every conveniency. Every quarter of the world contributed to ornament this famous villa, whose spoils have since formed the principal ornaments of the Campidoglio, the Vatican, and the palaces of the Roman princes. It is said to have been three miles in length, and above a mile in breadth. Some antiquarians make it much larger; but the ruins, now remaining, do not mark a surface of a quarter of that extent.

At no great distance, they shew the place to which the eastern queen Zenobia was confined, after she was brought in triumph to Rome by the emperor Aurelian.

The town of Tivoli is now wretchedly poor; it boasts however greater antiquity than Rome itself, being the ancient Tibur, which, Horace informs us, was founded by a Grecian colony.

* Confections of Tivoli.

Tibur Argæo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ.*

Ovid gives it the same origin, in the fourth book of the Fasti.

—— Jam mœnia Tiburis udi
Stabant; Argolicæ quod posuere manus.†

This was a populous and flourishing town in remoter antiquity; but it appears to have been thinly inhabited in the reign of Augustus. Horace, in an epistle to Mæcenas, says,

Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma,
Sed *vacuum Tibur* placet ——‡

Though the town itself was not populous, the beauty of the situation, and wholesomeness of the air, prompted great numbers of illustrious Romans, both before the final destruction of the republic, and afterwards in Augustus's time, to build country-houses in the neighbourhood. Julius Cæsar had a villa here, which he was under the necessity of selling to defray the expense of the public shews and games he exhibited to the people during his ædileship. Plutarch says, that his liberality and magnificence, on this occasion, obscured the glory of all who had preceded him in the office, and gained the hearts of the people to such a degree, that they were ready to invent new offices and new honours for him. He then laid the foundation of that power and popularity, which enabled him, in the end, to overturn the constitution of his country. Caius Cassius had also a country-house here; where Marcus Brutus and he are said to have had frequent meetings,

* May Tibur to my latest hours,
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers,
The Grecians fixed their blissful seat.
FRANCIS.

† The walls of the moist Tibur then stood, which was founded by the Greeks.

‡ For little works become their little fate,
And every age, not Rome's imperial seat.
* * * * * * * * * * *
But Tibur's solitude my taste can please.

and to have formed the plan which terminated the ambition of Cæsar, and again offered to Rome that freedom which she had not the virtue to accept. Here, also, was the villa of Augustus, whose success in life arose at the field of Philippi from which he fled, was confirmed by the death of the most virtuous citizens of Rome, and who, without the talents, reaped the fruits of the labours and vast projects of Julius. Lepidus the triumvir, Cæcilius Metellus, Quintilius Varus, the poets Catullus and Propertius, and other distinguished Romans, had villas in this town or its environs; and you are shewn the spots on which they stood: but nothing renders Tibur so interesting, as the frequent mention which Horace makes of it in his writings. His great patron and friend Mæcenas had a villa here, the ruins of which are to be seen on the south bank of the Anio; and it was pretty generally supposed, that the poet's own house and farm were very near it, and immediately without the walls of Tibur; but it has been of late asserted, with great probability, that Horace's farm was situated nine miles above that of Mæcenas's, at the side of a stream called Licenza, formerly Digentia, near the hill Lucretilis, in the country of the ancient Sabines. Those who hold this opinion say, that when Horace talks of Tibur, he alludes to the villa of Mæcenas; but when he mentions Digentia, or Lucretilis, his own house and farm are to be understood; as in the eighteenth epistle of the first book,

> Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
> Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus;
> Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari? *

the seventeenth ode of the first book,

> Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
> Mutat Lycæo Faunus;——†

* When retired to the cool stream of Digentia, which supplies the cold village of Mandela with water, what, my friend, do you imagine are my sentiments and wishes?

† Pan, from Arcadia's heights descends,
To visit of my rural seat.

FRANCIS.

and in other passages. But whether the poet's house and farm were near the town of Tibur, or at a distance from it, his writings sufficiently show that he spent much of his time there; and it is probable that he composed great part of his works in that favourite retreat. This he himself in some measure declares, in that fine ode addressed to Julius Antonius, son of Mark Antony, by Fulvia; the same whom Augustus first pardoned, and afterwards put privately to death, on account of an intrigue into which Antonius was seduced by the abandoned Julia, daughter of Augustus.

—— Ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.*

If you ever come to Tivoli, let it not be with a numerous party; come alone, or with a single friend, and be sure to put your Horace in your pocket. You will read him here with more enthusiasm than elsewhere; you will imagine you see the philosophic poet wandering among the groves, sometimes calmly meditating his moral precepts, and sometimes *his eye in a fine frenzy* rolling with all the fire of poetic enthusiasm. If Tivoli had nothing else to recommend it but its being so often sung by the most elegant of the poets, and its having been the residence of so many illustrious men, these circumstances alone would render it worthy the attention of travellers; but it will also be interesting to many on account of its cascade, the Sibyl's temple, and the villa Estense.

The river Anio, deriving its source from a part of the

* But as a bee, which through the shady groves,
Feeble of wing, with idle murmurs roves,
Sits on the bloom, and with unceasing toil,
From the sweet thyme extracts its flowery spoil:
So I, weak bard! round Tibur's lucid spring,
Of humble strain laborious verses sing.

FRANCIS.

Apennines, fifty miles above Tivoli, glides through a plain till it comes near that town, when it is confined for a short space between two hills, covered with groves. These were supposed to have been the residence of the sibyl Albunea, to whom the temple was dedicated.—The river, moving with augmented rapidity as its channel is confined, at length rushes headlong over a lofty precipice; the noise of its fall resounds through the hills and groves of Tivoli; a liquid cloud arises from the foaming water, which afterwards divides into numberless small cascades, waters several orchards, and, having gained the plain, flows quietly for the rest of its course, till it loses itself in the Tiber. It is not surprising that the following lines have been so often quoted by those who visit the Sibyl's temple, because they delineate, in the most expressive manner, some of the principal features of the country around it.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*

The elegant and graceful form of the beautiful little temple I have so often mentioned, indicates its having been built when the arts were in the highest state of perfection at Rome. Its proportions are not more happy than its situation, on a point of the mountain fronting the great cascade.

Before they take their leave of Tivoli, strangers usually visit the villa Estense, belonging to the duke of Modena. It was built by Hippolitus of Este, cardinal of Ferrara, and brother to the duke of that name; but more distinguished by being the person to whom Ariosto ad-

* But me not patient Lacedæmon charms,
Not fair Larissa with such transport warms
As pure Albuneus' rock-resounding course,
And rapid Anio, headlong in its course;
Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile streams.

dressed his poem of Orlando Furioso. The house itself is not in the finest style of architecture. There are many whimsical water-works in the gardens. Those who do not approve of the taste of their construction, still owe them some degree of respect, on account of their being the first grand water-works in Europe; much more ancient than those of Versailles. The situation is noble, the terraces lofty, the trees large and venerable; and though the ground is not laid out to the greatest advantage, yet the whole has a striking air of magnificence and grandeur.

LETTER LXX.

Rome.

FRESCATI is an agreeable village, on the declivity of a hill, about twelve miles from Rome. It derives its name from the coolness of the air, and *fresh* verdure of the fields around. It is a bishop's see, and always possessed by one of the six eldest cardinals. At present it belongs to the cardinal duke of York, who, whether in the country or at Rome, passes the greatest part of his time in the duties and ceremonies of a religion, of whose truth he seems to have the fullest conviction; and who, living himself in great simplicity, and not in the usual style of cardinals, spends a large proportion of his revenue in acts of charity and benevolence; *the world forgetting, by the world forgot*, except by those who enjoy the comforts of life through his bounty.

Tivoli was the favourite residence of the ancient Romans. The moderns give the preference to Frescati, in whose neighbourhood some of the most magnificent villas in Italy are situated.

The villa Aldobrandini, called also Belvedere, is the most remarkable, on account of its fine situation, extensive gardens, airy terraces, its grottos, cascades, and water-works. Over a saloon, near the grand cascade, is the following inscription.—

HUC EGO MIGRAVI MUSIS COMITATUS APOLLO,
HIC DELPHI, HIC HELICON, HIC MIHI DELOS ERIT.*

The walls are adorned with a representation of Apollo and the muses; and some of that god's adventures are painted in fresco by Domenichino, particularly the manner in which he treated Marsyas. This, in my humble opinion, had better been omitted; both because it is a disagreeable subject for a picture, and because it does no honour to Apollo. Marsyas unquestionably was an object of contempt and ridicule, on account of his presumption; but the punishment said to have been inflicted on him exceeds all bounds, and renders the inflictor more detestable in our eyes than the insolent satyr himself. This story is so very much out of character, and so unlike the elegant god of poetry and music, that I am inclined to suspect it is not true. There is a report, equally incredible, which has been propagated by malicious people concerning his sister Diana; I do not mean her rencounter with Actæon, for the goddess of Chastity may, without inconsistency, be supposed cruel, but it is quite impossible to reconcile her general character with the stories of her nocturnal visits to Endymion.

The villa Ludovisi is remarkable for its gardens and water-works. The hills on which Frescati is situated, afford great abundance of water, a circumstance of which the owners of those villas have profited, all of them being ornamented with fountains, cascades, or water-works of some kind or other.

The villa Taverna, belonging to the prince Borghese, is one of the finest and best furnished of any in the neighbourhood of Rome. From this you ascend through gardens to Monte Dracone, another palace on a more lofty situation, belonging also to that prince, and deriving its name from the arms of his family. The ancient city of Tusculum is supposed to have stood on the spot, or very

* Hither I, Apollo, have come, accompanied by the muses. This shall henceforth be our Delphos, Delos, and Helicon.

ar it, where Frescati now is built; and at the distance about a mile and a half, it is generally believed, was ? Tusculan villa of Cicero, at a place now called Grot- Ferrata. Some Greek monks of the order of St. Basil, ing from the persecution of the Saracens in the eleventh ıtury, were permitted to build a convent on the ruins Cicero's famous house. They still perform the service the Greek language.

Whichever way you walk from Frescati, you have the st delightful scenes before you. I passed two very eeable days, wandering through the gardens and from a to villa. The pleasure of our party was not a le augmented by the observations of Mr. B———, a ly old gentleman from Scotland, a man of worth but no iquarian, and indeed no admirer of any thing, ancient modern, which has not some relation to his native ntry; but to balance that indifference, he feels the mest regard for every thing which has. We extend- our walks as far as the lake of Nemi, a basin of water ıg in a very deep bottom, about four miles in circum- ence, whose surrounding hills are covered with tall and dy trees. Here

> Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
> Shades every flower, and darkens every green.

ever saw a place more formed for contemplation and mn ideas. In ancient times there was a temple here ed to Diana. The lake itself was called Speculum næ, and Lacus Triviæ, and is the place mentioned in seventh book of the Æneid, where the fury Alecto is ribed blowing the trumpet of war, at whose dreadful ıd the woods and mountains shook, and mothers ıbling for their children, pressed them to their bo- ;.

> Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
> Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus——*

*The intervening words are cold, and not much connected with the ine which concludes the quotation.

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.*

We returned by Gensano, Marino, La Riccia, and Castel Gondolfo. All the villages and villas I have named communicate with each other by fine walks and avenues of lofty trees, whose intermingling branches form a continued shade for the traveller. Castel Gondolfo is a little village near the lake Albano, on one extremity of which is a castle, belonging to his holiness, from which the village takes its name; there is nothing remarkably fine in this villa, except its situation. Near the village of Castel Gondolfo, is the villa Barbarini, within the gardens of which are the ruins of an immense palace built by the emperor Domitian. There is a charming walk, about a mile in length, along the side of the lake from Castel Gondolfo to the town of Albano. The lake of Albano is an oval piece of water of about seven or eight miles circumference, whose margin is finely adorned with groves and trees of various verdure, beautifully reflected from the transparent bosom of the lake; and which, with the surrounding hills, and the Castel Gondolfo which crowns one of them, has a fine picturesque effect.

The grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by some, as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and valleys of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frescati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape-painters who travel to this country for improvement; and in the opinion of some, those delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins,

* The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook,
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound.
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
Pale, at the piercing call, the mothers prest,
With shrieks, their starting infants to the breast.

groves, and terraces, which charm the eye, as you wander among the shades of Frescati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety. One reflection obtrudes itself on the mind, and disturbs the satisfaction which such pleasing scenes would otherwise produce; it arises from beholding the poverty of infinitely the greater part of the inhabitants of those villages—Not that they seem miserable or discontented—a few roasted chesnuts, and some bunches of grapes, which they may have for a penny, will maintain them; but the easier they are satisfied, and the less repining they are, the more earnestly do we wish that they were better provided for. Good heavens! why should so much be heaped on a few, whom profusion cannot satisfy; while a bare competency is withheld from multitudes, whom penury cannot render discontented?

The most commanding view is from the garden of a convent of capucins, at no great distance from Albano. Directly before you is the lake, with the mountains and woods which surround it, and the castle of Gondolfo; on one hand is Frescati with all its villas; on the other, the towns of Albano, La Riccia, and Gensano; beyond these you have an uninterrupted view of the Campagna, with St. Peter's church and the city of Rome in the middle, the whole prospect being bounded by the hills of Tivoli, the Apennines, and the Mediterranean.

While we contemplated all these objects with pleasure and admiration, an English gentleman of the party said to Mr. B——, 'There is not a prospect equal to this in all France or Germany, and not many superior even in England.' 'That I well believe,' replied the Caledonian; 'but if I had you in Scotland, I could shew you several with which this is by no means to be compared.' 'Indeed! Pray in what part of Scotland are they to be seen?' 'I presume you never was at the castle of Edinburgh, sir?' 'Never.' 'Or at Stirling?' 'Never.' 'Did you ever see Loch Lomond, sir?' 'I never did.' 'I

suppose I need not ask, whether you have ever been in Aberdeenshire, or the Highlands, or——' 'I must confess once for all,' interrupted the Englishman, 'that I have the misfortune never to have seen any part of Scotland.' 'Then I am not surprised,' said the Scot, taking a large pinch of snuff, 'that you think this the finest view you ever saw.' 'I presume you think those in Scotland a great deal finer!' 'A very great deal indeed, sir; why that lake, for example, is a pretty thing enough; I dare swear, many an English nobleman would give a good deal to have such another before his house; but Loch Lomond is thirty miles in length, sir! there are above twenty islands in it, sir! that is a lake for you. As for their desert of a Campagna, as they call it, no man who has eyes in his head, sir, will compare it to the fertile valley of Stirling, with the Forth, the most beautiful river in Europe twining through it.' 'Do you really in your conscience imagine,' said the Englishman, 'that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?' 'The Thames?' exclaimed the North Briton, 'why, my dear sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter, in comparison of the Firth of Forth at Edinburgh.' 'I suppose then,' said the Englishman, recovering himself, 'you do not approve of the view from Windsor Castle?' 'I ask your pardon,' replied the other; 'I approve of it very much; it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect; the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees, and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers, and meadows, can never, of themselves, perfectly satisfy the eye.' 'You imagine, no doubt,' said the Englishman, 'that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?' 'I am precisely of that opinion,' said the Scot; 'and you will as soon convince me that a woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should not have a *nose* on her face, as that a landscape, or country, can be completely beautiful

without a mountain.' 'Well, but here are mountains enough,' resumed the other; 'look around you.' 'Mountains!' cried the Caledonian, 'very pretty mountains, truly! They call that castle Gondolfo of theirs a castle too, and a palace, forsooth! but does that make it a residence fit for a prince?' 'Why, upon my word, I do not think it much amiss,' said the other; 'it looks full as well as the palace of St. James's. 'The palace of St. James's,' exclaimed the Scot, 'is a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the king of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal consort, and their large family of small children, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyroodhouse, indeed, is a residence meet for a king.' 'And the gardens: pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace?' said the Englishman; 'I have been told you do not excel in those.' 'But we excel in gardeners,' replied the other, 'which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created.' 'I am surprised, however,' rejoined the South Briton, 'that, in a country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit-gardens are created.' 'Why, sir, it is not to be expected,' said Mr. B——, 'that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but, by G—, sir, no country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland.' 'I dare say none does,' replied the other. 'So as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the human species.' 'What I said, sir, was, that the human species in no country excel those in Scotland; and that I assert again, and will maintain, sir, to my last gasp.' 'I do not intend to deny it,' said the Englishman; 'but you will permit me to observe, that, men being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade; for I know no country that has a great-

er *exportation*; you will find Scotchmen in all the countries of the world.' 'So much the better for all the countries of the world,' said Mr. B——; 'for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences wherever they go.' 'They certainly improve their own fortunes wherever they go,' rejoined the other: 'like their gardeners, though they can create little or nothing at home, they often create very good fortunes in other countries; and this is one reason of our having the pleasure of so much of their company in London.' 'Whether it affords you pleasure or not, sir, nothing can be more certain,' replied the Scot in the most serious tone, 'than that you may *improve* very much by their company and example. But there are various reasons,' continued he, 'for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London. That city is now, in some measure, the capital of Scotland as well as of England. The seat of government is there; the king of Scotland, as well as of England, resides there; the Scotch nobility and gentry have as good a right to be near the person of their sovereign as the English; and you must allow, that, if some Scotchmen make fortunes in England, many of our best estates are also spent there. But you mean to say, that the Scotch, in general, are poor in comparison of the English. This we do not deny, and cannot possibly forget, your countrymen refresh our memories with it so often. We allow, therefore, that you have this advantage over us; —and the Persians had the same over the Macedonians at the battle of Arbela. But, whether Scotland be poor or rich, those Scots who settle in England must carry industry, talents, or wealth with them, otherwise they will starve there as well as elsewhere; and when one country draws citizens of this description from another, I leave you to judge which has the most reason to complain. And let me tell you, sir, upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the Union, are manifest and manifold.' 'I cannot say,' replied the Englishman, 'that I have thought much on this subject; but I shall be

bliged to you if you will enumerate a few of them.' 'In the first place,' resumed the Scot, 'Has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time?' 'She has so,' replied the other, smiling, 'and I never knew the *real cause* before.' 'In the next place, Has she not acquired a million and a half of subjects, who otherwise would have been with her enemies? For this, *and other reasons*, they are equivalent to three millions. In the third place, Has she not acquired security, without which riches are of no value? There is no door open *now*, sir, by which the French can enter into your country. They dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland; so if you can defend your own coast, there is no fear of you; but without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation.' 'Not till Scotland should be subdued,' said the Englishman. 'Subdued!' repeated the astonished Scot; 'let me tell you, sir, *that* is a very strange hypothesis; the fruitless attempts of many centuries might have taught you that the thing is impossible; and, if you are conversant in history, you will find, that, after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from *the north to the south.*' 'You mean,' said the South Briton, 'that Scotland would have conquered England.' 'Sir, replied the other, 'I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; far less shall I assert, that *they*, consisting of only a fifth part of the numbers, could subdue the English; but I am sure, that rather than submit they would try; and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country.' 'Although I am fully convinced,' said the Englishman, 'how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made, particularly at this time.' 'Yet, sir,' rejoined the Scot, 'there are people of your country, as I am told, who, even at *this time*, endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissension between two countries, whose

mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom Nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one.' 'I do assure you, my good sir,' said the English gentleman, 'I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people; and some of the most valued friends I have on earth, are of your country.' 'You are a man of honour and discernment,' said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly by the hand; 'and I protest, without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking.'

LETTER LXXI.

Florence.

We arrived in this city the third day after leaving Rome, though I have delayed writing till now. I wished to know something of the place, and to be a little acquainted with the people. The last is not difficult; because the Florentines are naturally affable, and the hospitality and politeness of the British minister afford his countrymen frequent opportunities of forming an acquaintance with the best company in Florence. This gentleman has been here about thirty years, and is greatly esteemed by the Florentines. It is probably owing to this circumstance, and to the magnificent style in which some English noblemen live, who have long resided here, that the English, in general, are favourites with the inhabitants of this place. Lord Cooper's conduct and disposition confirm them in the opinion they long have had of the good-nature and integrity of the nation to which he belongs. His lady is of an amiable character, and affords them a very favourable specimen of English beauty.

We have had no opportunity of seeing the grand duchess. She is of a domestic turn, and lives much in the country with her children, of which she has a comfortable

number; but the grand duke having come to town for two days, we had the honour of being presented to him at the Palazzo Pitti. There is a striking resemblance of each other in all the branches of the Austrian family. Wherever I had met with the grand duke, I should immediately have known that he belonged to it. He, as well his brother who resides at Milan, has, in a remarkable degree, the thick lip, which has long been a distinguishing feature in the Austrian family. He is a handsome man, is rapid in his words and motions, and has more vivacity in his manner than either the emperor or archduke; like them, he is good-humoured, condescending, and affable. After the extinction of the Medici family, the Florentines grumbled on account of the disadvantage and inconveniency of having sovereigns who did not reside among them. They exclaimed that their money was carried away to a distant country, and the most profitable offices at home filled by foreigners. They have now got a sovereign who resides and spends his revenue among them, and has provided the state most plentifully in heirs; yet they still grumble. They complain of the taxes—But in what country of Europe is there not the same complaint?

Florence is, unquestionably, a very beautiful city. Independent of the churches and palaces, some of which are very magnificent, the architecture of the houses in general is in a good taste, the streets are remarkably clean, and paved with large broad stones, chiseled so as to prevent the horses from sliding. This city is divided into two unequal parts by the river Arno, over which there are no less than four bridges in sight of each other. That called the Ponte della Trinità is uncommonly elegant. It is built entirely of white marble, and ornamented with four beautiful statues, representing the four seasons. The quays, the buildings on each side, and the bridges, render that part of Florence through which the river runs, by far the finest. The same is the case at Paris; and it happens fortunately for those two cities,

that those parts are almost constantly before the eye, on account of the necessity people are continually under of passing and repassing those bridges; whereas in London, whose river and bridges are far superior to any in France or Italy, people may live whole seasons, attend all the public amusements, and drive every day from one end of the town to the other, without ever seeing the Thames or the bridges, unless they go on purpose. For this reason, when a foreigner is asked which he thinks the finest city, Paris or London; the moment Paris is mentioned, the Louvre, and that striking part which is situated between the Pont Royal and Pont Neuf, presents itself to his imagination. He can recollect no part of London equal in magnificence to this; and ten to one, if he decides directly, it will be in favour of Paris; but if he takes a little more time, and compares the two capitals, street by street, square by square, and bridge with bridge, he will probably be of a different opinion. The number of inhabitants in Florence is calculated by some at eighty thousand. The streets, squares, and fronts of the palaces are adorned with a great number of statues; some of them by the best modern masters, Michael Angelo, Bandinelli, Donatello, Giovanni di Bologna, Benvenuto, Cellini, and others. A taste for the arts must be kept alive, independent almost of any other encouragement, in a city where so many specimens are continually before the eyes of the inhabitants. There are towns in Europe, where statues, exposed night and day within the reach of the common people, would run a great risk of being disfigured and mutilated; here they are as safe as if they were shut up in the great duke's gallery.

Florence has been equally distinguished by a spirit for commerce and for the fine arts; two things which are not always united. Some of the Florentine merchants formerly were men of vast wealth, and lived in a most magnificent manner. One of them, about the middle of the fifteenth century, built that noble fabric, which, from the name of its founder, is still called the Palazzo Pitti. The

man was ruined by the prodigious expense of this building, which was immediately purchased by the Medici family, and has continued, ever since, to be the residence of the sovereigns. The gardens belonging to this palace are on the declivity of an eminence. On the summit there is a kind of fort, called Belvedere. From this, and from some of the higher walks, you have a complete view of the city of Florence, and the beauteous vale of Arno, in the middle of which it stands. The prospect is bounded on every side by an amphitheatre of fertile hills, adorned with country-houses and gardens. In no part of Italy, that I have seen, are there so many villas, belonging to private persons, as in the neighbourhood of this city; the habitations of the peasants, likewise, seem much more neat and commodious. The country all around is divided into small farms, with a neat farm-house on each. Tuscany produces a considerable quantity of corn, as well as excellent wine, and great quantities of silk. The peasants have a look of health and contentment; the natural beauty of the Italian countenance not being disgraced by dirt, or deformed by misery, the women in this country seem handsomer, and are, in reality, more blooming, than in other parts of Italy. When at work, or when they bring their goods to market, their hair is confined by a silk net, which is also much worn at Naples; but on holidays they dress in a very picturesque manner. They do not wear gowns, but a kind of jacket without sleeves. They have no other covering for the upper part of the arm but their shift sleeves, which are tied with riband. Their petticoats are generally of a scarlet colour. They wear ear-rings and necklaces. Their hair is adjusted in a becoming manner, and adorned with flowers. Above one ear they fix a little straw hat; and on the whole have a more gay, smart, coquetish air, than any country-girls I ever saw.

Churches, and palaces, and statues, are no doubt ornamental to a city; and the princes are praiseworthy who have taken pains to rear and collect them; but the great-

est of all ornaments are cheerful, happy, living countenances. The taste is not general; but, I thank God, I know some people who, to a perfect knowledge and unaffected love of the fine arts, join a passion for a collection of this kind, who cannot, without uneasiness, see one face in a different style, and whose lives and fortunes are employed in smoothing the corrosions of penury and misfortune, and *restoring* the *original* air of satisfaction and cheerfulness to the human countenance. Happy the people whose sovereign is inspired with this species of virtù.

LETTER LXXII.

Florence.

I HAVE generally, since our arrival at Florence, passed two hours every forenoon in the famous gallery. Connoisseurs, and those who wish to be thought such, remain much longer. But I plainly feel this is enough for me; and I do not think it worth while to prolong my visit after I begin to be tired, merely to be thought what I am not. Do not imagine, however, that I am blind to the beauties of this celebrated collection; by far the most valuable now in the world.

One of the most interesting parts of it, in the eyes of many, is the series of Roman emperors, from Julius Cæsar to Gallienus, with a considerable number of their empresses, arranged opposite to them. This series is almost complete; but wherever the bust of an emperor is wanting, the place is filled up by that of some other distinguished Roman. Such an honour is bestowed with great propriety on Seneca, Cicero, or Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. But, on perceiving a head of Antinous, the favourite of Adrian, among them, a gentleman whispered me,—*that* minion, pointing to the head, would not have been admitted into such company anywhere but in Florence. It ought, however, to be remembered, that the gallery is not an Ægyptian court of judicature, where princes are tried, after death, for crimes committed dur-

ing their life. If the vices of originals had excluded their portraits, what would have become of the series of Roman emperors, and particularly of the bust of the great Julius himself, who was husband to all the wives and *

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The gallery is sacred to art, and every production which she avows, has a right to a place here.

Amidst those noble specimens of ancient sculpture, some of the works of Michael Angelo are not thought undeserving a place. His Bacchus and Faunus, of which the well-known story is told, have been by some preferred to the two antique figures representing the same.

The beautiful head of Alexander is universally admired by all the virtuosi; though they differ in opinion with regard to the circumstance in which the sculptor has intended to represent that hero. Some imagine he is dying; Mr. Addison imagines he sighs for new worlds to conquer; others that he faints with pain and loss of blood from the wounds he received at Oxydrace. Others think the features express not bodily pain or languor, but sorrow and remorse, for having murdered his faithful friend Clitus. You see how very uncertain a business this of a virtuoso is. I can hardly believe that the artist intended simply to represent him dying; there was nothing very creditable in the manner he brought on his death. Nor do I think he would choose to represent him moaning, or languishing with pain or sickness; there is nothing heroic in that; nor do we sympathize so readily with the pains of the body, as with those of the mind. As for the story of his weeping for new worlds, he will excite still less sympathy, if that is the cause of his affliction. The last conjecture, therefore, that the artist intended to represent him in a violent fit of remorse, is the most probable. The unfinished bust of Marcus Brutus, by Michael Angelo, admirably expresses the determined firmness of character which belonged to that virtuous Roman. The artist, while he wrought at this, seems to have had in his mind Horace's ode,—

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solidâ, &c. *

This would, in my opinion, be a more suitable inscription for the bust, than the concetto of Cardinal Bembo, which is at present under it.† Michael Angelo, in all probability, was pleased with the expression he had already given the features, and chose to leave it as an unfinished sketch, rather than risk weakening it by an attempt to improve it.

The virtuosi differ in opinion respecting the Arrotino, or Whetter, as much as about the head of Alexander. A young gentleman said to an antiquarian, while he contemplated the Arrotino,—'I believe, sir, it is imagined that this statue was intended for the slave, who, while he was whetting his knife, overheard Catiline's conspiracy.' 'That is the vulgar opinion,' said the other; 'but the statue was, in reality, done for a peasant, who discovered the plot into which the two sons of Junius Brutus entered for the restoration of Tarquin.' 'I ask pardon, sir,' said the young man; 'but although one may easily see that the figure listens with the most exquisite expression of attention, yet I should think it very difficult to delineate in the features, whether the listener heard a conspiracy, or any thing else which greatly interested him, and absolutely impossible to mark, by any expression of countenance, what particular conspiracy he is hearing.' 'Your observation is just, young man,' said the antiquarian, 'when applied to modern artists, but entirely the reverse

* The man in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the stern tyrant's brow——defies.

FRANCIS.

† Dum Bruti effigiem Michael de marmore fingit,
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinuit.‡

‡ While Michael was forming this statue, shocked with the recollection of Brutus's crime, he left his design unfinished.

when applied to the ancient. Now, for my own part, I plainly perceive in that man's countenance, and after you have studied those matters as profoundly as I have done you will see the same, that it is the conspiracy for the restoration of Tarquin, and no other plot whatever, which he listens to; as for Catiline's conspiracy, it is not possible he could know any thing about it; for, good God! people ought to reflect, that the man must have been dead four hundred years before Catiline was born.'

As we are now in the famous octagonal room, called Tribuna, I ought, if I had any thing new to say, to descant a little on the distinguished excellences of the Dancing Faun, the Wrestlers, the Venus Urania, the Venus Victrix; and I would most willingly pay the poor tribute of my praise to that charming figure known by the name of Venus de Medicis. Yet, in the midst of all my admiration, I confess I do not think her equal to her brother Apollo in the Vatican. In that sublime figure, to the most perfect features and proportions, is joined an air which seems more than human. The Medicean Venus is unquestionably a perfect model of female beauty; but while Apollo appears more than a man, the Venus seems precisely a beautiful woman.

In the same room are many valuable curiosities, besides a collection of admirable pictures by the best masters. I do not know whether any are more excellent of their kind, but I am convinced none are more attentively considered than the two Venuses of Titian; one is said to be a portrait of his wife, the other of his mistress. The first is the finest portrait I ever saw, except the second; of this you have seen many copies: though none of them equals the beauty of the original, yet they will give a juster idea of it than any description of mine could. On the background, two women seem searching for something in a trunk. This episode is found much fault with; for my part, I see no great harm the two poor women do: none but those critics who search more eagerly after *deformity* than *beauty*, will take any notice of them.

Besides the Gallery and Tribuna, the hundredth part of whose treasures I have not particularized, there are other rooms, whose contents are indicated by the names they bear; as, the Cabinet of Arts, of Astronomy, of Natural History, of Medals, of Porcelain, of Antiquities, and the Saloon of the Hermaphrodite, so called from a statue which divides the admiration of the amateurs with that in the Borghese village at Rome. The excellence of the execution is disgraced by the vileness of the subject. We are surprised how the Greeks and Romans could take pleasure in such unnatural figures; in this particular their taste seems to have been as depraved, as in general it was elegant and refined. In this room there is a collection of drawings by some of the greatest masters, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and others. There is, in particular, a sketch of the Last Judgment by the first-named of these painters, different, and, in the opinion of some, designed with more judgment, than his famous picture on the same subject in Sixtus IV's chapel in the Vatican.

The large room, called the Gallery of Portraits, is not the least curious in this vast museum. It contains the portraits, all executed by themselves, of the most eminent painters who have flourished in Europe during the three last centuries. They amount to above two hundred; those of Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Guido, were formerly the most esteemed; two have been added lately, which vie with the finest in this collection—those of Mengs and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The portrait of Raphael seems to have been done when he was young; it is not equal to any of the above. The electress dowager of Saxony has made a valuable addition to this collection, by sending her own portrait painted by herself; she is at full length, with the palette and pencils in her hand. Coreggio, after hearing the picture of St. Cecilia at Bologna cried up as a prodigy, and the *ne plus ultra* of art, went to see it; and conscious that there was nothing in it that required the exertion of greater powers than he felt with-

in himself, he was overheard to say, 'Anch' io sono pittore.' This illustrious princess was also conscious of her powers when she painted this portrait, which seems to pronounce to the spectators, *Anch' io sono pittrice.**

LETTER LXXIII.

Florence.

HAVING now crossed from the Adriatic to the Mediterranean, and travelled through a considerable part of Italy, I acknowledge I have been agreeably disappointed in finding the state of the poorer part of the inhabitants less wretched than, from the accounts of some travellers, I imagined it was; and I may with equal truth add, that although I have not seen so much poverty as I was taught to expect, yet I have seen far more poverty than misery. Even the extremity of indigence is accompanied with less wretchedness here than in many other countries. This is partly owing to the mildness of the climate and fertility of the soil, and partly to the peaceable, religious, and contented disposition of the people. The miseries which the poorer part of mankind suffer from cold, are, perhaps, greater than those derived from any other source whatever. But in Italy, the gentleness of the climate protects them from this calamity nine months of the year. If they can gather as much wood as to keep a moderate fire during the remaining three, and procure a coarse cloak, they have little to fear from that quarter. Those who cannot get employment, which is often the case in this country, and even those who do not choose to work, which is the case with numbers all the world over, receive a regular maintenance from some convent: with this, and what little they can pick up otherwise, in a country where provisions are plentiful and cheap, they pass through life, in their own opinion, with more satisfaction than if they had a greater number of conveniences procured by much bo-

* I also am a painter.

dily labour. Whereas in Great Britain, Germany, and other northern countries, the poor have no choice but to work; for if they remain idle, they are exposed to miseries more intolerable than the hardest labour can occasion to the laziest of mankind; they are invaded at once by the accumulated agonies of hunger and cold; and if they have ever had sufficient credit to contract a little debt, they are continually in danger of being thrown into a jail among pickpockets and felons. With respect to the lowest of the tradespeople and the day-labourers in this country, their wages are certainly not high; nor are they willing, by great efforts of industry, to gain all they might; but what they do gain is never wasted in intemperance, but fairly spent in their families on the real necessaries and comforts of life.

The Italians are the greatest loungers in the world, and while walking in the fields, or stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves. Without ever running into the daring excesses of the English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans, the Italian populace discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any of the other. The frequent processions and religious ceremonies, besides amusing and comforting them, serve to fill up their time, and prevent that ennui and those immoral practices which are apt to accompany poverty and idleness. It is necessary, for the quiet and happiness of every community, that the populace be employed. Some politicians imagine, that their whole time should be spent in gainful industry. Others think, that though the riches of the state will not be augmented, yet the general happiness, which is a more important object, will be promoted by blending the occupations of industry with a considerable proportion of such superstitious ceremonies as awaken the future hopes, without lulling the present benevolence, of

the multitude: but nobody can doubt, that in countries where, from whatever cause, industry does not prevail, processions and other rites of the same nature will tend to restrain the populace from the vices, and of consequence prevent some of the miseries of idleness.

The peasantry of this country are unquestionably in a more comfortless state than a benevolent mind could wish them. But, England and Switzerland excepted, is not this the case all over Europe? In all the countries I have seen, or had an account of, the husbandmen, probably the most virtuous, but certainly the most useful part of the community, whose labour and industry maintain all the rest, and in whom the real strength of the state resides, are, by a most unjust dispensation, generally the poorest and most oppressed. But although the Italian peasantry are by no means in the affluent, independent situation of the peasantry of Switzerland, and the tenantry of England, yet they are not subjected to the same oppressions with those of Germany, nor are they so poor as those of France.

Great part of the lands in Italy belong to convents; and I have observed, and have been assured by those who have the best opportunities of knowing, that the tenants of these communities are happier, and live more at their ease, than those of a great part of the nobility. The revenues of convents are usually well managed, and never allowed to be squandered away by the folly or extravagance of any of its members; consequently the community is not driven by craving and threatening creditors, as individuals frequently are, to squeeze out of their vassals the means of supplying the waste occasioned by their own vanity and expense. A convent can have no incitement to severe and oppressive exactions from the peasants, except sheer avarice; a passion which never rises to such a height in a society where the revenue is in common, as in the breast of an individual, who is solely to reap the fruits of his own oppression.

The stories which circulate in Protestant countries, concerning the scandalous debauchery of monks, and the lux-

urious manner in which they live in their convents, whatever truth there may have been in them formerly, are certainly now in a great measure without foundation. I remember when I was at the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, which has a considerable district of land belonging to it, I was informed, and this information was confirmed by what I saw, that those monks were gentle and generous masters, and that their tenants were envied by all the peasantry around, on account of the treatment they received, and the comparatively easy terms on which they held their farms. From the inquiries I have made in France, Germany, and Italy, I am convinced that this is usually the case with those peasants who belong to convent lands: and very often, I have been informed, besides having easy rents, they also find affectionate friends and protectors in their masters, who visit them in sickness, comfort them in all distresses, and are of service to their families in various shapes.

I have been speaking hitherto of the peasantry belonging to convents; but I believe I might extend the remark to the tenants of ecclesiastics in general, though they are often represented as more proud and oppressive masters than any class of men whatever; an aspersion which may have gained credit the more easily on this account, that instances of cruelty and oppression in ecclesiastics strike more, and raise a greater indignation, than the same degree of wickedness in other men; they raise a greater indignation, because they are more unbecoming of clergymen, and they strike more when they do happen, because they happen seldomer. The ambition of popes some centuries ago, when the court of Rome was in its zenith, the unlimited influence and power which particular churchmen acquired in England and France, had those effects upon their actions and characters, which ambition and power usually have on the characters of men; it rendered them insolent, unfeeling, and persecuting. Yet, for every cruel and tyrannical pope that history has recorded, it will be easy to name two or three

Roman emperors who have surpassed them in every species of wickedness; and England and France have had prime ministers with all the vices, without the abilities, of Wolsey and Richelieu.

Those who declaim against the wickedness of the clergy, seem to take it for granted that this body of men were the authors of the most horrid instances of persecution, massacre, and tyranny, over men's consciences, that are recorded in the annals of mankind; yet Philip II, Charles IX, and Henry VIII, were not churchmen; and the capricious tyranny of Henry, the frantic fury of Charles, and the persevering cruelty of Philip, seem to have proceeded from the personal characters of these monarchs, or to have been excited by what they considered as their political interest, rather than by the suggestions of their clergy.

As the subjects of the ecclesiastical state are perhaps the poorest in Italy, this has been imputed to the rapacious disposition which some assert is natural to churchmen. This poverty, however, may be otherwise accounted for. Bishop Burnet very judiciously observes, that the subjects of a government, which is at once despotic and elective, labour under peculiar disadvantages; for an hereditary prince will naturally have considerations for his people which an elective one will not, 'unless he has a degree of generosity not common among men, and least of all among Italians, who have a passion for their families which is not known in other places.'* An elective prince, knowing that it is only during his reign that his family can receive any benefit from it, makes all the haste he can to enrich them. To this it may be added, that as popes generally arrive at sovereignty at an age when avarice predominates in the human breast, they may be supposed to have a stronger bias than other princes to that sordid passion; and even when this does not take place, their needy relations are continually prompting them to acts of oppression, and suggesting ways and means of

* Vide Bishop Burnet's Travels.

squeezing the people. Other causes might be assigned; but, that it does not originate from the imputation above mentioned, seems evident from this, that the peasants of particular ecclesiastics, and of the convents in the pope's dominions, as well as in other countries, are generally less oppressed than those of the lay lords and princes.

From what has been thrown out by some celebrated wits, and the common-place invective of those who affect that character, one would be led to imagine that there is something in the nature of the clerical profession which has a tendency to render men proud and oppressive. Such indiscriminating censure carries no conviction to my mind, because it is contradicted by the experience I have had in life, and by the observations, such as they are, which I have been able to make on human nature. I do not mean, in imitation of the satirists above mentioned, to put the clergy of all religions on the same footing. My opportunities of knowledge are too slender to justify *that*; my acquaintance with this order of men having been in a great measure confined to those of the Protestant church, men of learning and ingenuity, of quiet, speculative, and benevolent dispositions; it is usually, indeed, this turn of mind which has inclined them to the ecclesiastical profession. But though my acquaintance with the Roman Catholic clergy is very limited, yet the few I do know could not be mentioned as exceptions to what I have just said of the Protestant; and, exclusive of all personal knowledge of the men, it is natural to think that the habitual performance of the ceremonies of the Christian religion, though intermingled with some superstitious rites, and the preaching the doctrines of benevolence and good-will towards men, must have some influence on the lives and characters of those who are thus employed. It is a common error, prevailing in Protestant countries, to imagine that the Roman Catholic clergy laugh at the religion they inculcate, and regard their flocks as the dupes of an artful plan of imposition. By far the greater part of Roman Catholic priests and monks are themselves most sincere believers,

and teach the doctrines of Christianity, and all the miracles of the legend, with a perfect conviction of their divinity and truth. The few who were behind the curtain when falsehood was first embroidered upon truth, and those who have at different periods been the authors of all the masks and interludes which have enriched the grand drama of superstition, have always chosen to employ such men, being sensible that the inferior actors would perform their parts more perfectly, by acting from nature and real conviction. 'Paulum interesse censes,' says Davus to Mysis, 'ex animo omnia ut fert natura, facias an de industria.' *

The accounts we receive of their gluttony, are often as ill-founded as those of their infidelity. The real character of the majority of monks and inferior ecclesiastics, both in France and Italy, is that of a simple, superstitious, well-meaning race of men, who for the most part live in a very abstemious and mortified manner, notwithstanding what we have heard of their gluttony, their luxury, and voluptuousness. Accusations are frequently thrown out by those who are ill entitled to make them. I remember being in company with an acquaintance of yours, who is distinguished for the delicacy of his table and the length of his repasts, from which he seldom retires without a bottle of Burgundy for his own share, not to mention two or three glasses of Champaign between the courses. We had dined a few miles from the town in which we then lived, and were returning in his chariot; it was winter, and he was wrapped in fur to the nose. As we drove along, we met two friars walking through the snow; little threads of icicles hung from their beards; their legs and the upper part of their feet were bare, but their soles were defended from the snow by wooden sandals. 'There goes a couple of dainty rogues,' cried your friend as we

* Andria Terentii. 'Do you imagine there is but little difference between acting from feeling, as nature dictates, or from art?'

drew near them; 'only think of the folly of permitting such lazy luxurious rascals to live in a state, and eat up the portion of the poor. I will engage that those two scoundrels, as lean and mortified as they look, will devour more victuals in a day, than would maintain two industrious families.' He continued railing against the luxury of those two friars, and afterwards expatiated upon the epicurism of the clergy in general; who, he said, were all alike in every country, and of every religion. When we arrived in town, he told me he had ordered a little nice supper to be got ready at his house by the time of our return, and had lately got some excellent wine, inviting me at the same time to go home with him; for, continued he, as *we have driven* three miles in such weather, *we stand in great need* of some refreshment.

That in all Roman Catholic countries, and particularly in Italy, the clergy are too numerous, have too much power, too great a proportion of the lands, and that some of them live in great pomp and luxury, is undeniable. That the common people would be in a better situation, if manufactures and the spirit of industry could be introduced among them, is equally true; but, even as things are, I cannot help thinking that the state of the Italian peasantry is preferable, in many respects, to that of the peasants of many other countries in Europe. They are not beaten by their ecclesiastical lords, as those of Germany are by their masters, on every real or imaginary offence. They have not their children torn from them, to be sacrificed to the pomp, avarice, or ambition of some military despot; nor are they themselves pressed into the service as soldiers for life.

In England and in France the people take an interest in all national disputes, and consider the cause of their country or their prince as their own; they enter into the service voluntarily, and fight with ardour for the glory of the country or king they love. Those ideas enable them to submit to a thousand hardships without repining, and they feel the sensations of happiness in the midst of toil, want,

and danger. But in Germany, where the passions are annihilated, and a man is modelled into a machine before he is thought a good soldier, where his blood is sold by the prince to the highest bidder, where he has no quarrel with the enemy he murders, and no allegiance to the monarch for whom he fights, the being liable to be forced into such a service, is one of the most dreadful of all calamities. Yet a regiment of such compelled soldiers, dressed in gaudy uniform, and powdered for a review, with music sounding and colours flying, makes a far more brilliant appearance than a cluster of peasants with their wives and children upon a holiday. But if we could examine the breasts of the individuals, we should find in those of the former nothing but the terror of punishment, hatred of their officers, distrust of each other, and life itself supported only by the hope of desertion; while the bosoms of the latter are filled with all the affections of humanity, undisturbed by fear or remorse.

LETTER LXXIV.

Florence.

Society seems to be on an easy and agreeable footing in this city. Besides the conversazionis which they have here, as in other towns of Italy, a number of the nobility meet every day at a house called the Casino. This society is pretty much on the same footing with the clubs in London. The members are elected by ballot. They meet at no particular hour, but go at any time that is convenient. They play at billiards, cards, and other games, or continue conversing the whole evening, as they think proper. They are served with tea, coffee, lemonade, ices, or what other refreshments they choose; and each person pays for what he calls for. There is one material difference between this and the English clubs, that women as well as men are members.

The company of both sexes behave with more frankness and familiarity to strangers, as well as to each other,

than is customary in public assemblies in other parts of Italy.

The opera at Florence is a place where the people of quality pay and receive visits, and converse as freely as at the Casino above mentioned. This occasions a continual passing and repassing to and from the boxes, except in those where there is a party of cards formed; it is then looked on as a piece of ill manners to disturb the players. I never was more surprised, than when it was proposed to me to make one of a whist party, in a box which seemed to have been made for the purpose, with a little table in the middle. I hinted that it would be full as convenient to have the party somewhere else; but I was told, good music added greatly to the pleasure of a whist party; that it increased the joy of good fortune, and soothed the affliction of bad. As I thought the people of this country better acquainted than myself with the power of music, I contested the point no longer; but have generally played two or three rubbers at whist in the stage-box every opera night.

From this you may guess, that, in this city, as in some other towns in Italy, little attention is paid to the music by the company in the boxes, except at a new opera, or during some favourite air. But the dancers command a general attention: as soon as they begin, conversation ceases; even the card-players lay down their cards, and fix their eyes on the ballette. Yet the excellence of Italian dancing seems to consist in feats of strength, and a kind of jerking agility, more than in graceful movement. There is a continual contest among the performers, who shall spring highest. You see here none of the sprightly, alluring gaiety of the French comic dancers, nor of the graceful attitudes, and smooth flowing motions of the performers in the serious opera at Paris. It is surprising, that a people of such taste and sensibility as the Italians, should prefer a parcel of athletic jumpers to elegant dancers.

On the evenings on which there is no opera, it is usual for the genteel company to drive to a public walk immediately without the city, where they remain till it begins

to grow duskish. Soon after our arrival at Florence, in one of the avenues of this walk we observed two men and two ladies, followed by four servants in livery. One of the men wore the insignia of the garter. We were told this was the count Albany, and that the lady next to him was the countess. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the envoy from the king of Prussia to the court of Turin. He whispered the count, who, returning the salutation, looked very earnestly at the duke of Hamilton. We have seen them almost every evening since, either at the opera or on the public walk. His Grace does not affect to shun the avenue in which they happen to be; and as often as we pass near them, the count fixes his eyes in a most expressive manner upon the duke, as if he meant to say—our ancestors were better acquainted.

You know, I suppose, that the count Albany is the unfortunate Charles Stuart, who left Rome sometime since on the death of his father, because the pope did not think proper to acknowledge him by the title which he claimed on that event. He now lives at Florence, on a small revenue allowed him by his brother. The countess is a beautiful woman, much beloved by those who know her, who universally describe her as lively, intelligent, and agreeable. Educated as I was in revolution principles, and in a part of Scotland where the religion of the Stuart family, and the maxims by which they governed, are more reprobated than perhaps in any part of Great Britain, I could not behold this unfortunate person without the warmest emotion and sympathy. What must a man's feelings be, who finds himself excluded from the most brilliant situation, and noblest inheritance that this world affords, and reduced to an humiliating dependence on those, who, in the natural course of events, should have looked up to him for protection and support? What must his feelings be, when on a retrospective view he beholds a series of calamities attending his family, that is without example in the annals of the unfortunate; calamities, of

which those they experienced after their accession to the throne of England, were only a continuation? Their misfortunes began with their royalty, adhered to them through ages, increased with the increase of their dominions, did not forsake them when dominion was no more; and, as he has reason to dread, from his own experience, are not yet terminated. It will afford no alleviation or comfort, to recollect that part of this black list of calamities arose from the imprudence of his ancestors; and that many gallant men, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have at different periods been involved in their ruin.

Our sympathy for this unfortunate person is not checked by any blame which can be thrown on himself. He surely had no share in the errors of the first Charles, the profligacy of the second, or the impolitic and bigotted attempts of James against the laws and established religion of Great Britain and Ireland; therefore, whilst I contemplate with approbation and gratitude the conduct of those patriots who resisted and expelled that infatuated monarch, ascertained the rights of the subject, and settled the constitution of Great Britain on the firm basis of freedom on which it has stood ever since the revolution, and on which I hope it will ever stand, yet I freely acknowledge, that I never could see the unfortunate Count Albany without sentiments of compassion, and the most lively sympathy.

I write with the more warmth, as I have heard of some of our countrymen, who, during their tours through Italy, made the humble state to which he is reduced a frequent theme of ridicule, and who, as often as they met him in public, affected to pass by with an air of sneering insult. The motive to this is as base and abject as the behaviour is unmanly; those who endeavour to make misfortune an object of ridicule, are themselves the objects of detestation. A British nobleman or gentleman has certainly no occasion to form an intimacy with the count Albany; but while he appears under that name, and claims no other title, it is ungenerous, on every accidental meeting, not to

behave to him with the respect due to a man of high rank, and the delicacy due to a man highly unfortunate.

One thing is certain; that the same disposition which makes men insolent to the weak, renders them slaves to the powerful; and those who are most apt to treat this unfortunate person with an ostentatious contempt at Florence, would have been his most abject flatterers at St. James's.

LETTER LXXV.

Florence.

In a country where men are permitted to speak and write without restraint on the measures of government; where almost every citizen may flatter himself with the hopes of becoming a part of the legislature; where eloquence, popular talents, and political intrigues, lead to honours, and open a broad road to wealth and power; men, after the first glow of youth is past, are more obedient to the loud voice of ambition than to the whispers of love. But in despotic states, and in monarchies which verge towards despotism, where the will of the prince is law; or, which amounts nearly to the same thing, where the law yields to the will of the prince; where it is dangerous to speak or write on general politics, and death or imprisonment to censure the particular measures of government; love becomes a first, instead of being a secondary object; for ambition is, generally speaking, a more powerful passion than love; and on this account women are the objects of greater attention and respect in despotic than in free countries. That species of address to women which is now called gallantry, was, if I am not mistaken, unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans; nothing like it appears in any of Terence's comedies, where one would naturally expect to find it, if any such thing had existed when they were written. It now prevails, in some degree, in every country of Europe, but appears in different forms

according to the different characters, customs, and manners, of the various countries.

In the courts of Germany it is a formal peice of business; etiquette governs the arrows of Cupid, as well as the torch of Hymen. Mistresses are chosen from the number of quarters on their family coats of arms, as well as from the number of their personal charms; and those ladies who are well provided in the first, seldom are without lovers, however deficient they may be in the second. But though many avenues, which in England lead to power and distinction, are shut up in Germany, and the whole power of government is vested in the sovereign, yet the young nobility cannot bestow a great deal of their time in gallantry. The military profession, which in the time of peace is perfect idleness in France and England, is a very serious, unremitting employment in Germany. Men who are continually drilling soldiers, and whose fortunes and reputations depend on the expertness of the troops under their command, cannot pay a great deal of attention to the ladies.

Every French gentleman must be a soldier; but fighting is the only part of the business they go through with spirit; they cannot submit to the German precision in discipline, their souls sink under the tediousness of a campaign, and they languish for a battle from the impetuosity of their disposition, and impatience to have the matter decided one way or the other. This, with many particular exceptions, is the general style of the French noblesse; they all serve an apprenticeship to war, but gallantry is the profession they follow for life. In England, the spirit of play and of party draws the minds of the young men of fortune from love or gallantry; those who spend their evenings at a gaming-house, or in parliament, seldom think of any kind of women but such as may be had without trouble; and, of course, women of character are less attended to than in some other countries. When I was last at Paris, the marquis de F——

found an English newspaper on my table; it contained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both houses of parliament; he read it with great attention while I finished a letter, and then throwing down the paper, he said to me, 'Mais, mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s'amusent à jaser, comme cela dans votre chambre des pairs et votre parlement, * parbleu un etranger auroit beau jeu avec leurs femmes.'

Intrigues of gallantry, comparatively speaking, occur seldom in England; and when they do, they generally proceed from a violent passion, to which every consideration of fortune and reputation is sacrificed, and the business concludes in a flight to the continent, or a divorce.

They manage matters otherwise in France; you hardly ever hear of flights or divorces in that country; a hundred new arrangements are made, and as many old ones broken, in a week at Paris, without noise or scandal; all is conducted quietly et selon les régles; the fair sex are the universal objects of respect and adoration, and yet there is no such thing as constancy in the nation. Wit, beauty, and every accomplishment united in one woman, could not fix the volatility of a Frenchman; the love of variety, and the vanity of new conquests, would make him abandon this phœnix for birds far less rare and estimable. The women in France, who are full of spirit and sensibility, could never endure such usage, if they were not as fickle and as fond of new conquests as their lovers.

In Italy, such levity is viewed with contempt, and constancy is, by both sexes, still classed among the virtues.

That high veneration for the fair sex which prevailed in the ages of chivalry, continued long after in the form of a sentimental-Platonic kind of gallantry. Every man of ingenuity chose unto himself a mistress, and directly proclaimed her beauty and her cruelty in love ditties, madrigals, and elegies, without expecting any other recom-

* The French in general are apt make the same mistake with the marquis: they often speak of the house of peers and the *parliament* as two distinct assemblies.

pense than the reputation of a constant lover and a good poet. By the mere force of imagination, and the eloquence of their own metaphysical sonnets, they became persuaded that their mistresses were possessed of every accomplishment of face and mind, and that themselves were dying for love.

As in those days women were constantly guarded by their fathers and brothers before marriage, and watched and confined by their husbands for the rest of their lives; the refined passions above described were not exposed to the same accidents which so frequently befal those of modern lovers; they could neither fall into a decay from a more perfect knowledge of the ladies character, nor were they liable to sudden death from enjoyment. But whilst the women were adored in song, they were miserable in reality; confinement and distrust made them detest their husbands, and they endeavoured to form connections with men more to their taste than either jealous husbands or metaphysical lovers. To treat a woman of character as if she were an unprincipled wanton, is the most likely way to make her one. In those days of jealousy, a continual trial of skill seems to have subsisted between husband and wife, as if every lord, soon after marriage, had told his lady, 'Now, madam, I know perfectly well what you would be at; but it is my business to prevent you: I'll guard you so well, and watch you so closely, that it shall never be in your power to gratify your inclinations.' 'You are perfectly in the right, my lord,' replied the lady, with all meekness; 'pray guard and watch as your wisdom shall direct; I, also, shall be vigilant on my part, and we shall see how the business will end.' The business generally did end as might have been expected; and the only consolation left the husband was, to endeavour to assassinate the happy lover.

But when French manners began to spread over Europe, and to insinuate themselves among nations the most opposite in character to the French, jealousy was first held up as the most detestable of all the passions. The law

had long declared against its dismal effects, and awful denunciations had been pronounced from the pulpit against those who were inflamed by its bloody spirit; but without effect, till ridicule joined in the argument, and exposed those husbands to the contempt and derision of every fashionable society, who harboured the gloomy demon in their bosoms.

As in England, after the Restoration, people, to shew their aversion to the Puritans, turned every appearance of religion into ridicule, and from the extreme of hypocrisy flew at once to that of profligacy; so in Italy, from the custom of secluding the wife from all mankind but her husband, it became the fashion that she should never be seen with her husband, and yet always have a man at her elbow.

I shall conclude what I have to say on this subject in my next.

LETTER LXXVI.

Florence.

Before the Italian husbands could adopt or reconcile their minds to a custom so opposite to their former practice, they took some measures to secure a point which they had always thought of the highest importance. Finding the confinement was a plan generally reprobated, and that any appearance of jealousy subjected the husband to ridicule, they agreed that their wives should go into company and attend public places, but always attended by a friend whom they could trust, and who, at the same time, should not be disagreeable to the wife. This compromise could not fail of being acceptable to the women, who plainly perceived that they must be gainers by any alteration of the former system; and it soon became universal all over Italy, for the women to appear at public places leaning upon the arm of a man; who, from their frequently whispering together, was called her Cicisbeo. It was stipulated, at the same time, that the lady, while abroad under

his care, should converse with no other man but in his presence, and with his approbation: he was to be her guardian, her friend, and gentleman-usher.

The custom at present is, that this obsequious gentleman visits the lady every forenoon at the toilet, where the plan for passing the evening is agreed upon; he disappears before dinner, for it is usual all over Italy for the husband and wife to dine together tête-à-tête, except on great occasions, as when there is a public feast. After dinner the husband retires, and the Cicisbeo returns and conducts the lady to the public walk, conversazioné, or the opera; he hands her about wherever she goes, presents her coffee, sorts her cards, and attends with the most pointed assiduity till the amusements of the evening are over; he accompanies her home, and delivers up his charge to the husband, who is then supposed to resume his functions.

From the nature of this connection, it could not be an easy matter to find a Cicisbeo who would be equally agreeable to the husband and wife. At the beginning of the institution, the husbands, as I have been informed, preferred the Platonic swains, who professed only the metaphysics of love, and whose lectures, they imagined, might refine their wives ideas, and bring them to the same way of thinking; in many instances, no doubt, it would happen, that the Platonic admirer acted with *less seraphic ends;* but these instances serve only as proofs that the husbands were mistaken in their men; for however absurd it may appear in the eyes of some people, to imagine that the husbands believe it is only a Platonic connexion which subsists between their wives and the Cicisbeos; it is still more absurd to believe, as some strangers who have passed through this country seem to have done, that this whole system of Cicisbeism was from the beginning, and is now, an universal system of adultery connived at by every Italian husband. To get clear of one difficulty, those gentlemen fall into another much more inexplicable; by supposing that the men, who of all the inhabitants of Europe were the most scrupulous with regard to their wives chastity,

should acquiesce in, and in a manner become subservient to, their prostitution. In support of this strange doctrine, they assert, that the husbands being the Cicisbeos of other women, cannot enjoy this privilege on any other terms; and are therefore contented to sacrifice their wives for the sake of their mistresses. That some individuals may be profligate enough to act in this manner, I make no doubt. Similar arrangements we hear instances of in every country; but that such a system is general, or any thing near it, in Italy, seems to me perfectly incredible, and is contrary to the best information I have received since I have been here. It is also urged, that most of the married men of quality in Italy act in the character of Cicisbeo to some woman or other; and those who are not Platonic lovers, ought to suspect that the same liberties are taken with their wives which they take with the spouses of their neighbours; and therefore their suffering a man to visit their wives in the character of a cavalier servente, is in effect conniving at their own cuckoldom. But this does not follow as an absolute consequence; for men have a wonderful faculty of deceiving themselves on such occasions. So great is the infatuation of their vanity, that the same degree of complaisance, which they consider as the effect of a very natural and excusable weakness, when indulged by any woman for themselves, they would look on as a horrible enormity if admitted by their wives for another man; so that whatever degree of licentiousness may exist in consequence of this system, I am convinced the majority of husbands make exceptions in their own favour, and that their ladies find means to satisfy each individual that he is not involved in a calamity, which, after all, is more general in other countries, as well as Italy, than it ought.

Even when there is the greatest harmony and love between the husband and wife, and although each would prefer the other's company to any other, still, such is the tyranny of fashion, they must separate every evening; he to play the cavaliero servente to another woman, and she

to be led about by another man. Notwithstanding this inconveniency, the couples who are in this predicament are certainly happier than those whose affections are not centered at home. Some very loving couples lament the cruelty of this separation; yet the world in general seem to be of opinion, that a man and his wife who dine together every day, and lie together every night, may, with a proper exertion of philosophy, be able to support being asunder a few hours in the evening.

The Cicisbeo, in many instances, is a poor relation or humble friend, who, not being in circumstances to support an equipage, is happy to be admitted into all the societies, and to be carried about to public diversions, as an appendage to the lady. I have known numbers of those gentlemen, whose appearance and bodily infirmities carried the clearest refutation, with respect to themselves personally, of the scandalous stories of an improper connection between cavaliero serventes and their mistresses. I never in my life saw men more happily formed, both in body and mind, for saving the reputation of the females with whom they were on a footing of intimacy. The humble and timid air which many of them betray in the presence of the ladies, and the perseverance with which they continue their services, notwithstanding the contemptuous style in which they are often treated, is equally unlike the haughtiness natural to favoured lovers, and the indifference of men satiated with enjoyment.

There are, it must be confessed, Cicisbeos of a very different stamp, whose figure and manners might be supposed more agreeable to the ladies they serve, than to their lords. I once expressed my surprise, that a particular person permitted one of this description to attend his wife. I was told, by way of solution of my difficulty, that the husband was poor, and the Cicisbeo rich. It is not in Italy only where infamous compromises of this nature take place.

I have also known instances, since I have been in this country, where the characters of the ladies were so well

established, as not to be shaken either in the opinion of their acquaintances or husbands, although their cavaliero serventes were in every respect agreeable and accomplished.

But whether the connection between them is supposed innocent or criminal, most Englishmen will be astonished how men can pass so much of their time with women. This, however, will appear less surprising, when they recollect that the Italian nobility dare not intermeddle in politics; can find no employment in the army or navy; and that there are no such amusements in the country as hunting or drinking. In such a situation, if a man of fortune has no turn for gaming, what can he do? Even an Englishman, in those desperate circumstances, might be driven to the company and conversation of women, to lighten the burden of time. The Italians have persevered so long in this expedient, that, however extraordinary it may seem to those who have never tried it, there can be no doubt that they find it to succeed. They tell you, that nothing so effectually sooths the cares, and beguiles the tediousness of life, as the company of an agreeable woman; that though the intimacy should never exceed the limits of friendship, there is something more flattering and agreeable in it than in male friendships; that they find the female heart more sincere, less interested, and warmer in its attachments; that women in general have more delicacy, and——. Well, well, all this may be true, you will say; but, may not a man enjoy all these advantages, to as great perfection, by an intimacy and friendship with his own wife, as with his neighbour's? 'Non, monsieur, point du tout,' answered a Frenchman, to whom this question was once addressed. 'Et pourquoi 'donc? Parceque cela n'est pas permis.' This you will not think a very satisfactory answer to so natural and so pertinent a question—It is not the fashion! This, however, was the only answer I received all over Italy.

This system is unknown to the middle and lower ranks; they pass their time in the exercise of their professions,

and in the society of their wives and children, as in other countries; and in that sphere of life, jealousy, which formed so strong a feature of the Italian character, is still to be found as strong as ever. He who attempts to visit the wife or mistress of any of the tradespeople without their permission, is in no small danger of a Coltellata. I have often heard it asserted, that Italian women have remarkable powers of attaching their lovers. Those powers, whatever they are, do not seem to depend entirely on personal charms, as many of them retain their ancient influence over their lovers after their beauty is much in the wane, and they themselves are considerably advanced in the vale of years. I know an Italian nobleman, of great fortune, who has been lately married to a very beautiful young woman, and yet he continues his assiduity to his former mistress, now an old woman, as punctually as ever. I know an Englishman who is said to be in the same situation, with this difference, that his lady is still more beautiful. In both these instances, it is natural to believe that the beautiful young wives will always take care to keep their husbands in such a chaste and virtuous way of thinking, that, whatever time they may spend with their ancient mistresses, nothing criminal will ever pass between them.

Whatever satisfaction the Italians find in this kind of constancy, and in their friendly attachments to one woman, my friend the marquis de F——— told me, when I last saw him at Paris, that he had tried it while he remained at Rome, and found it quite intolerable. A certain obliging ecclesiastic had taken the trouble, at the earnest request of a lady of that city, to arrange matters between her and the marquis, who was put into immediate possession of all the rights that were ever supposed to belong to a Cicisbeo. The woman nauseated her husband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her passion for the marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this state things had remained but a very short time, when the marquis called one afternoon

to drive the abbé out a little into the country, but he happened to have just dined. The meals of this ecclesiastic were generally rather oppressive for two or three hours after they were finished; he therefore declined the invitation, saying, by way of apology,—'Je suis dans les horreurs de la digestion.' He then inquired how the marquis's amour went on with the lady. 'Ah, pour l'amour, cela est à peu près passé,' replied the marquis, 'et nous sommes actuellement dans les horreurs de l'amitié.'

LETTER LXXVII.

Florence.

THE Florentines imputed the decay of the republic to the circumstance of their sovereign residing in another country; and they imagined, that wealth would accumulate all over Tuscany, and flow into Florence, from various quarters, as soon as they should have a residing prince, and a court established. It appears, that their hopes were too sanguine, or at least premature. Commerce is still in a languid condition, in spite of all the pains taken by the great duke to revive it.

The Jews are not held in that degree of odium, or subjected to the same humiliating distinctions here, as in most other cities of Europe. I am told, some of the richest merchants are of that religion. Another class of mankind, who are also reprobated in some countries, are in this looked on in the same light with other citizens. I mean the actors and singers at the different theatres. Why Christians, in any country, should have the same prejudice against them as against Jews, many are at a loss to know; it cannot, certainly, be on the same account. Actors and actresses have never been accused of an obstinate, or superstitious adherence to the principles or ceremonies of any *false religion* whatever.

To attempt at a description of the churches, palaces, and other public buildings, would lead, in my opinion, to a very unentertaining detail. Few cities, of its size, in

Europe, however, afford so fine a field of amusement to those who are fond of such subjects; though the lovers of architecture will be shocked to find several of the finest churches without fronts, which, according to some, is owing to a real deficiency of money; while others assert, they are left in this condition, as a pretext for levying contributions to finish them.

The chapel of St. Lorenzo is, perhaps, the finest and most expensive habitation that ever was reared for the dead; it is encrusted with precious stones, and adorned by the workmanship of the best modern sculptors. Some complain that, after all, it has a gloomy appearance. There seems to be no impropriety in that, considering what the building was intended for; though, certainly, the same effect might have been produced at less expense. Mr. Addison remarked, that this chapel advanced so very slowly, that it is not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial-place is finished. This has actually taken place: The Medici family is extinct, and the chapel remains still unfinished.

Of all the methods by which the vanity of the great has distinguished them from the rest of mankind, this of erecting splendid receptacles for their bones excites the least envy. The sight of the most superb edifice of this kind, never drew a repining sigh from the bosom of one poor person; nor do the unsuccessful complain, that the bodies of Fortune's favourites rot under Parian marble, while their own will, in all probability, be allowed to moulder beneath a plain turf.

I have already mentioned the number of statues which ornament the streets and squares of Florence, and how much they are respected by the common people. I am told, they amount in all to above one hundred and fifty, many of them of exquisite workmanship, and admired by those of the best taste. Such a number of statues, without any drapery, continually exposed to the public eye, with the far greater number of pictures, as well as statues, in the same state, to be seen in the palaces, have

produced, in both sexes, the most perfect insensibility to nudities.

Ladies who have remained sometime at Rome and Florence, particularly those who affect a taste for virtù, acquire an intrepidity and a cool minuteness, in examining and criticising naked figures, which is unknown to those who have never passed the Alps. There is something in the figure of the God of Gardens, which is apt to alarm the modesty of a novice; but I have heard of female dilettantes who minded it no more than a straw.

The Palazzo Pitti, where the great duke resides, is on the opposite side of the Arno from the gallery. It has been enlarged since it was purchased from the ruined family of Pitti. The furniture of this palace is rich and curious, particularly some tables of Florentine work, which are much admired. The most precious ornaments, however, are the paintings. The walls of what is called the imperial chamber, are painted in fresco, by various painters; the subjects are allegorical, and in honour of Lorenzo of Medicis, distinguished by the name of the Magnificent. There is more fancy than taste displayed in those paintings. The other principal rooms are distinguished by the names of heathen deities, as Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Venus, and by paintings in fresco, mostly by Pietro da Cortona. In the last mentioned, the subjects are different from what is naturally expected from the name of the room, being representations of the triumphs of virtue over love, or some memorable instance of continency. As the Medici family have been more distinguished for the protection they afforded the arts, than for the virtues of continency or self-denial, it is probable the subject, as well as the execution of these pieces, was left entirely to the painter.

I happened lately to be at this palace, with a person who is perfectly well acquainted with all the pictures of any merit in Florence. While he explained the peculiar excellences of Pietro's manner, a gentleman in company, who, although he does not pretend to the smallest skill

in pictures, would rather remain ignorant for ever, than listen to the lectures of a connoisseur, walked on, by himself, into the other apartments, while I endeavoured to profit by my instructor's knowledge. When the other gentleman returned, he said, 'I know no more of painting than my pointer; but there is a picture in one of the other rooms, which I would rather have than all those you seem to admire so much; it is the portrait of a healthy, handsome, country woman, with her child in her arms. There is nothing interesting in the subject, to be sure, because none of us are personally acquainted with the woman. But I cannot help thinking the colours very natural. The young woman's countenance is agreeable, and expressive of fondness and the joy of a mother over a first-born. The child is a robust, chubby-cheeked fellow; such as the son of a peasant should be.'

We followed him into the room, and the picture which pleased him so much, was the famous Madonna della Seggiola of Raphael. Our instructor immediately called out Viva! and pronounced him a man of genuine taste; because, without any previous knowledge or instruction, he had fixed his admiration on the finest picture in Florence. But this gentleman, as soon as he understood what the picture was, disclaimed all title to praise; 'because,' said he, 'although, when I considered that picture, simply as the representation of a blooming country wench hugging her child, I admired the art of the painter, and thought it one of the truest copies of nature I ever saw; yet, I confess, my admiration is much abated, now that you inform me his intention was to represent the Virgin Mary.' 'Why so?' replied the Cicerone: 'the Virgin Mary was not of higher rank. She was but a poor woman, living in a little village in Galilee.' 'No rank in life,' said the other, 'could give additional dignity to the person who had been told by an angel from heaven, that she had found favour with God; that her son should be called the Son of the Highest; and who, herself, was conscious of all the miraculous circumstances

attending his conception and birth. In the countenance of such a woman, besides comeliness, and the usual affection of a mother, I looked for the most lively expression of admiration, gratitude, virgin modesty, and divine love. And when I am told, the picture is by the greatest painter that ever lived, I am disappointed in perceiving no traces of that kind in it.' What justice there is in this gentleman's remarks, I leave it to better judges than I pretend to be to determine.

After our diurnal visit to the gallery, we often pass the rest of the forenoon in the gardens belonging to this palace. The vale of Arno; the gay hills that surround it; and other natural beauties to be viewed from thence, form an agreeable variety, even to eyes which have been feasting on the most exquisite beauties of art. The pleasure arising from both, however, diminishes by repetition; but may be again excited by the admiration of a new spectator, of whose taste and sensibility you have a good opinion. I experienced this on the arrival of Mr. Fawkener, a gentleman of sense, honour, and politeness, whose company gave fresh relish to our other enjoyments in this place. It is now sometime since he left us; and I am not at all unhappy in the thoughts of proceeding, in a day or two, to Bologna, in our road to Milan.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Milan.

For a post or two after leaving Florence, and about as much before you arrive at Bologna, the road is very agreeable; the rest of your journey between those two cities is over the sandy Apennines.

We had the good fortune to find at Bologna Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Mr. Fitzherbert, Mr. Kennedy, Lord Lumley, and Sir Harry Featherston. Our original intention was to have proceeded without delay to Milan, but on such an agreeable meeting it was impossible not to remain a few days at Bologna.

I went to the academy on the day of distributing the prizes for the best specimens and designs in painting, sculpture, and architecture; a discourse in praise of the fine arts was pronounced by one of the professors, who took that opportunity of enumerating the fine qualities of the cardinal legate; none of the virtues, great or small, were omitted on the occasion; all were attributed in the superlative degree to this accomplished prince of the church. The learned orator acknowledged, however, that this panegyric did not properly belong to his subject, but hoped that the audience, and particularly the legate himself, who was present, would forgive him, in consideration that the eulogy had been wrung from him by the irresistible force of truth. The same force drew forth something similar in praise of the gonfalonier and other magistrates who were present also; and what you may think very remarkable, the number and importance of the qualities attributed to those distinguished persons kept an exact proportion with their *rank*. Power in this happy city seems to have been weighed in the scales of justice, and distributed by the hand of wisdom. All the inferior magistrates, we were informed, are very worthy men, endowed with many excellent qualities; the gonfalonier has many more, and the legate possesses every virtue under the sun. If the pope had entered the room, the too lavish professor would not have been able to help him to a single morsel of praise which had not been already served up.

This town is at present quite full of strangers, who came to assist at the procession of Corpus Domini. The duke of Parma, several cardinals, and other persons of high distinction, besides a prodigious crowd of citizens, attended this great festival. The streets through which the Host was carried under a magnificent canopy, were adorned with tapestry, paintings, looking-glasses, and all the various kinds of finery which the inhabitants could produce. Many of the paintings seemed unsuitable to the occasion; they were on profane, and some of them on wanton sub-

jects; and it appeared extraordinary to see the figures of Venus, Minerva, Apollo, Jupiter, and others of that abdicated family, arranged along the walls in honour of a triumph of the Corpus Christi.

On our way to Milan we stopped a short time at Modena, the capital of the duchy of that name. The whole duchy is about fifty miles in length, and twenty-six in breadth; the town contains twenty thousand inhabitants; the streets are in general large, straight, and ornamented with porticoes. This city is surrounded by a fortification, and farther secured by a citadel; it was anciently rendered famous by the siege which Decimus Brutus sustained here against Marc Antony.

We proceeded next to Parma, a beautiful town, considerably larger than Modena, and defended, like it, by a citadel and regular fortification. The streets are well built, broad, and regular. The town is divided unequally by the little river Parma, which loses itself in the Po, ten or twelve miles from this city.

The theatre is the largest of any in Europe; and consequently a great deal larger than there is any occasion for. Every body has observed, that it is so favourable to the voice, that a whisper from the stage is heard all over this immense house; but nobody tells us on what circumstance in the construction this surprising effect depends.

The Modenese was the native country of Correggio, but he passed most of his life at Parma. Several of the churches are ornamented by the pencil of that great artist, particularly the cupola of the cathedral; the painting of which has been so greatly admired for the grandeur of the design and the boldness of the fore-shortenings. It is now spoiled in such a manner, that its principal beauties are not easily distinguished.

Some of the best pictures in the ducal palace have been removed to Naples and elsewhere; but the famous picture of the Virgin, in which Mary Magdalen and St. Jerom are introduced, still remains. In this composition, Correggio

has been thought to have united, in a supreme degree, beauties which are seldom found in the same piece; an excellence in any one of which has been sufficient to raise other artists to celebrity. The same connoisseurs assert, that this picture is equally worthy of admiration, on account of the freshness of the colouring, the inexpressible gracefulness of the design, and the exquisite tenderness of the expression. After I had heard all those fine things said over and over again, I thought I had nothing to do but admire; and I had prepared my mind accordingly.—Would to heaven that the respectable body of connoisseurs were agreed in opinion, and I should most readily submit mine to theirs! But while the above eulogium still resounded in my ears, other connoisseurs have asserted, that this picture is full of affectation; that the shadowing is of a dirty brown, the attitude of the Magdalen constrained and unnatural; that she may strive to the end of time without ever being able to kiss the foot of the infant Jesus in her present position; that she has the look of an idiot; and that the Virgin herself is but a vulgar figure, and seems not a great deal wiser; that the angels have a ridiculous simper, and most abominable air of affectation; and finally, that St. Jerom has the appearance of a sturdy beggar, who intrudes his brawny figure where it has no right to be.

Distracted with such opposite sentiments, what can a plain man do, who has no great reliance on his own judgment, and wishes to give offence to neither party? I shall leave the picture as I found it, to answer for itself, with a single remark in favour of the angels. I cannot take upon me to say how the real angels of heaven look; but I certainly have seen some *earthly* angels, of my acquaintance, assume the simper and air of those in this picture, when they wished to appear quite celestial.

The duchies of Modena, Parma, and Placentia, are exceedingly fertile. The soil is naturally rich, and the climate being moister here than in many other parts of Italy, produces more plentiful pasturage for cattle. The road runs

over a continued plain, among meadows and corn fields, divided by rows of trees, from whose branches the vines hang in beautiful festoons. We had the pleasure of thinking, as we drove along, that the peasants are not deprived of the blessings of the smiling fertility among which they live. They had in general a neat, contented, and cheerful appearance. The women are successfully attentive to the ornaments of dress, which is never the case amidst oppressive poverty.

Notwithstanding the fertility of the country around it, the town of Placentia itself is but thinly inhabited, and seems to be in a state of decay. What first strike a stranger on entering this city, are two equestrian statues, in bronze, by Giovanni di Bologna; they stand in the principal square, before the town-house. The best of the two represents that consummate general Alexander Farnese, duke of Parma and Placentia, who commanded the army of Philip II in the Netherlands. The inscription on the pedestal mentions his having relieved the city of Paris, when called to the assistance of the League into France, where his great military skill, and cool intrepidity, enabled him to baffle all the ardent impetuosity of the gallant Henry. He was certainly worthy of a better master, and of serving in a better cause. We cannot, without regret, behold a prince, of the duke of Parma's talents and character, supporting the pride of an unrelenting tyrant, and the rancour of furious fanatics.

Except the ducal palace, and some pictures in the churches, which I dare swear you will cordially forgive me for passing over undescribed, I believe there is not a great deal in this city worthy of attention; at all events I can say little about them, as we remained here only a few hours during the heat of the day, and set out the same evening for Milan.

LETTER LXXIX.

Milan.

MILAN, the ancient capital of Lombardy, is the largest city in Italy, except Rome; but though it is thought rather to exceed Naples in size, it does not contain above one-half the number of inhabitants.

The cathedral stands in the centre of the city, and, after St. Peter's, is the most considerable building in Italy. It ought by this time to be the largest in the world, if what they tell us be true, that it is near four hundred years since it was begun, and that there has been a considerable number of men daily employed in completing it ever since; but as the injuries which time does to the ancient parts of the fabric keep them in constant employment, without the possibility of their work being ever completed, Martial's epigram, on the barber Eutrapelus, has been applied to them with great propriety. That poor man, it seems, performed his operations so very slowly, that the beards of his patients required shaving again on the side where he had begun, by the time he had finished the other.

EUTRAPELUS TONSOR DUM CIRCUIT ORA LUPERCI,
EXPUNGITQUE GENAS, ALTERA BARBA SUBIT.

No church in Christendom is so much loaded, I had almost said disfigured, with ornaments. The number of statues, withinside and without, is prodigious; they are all of marble, and many of them finely wrought. The greater part cannot be distinctly seen from below, and therefore certainly have nothing to do above. Besides those which are of a size, and in a situation to be distinguished from the street, there are great numbers of smaller statues, like fairies peeping from every cornice, and hid among the grotesque ornaments, which are here in vast profusion They must have cost much labour to the artists who formed them, and are still a source of toil to strangers, who, in compliment to the person who harangues on the beau-

ties of this church, which he says is the eighth wonder of the world, are obliged to ascend to the roof to have a nearer view of them.

This vast fabric is not simply encrusted, which is not uncommon in Italy, but entirely built of solid white marble, and supported by fifty columns, said to be eighty-four feet high. The four pillars under the cupola, are twenty-eight feet in circumference. By much the finest statue belonging to it is that of St. Bartholomew. He appears flayed, with his skin flung around his middle like a sash, and in the easiest and most degagé manner imaginable. The muscles are well expressed; and the figure might be placed with great propriety in the hall of an anatomist; but, exposed as it is to the view of people of all professions, and of both sexes, it excites more disgust and horror than admiration. Like those beggars who uncover their sores in the street, the artist has destroyed the very effect he meant to produce. This would have sufficiently evinced that the statue was not the work of Praxitiles, without the inscription on the pedestal.—

NON ME PRAXITILES, SED MARCUS FINXIT AGRATI.*

The inside of the choir is ornamented by some highly esteemed sculpture in wood. From the roof hangs a case of crystal, surrounded by rays of gilt metal, and inclosing a nail, said to be one of those by which our Saviour was nailed to the cross. The treasury belonging to this church is reckoned the richest in Italy, after that of Loretto. It is composed of jewels, relics, and curiosities of various kinds; but what is esteemed above all the rest, is a small portion of Aaron's rod, which is carefully preserved there.

The Ambrosian library is said to be one of the most valuable collections of books and manuscripts in Europe. It is open a certain number of hours every day; and there are accommodations for those who come to read or make extracts.

* I am the workmanship of Marcus Agratus, not of Praxitiles.

In the museum, adjoining to the library, are a considerable number of pictures, and many natural curiosities Among these they show a human skeleton. This does not excite a great deal of attention, till you are informed that it consists of the bones of a Milanese lady, of distinguished beauty, who, by her last will, ordained that her body should be dissected, and the skeleton placed in this museum, for the contemplation of posterity. If this lady only meant to give a proof of the transient nature of external charms, and that a beautiful woman is not more desirable after death than a homely one, she might have allowed her body to be consigned to dust in the usual way. In spite of all the cosmetics, and other auxiliaries which vanity employs to varnish and support decaying beauty and flaccid charms, the world have been long satisfied that death is not necessary to put the fair and the homely on a level; a very few years, even during life, do the business.

There is no place in Italy, perhaps I might have said in Europe, where strangers are received in such an easy, hospitable manner, as at Milan. Formerly the Milanese nobility displayed a degree of splendour and magnificence, not only in their entertainments, but in their usual style of living, unknown in any other country in Europe. They are under a necessity at present of living at less expense, but they still shew the same obliging and hospitable disposition. This country having, not very long since, been possessed by the French, from whom it devolved to the Spaniards, and from them to the Germans, the troops of those nations have, at different periods, had their residence here, and, in the course of these vicissitudes, produced a style of manners, and stamped a character on the inhabitants of this duchy, different from what prevails in any other part of Italy; and nice observers imagine they perceive in Milanese manners the politeness, formality, and honesty imputed to those three nations, blended with the ingenuity natural to Italians. Whatever uneasiness the inhabitants of Milan may feel, from the idea of their being

under German government, they seem universally pleased with the personal character of Count Fermian, who has resided here many years as minister from Vienna, equally, to the satisfaction of the empress queen, the inhabitants of Milan, and the strangers who occasionally travel this way.

The great theatre having been burnt to the ground last year, there are no dramatic entertainments, except at a small temporary playhouse, which is little frequented; but the company assemble every evening in their carriages on the ramparts, and drive about, in the same manner as at Naples, till it is pretty late. In Italy, the ladies have no notion of quitting their carriages at the public walks, and using their own legs, as in England and France. On seeing the number of servants, and the splendour of the equipages which appear every evening at the Corso on the ramparts, one would not suspect that degree of depopulation, and diminution of wealth, which we are assured has taken place within these few years all over the Milanese; and which, according to my information, proceeds from the burdensome nature of some late taxes, and the insolent and oppressive manner in which they are gathered.

The natural productions of this fertile country must occasion a considerable commerce, by the exportation of grain, particularly rice; cattle, cheese, and by the various manufactures of silken and velvet stuffs, stockings, handkerchiefs, ribands, gold and silver laces and embroideries, woollen and linen cloths, as well as by some large manufactures of glass, and earthen ware in imitation of china, which are established here. But I am told monopolies are too much protected here, and that prejudices against the profession of a merchant still exist in the minds of the only people who have money. These cannot fail to check industry, and depress the soul of commerce; and perhaps there is little probability that the inhabitants of Milan will overcome this unfortunate turn of mind while they remain under German dominion, and adopt German ideas. The peasants, though more at their ease than in many other

places, yet are not so much so as might be expected in so very fertile a country. Why are the inhabitants of the rich plains of Lombardy, where nature pours forth her gifts in such profusion, less opulent than those of the mountains of Switzerland? Because freedom, whose influence is more benign than sunshine and zephyrs, who covers the rugged rock with soil, drains the sickly swamp, and clothes the brown heath in verdure; who dresses the labourer's face with smiles, and makes him behold his increasing family with delight and exultation; freedom has abandoned the fertile fields of Lombardy, and dwells among the mountains of Switzerland.

LETTER LXXX.

Chamberry.

We made so short a stay at Turin that I did not think of writing from thence. I shall now give you a sketch of our progress since my last.

We left Milan at midnight, and arrived the next evening at Turin before the shutting of the gates. All the approaches to that city are magnificent. It is situated at the bottom of the Alps, in a fine plain watered by the Po. Most of the streets are well built, uniform, clean, straight, and terminating on some agreeable object. The Strada di Po, leading to the palace, the finest and largest in the city, is adorned with porticoes equally beautiful and convenient. The four gates are also highly ornamental. There can be no more agreeable walk than that around the ramparts. The fortifications are regular and in good repair, and the citadel is reckoned one of the strongest in Europe. The royal palace and the gardens are admired by some. The apartments display neatness, rather than magnificence. The rooms are small, but numerous. The furniture is rich and elegant; even the floors attract attention, and must peculiarly strike strangers who come from Rome and Bologna; they are curiously inlaid with various kinds of wood, and kept always in a state of shin-

ing brightness. The pictures, statues, and antiquities in the palace are of great value; of the former there are some by the greatest masters, but those of the Flemish school predominate.

No royal family in Europe are more rigid observers of the laws of etiquette, than that of Sardinia; all their movements are uniform and invariable. The hour of rising, of going to mass, of taking the air; every thing is regulated like clock-work. Those illustrious persons must have a vast fund of natural good-humour, to enable them to persevere in such a wearisome routine, and support their spirits under such a continued weight of oppressive formality.

We had the satisfaction of seeing them all at mass; but as the duke of Hamilton grows more impatient to get to England the nearer we approach it, he declined being presented at court, and we left Turin two days after our arrival.

We stopped a few hours, during the heat of the day, at a small village, called St. Ambrose, two or three posts from Turin. I never experienced more intense heat than during this day, while we were tantalized with a view of the snow on the top of the Alps, which seem to overhang this place, though, in reality, they are some leagues distant. While we remained at St. Ambrose there was a grand procession. All the men, women, and children, who were able to crawl, attended; several old women carried crucifixes, others pictures of the saint, or flags fixed to the ends of long poles; they seemed to have some difficulty in wielding them, yet the good old women tottered along as happy as so many young ensigns the first time they bend under the regimental colours. Four men, carrying a box upon their shoulders, walked before the rest. I asked what the box contained, and was informed by a sagacious looking old man, that it contained the bones of St. John. I inquired if all the saint's bones were there; he assured me, that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting: 'Because,' continued I, 'I have seen a considerable num-

ber of bones in different parts of Italy, which are said to be the bones of St. John.' He smiled at my simplicity, and said the world was full of imposition; but nothing could be more certain, than that those in the box were the true bones of the saint; he had remembered them ever since he was a child—and his father, when on his death-bed, had told him, on the *word of a dying man*, that they belonged to St. John and no other body.

At Novalezza, a village at the bottom of Mount Cenis, our carriages were taken to pieces, and delivered to muleteers to be carried to Lanebourg. I had bargained with the vitturino, before we left Turin, for our passage over the mountain in the chairs commonly used on such occasions. The fellow had informed us there was no possibility of going in any other manner; but when we came to this place, I saw no difficulty in being carried up by mules, which we all preferred, to the great satisfaction of our knavish conductor, who thereby saved the expense of one half the chairmen, for whose labour he was already paid.

We rode up this mountain, which has been described in such formidable terms, with great ease. At the top there is a fine verdant plain of five or six miles in length; we halted at an inn, called Santa Croce, where Piedmont ends and Savoy begins. Here we were regaled with fried trout, catched in a large lake within sight, from which the river Doria arises, which runs to Turin in conjunction with the Po. Though we ascend no higher than this plain, which is the summit of Mount Cenis, the mountains around are much higher; in passing the plain we felt the air so keen, that we were glad to have recourse to our great-coats; which, at the bottom of the hill, we had considered as a very superfluous part of our baggage. I had a great deal of conversation in passing the mountain with a poor boy, who accompanied us from Novalezza to take back the mules; he told me he could neither read nor write, and had never been farther than Suza on one side of the mountain, and Laneburg on the other. He spoke four languages, Piedmontese, which is his native lan-

guage: this is a kind of Patois very different from Italian; the Patois of the peasants of Savoy, which is equally different from French; he also spoke Italian and French wonderfully well; the second he had learnt from the Savoyard chairmen, and the two last from Italian and French travellers whom he has accompanied over Mount Cenis, where he has passed his life hitherto, and which he seems to have no desire of leaving. If you chance to be consulted by any parent who inclines to send their sons abroad merely that they may be removed from London, and acquire modern languages in the most economical manner, you now know what place to recommend. In none where opportunities for this branch of education are equal, is living cheaper than at Mount Cenis, and I know nothing in which it has any resemblance to London, except that it stands on much the same quantity of ground. I asked this boy, why he did not learn English.—He had all the inclination in the world.—Why don't you learn it then as well as French?' 'On attrape le François, monsieur, bon gré, mal gré,' answered he, 'mais messieurs les Anglois parlent peu.'

When we arrived at the north side of the mountain we dismissed our mules, and had recourse to our Alpian chairs and chairmen. The chairs are constructed in the simplest manner, and perfectly answer the purpose for which they are intended. The chairmen are strong-made, nervous, little fellows. One of them was betrothed to a girl at Lanebourg, and was to be married that evening. I could not, in conscience, permit him to have any part in carrying me, but directly appointed him to Jack's chair. The young fellow presented us all with ribands, which we wore in our hats in honour of the bride. 'Are you very fond of your mistress, friend?' said I. 'Il faut que je l'aime beaucoup,' answered he; 'puisque, pauvre garçon comme me voila, je donne trente livres au prêtre pour nous marier. To tax matrimony, and oblige the people who *beget and maintain* children to pay to those who *maintain* none, seems bad policy; and it is surprising that a prince who attends so minutely, as his Sardinian majesty,

to the welfare of his subjects, does not remedy so great an abuse.

As our carriers jogged zig-zag according to the course of the road, down the mountain, they laughed and sung all the way. 'How comes it,' said I to the duke, 'that chairmen are generally merrier than those they carry? To hear these fellows without seeing them, one would imagine that *we* had the laborious part, while *they* sat at their ease.' 'True,' answered he; 'and the same person might conclude, on hearing the bridegroom sing so cheerfully, that we were just going to be married, and not he. We arrived in a short time at the inn at Lanebourg, nothing having surprised me so much in the passage of this mountain, the difficulty and danger of which has been greatly exaggerated by travellers, as the facility with which we achieved it.

As soon as the scattered members of our carriages were joined together, we proceeded on our journey. The road is never level, but a continued ascent and descent along the side of high mountains. We sometimes saw villages situated at a vast height above us; at other times they were seen with difficulty in the vales, at an immense depth below us. The village of Modane stands in a hollow, surrounded by stupendous mountains. It began to grow dark when we descended from a great height into this hollow; we could only perceive the rugged summits, and sides of the mountains which encircle the village, but not the village itself, or any part of the plain at the bottom; we therefore seemed descending from the surface, by a dark abyss leading to the centre of the globe. We arrived safe at Modane, however, for the road is good in every respect, steepness excepted. Next morning we continued our course, by a miserable place called La Chambre, to Aiguebelle, a village of much the same description. According to some authors, this was the road by which Hannibal led his army into Italy. They assert, that the plain at the summit of Mount Cenis was the place where he rested his army for four days, and from which he showed

his soldiers the fertile plains of Italy, and encouraged them to persevere: others assert that he led his army into Italy by Mount St. Bernard. This is a discussion into which I am not qualified to enter; but General Melville, a gentleman of learning, probity, and great professional merit, in his way to Italy, where he now is, endeavoured to trace the route of the Carthagenian army with great attention; and imagines he has been successful in his researches. He has also ascertained the spots on which some of the most memorable battles were fought, by carefully comparing the description of Polybius, and other authors, with the fields of battle, and has detected many mistakes, which have prevailed on this curious subject; every where supporting his own hypothesis by arguments which none but one who has carefully perused the various authors, and examined the ground with a soldier's eye, could adduce. The same gentleman has likewise made some observations relating to the arms of the ancient Romans, and their tactics in general, which are equally new and ingenious, and which, it is hoped, he will in due time give to the public.

We arrived at the inn at Aiguebelle just in time to avoid an excessive storm of thunder and rain, which lasted with great violence through the whole night. Those who have never heard thunder in a very mountainous country, can form no idea of the loudness, repetition, and length of the peals we heard this night. Many of the inhabitants of those mountains have never seen better houses than their own huts, or any other country than the Alps. What a rugged, boisterous piece of work must they take this world to be!

I fancy you have by this time had enough of mountains and valleys, so if you please we shall skip over Montmelian to Chamberry, where we arrived the same day on which we left Aiguebelle. To-morrow we shall sleep at Geneva. I did not expect much sleep this night from the thoughts of it, and therefore have sat up almost till day-break writing this letter.

LETTER LXXXI.

Besancon,

THE duke of Hamilton went some weeks ago to visit an acquaintance in one of the provinces of France. As I inclined rather to pass that time at Geneva, we agreed to meet at Paris, whither Jack and I are thus far on our way. I must now fairly confess that I found myself so happy with my kind friends the Genevois, that I could not spare an hour from their company to write to you or any correspondent, unless on indispensable business. I might also plead, that you yourself have been in some measure the cause of my being seduced from my pen. In your last letter, which I found waiting for me at the post-house of Geneva, you mention a late publication in terms that gave me a curiosity to see it; and an English gentleman, who had the only copy which has as yet reached that city, was so obliging as to lend it me. The hours which I usually allot to sleep, were all I had in my power to pass alone; and they were very considerably abridged by this admirable performance. The extensive reading there displayed, the perspicuity with which historical facts are related, the new light in which many of them are placed, the depth of the reflections, and the dignity and nervous force of the language, all announce the hand of a master. If the author lives to complete his arduous undertaking, he will do more to dissipate the historical darkness which overshadows the middle ages, give a clearer *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and fill up, in a more satisfactory manner, the long interval between ancient and modern history, than all the writers who have preceded him. This accounts for my long silence. You see I resume my pen the very first opportunity, after the causes I have assigned for it are removed, which ought to give the more weight to my apology.

As I have frequently been at Lyons, I chose, on this occasion, to return to Paris by Franche Comté and Champagne. We accordingly set out very early yesterday

morning, and were by no means in high spirits when we left Geneva, and passed along the side of the lake, through the Pais de Vaud. The beauties of that country, though they astonish at first sight, yet, like the characters of the inhabitants, they improve on intimacy. Every time I have looked at the lake of Geneva, and its delightful environs, I have discovered something new to admire. As I entered the canton of Bern, I often turned about, and at last withdrew my eyes from those favourite objects, with an emotion similar to what you feel on taking leave of a friend, whom you have reason to think you shall never see again.

The first place we came to, on entering France from the canton of Bern, is a poor little town on an hill; I forget its name. While the postillion stopped to put something to rights about the harness, I stepped into a shop where they sold wooden shoes; and in the course of my conversation with a peasant, who had just purchased a pair for himself, and another for his wife, he said, 'les Bernois sont bien à leur aise, monsieur, pendant que nous autres François vivons tres durement, et cependant les Bernois sont des hérétiques.' 'Voilà,' said an old woman, who sat in a corner reading her breviary; 'voilà,' said she, taking off her spectacles, and laying her beads on the book, 'ce que je trouve incompréhensible.'

This was, however, at the extremity of France, and in a province lately acquired; for it must be confessed, that it is not common for the French to imagine that any country whatever has the advantage of theirs in any one circumstance; and they certainly are not so apt to grumble as some of their neighbours, who have less reason. When I was last at Geneva, a French hairdresser——Let me entreat you not to shewt his to your friend ——, who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company. He would pshaw, and curse my poor peasants, and old women, and hairdressers, and accuse me of being too fond of such low company.

As for the old women, I am much mistaken if there

are not at least as many to be found of both sexes in high life as in low; for the others, I declare I have no particular affection, but I am fond of strokes of nature and character, and must look for them where they are to be found. I introduce the present hairdresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge. This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at Geneva; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed. 'Do you not think,' said I, that people may live very happily in that country?' 'Mais—pour cela oui, monsieur.' 'Do you think, then, they *are* happy?' 'Pour cela, non, monsieur.' 'Can you guess at the reason why they are not, though they have so much reason to be so?' 'Oui, monsieur, elle est toute simple.' 'Pray what is the reason they are not happy?' 'C'est, qu'ils ne sont pas destinés à l'etre.'

A very genteel young man, a Genevois, happened to call on me, for two minutes, while this friseur was with me. The young gentleman had passed some time at Paris, and was dressed exactly in the Parisian taste. 'He has much the air of one of your countrymen,' said I to the Frenchman, as soon as the other had left the room.

'Mon Dieu! quelle différence,' cried the friseur. 'For my part, I can see none,' said I. 'Monsieur,' resumed he, 'soyez persuadé qu'aucun Genevois ne sera jamais pris pour un François.' 'There are certainly some *petit-maitres* to be found in this town,' said I. 'Pardonnez moi,' replied he, 'ils ne sont que petit-maîtres manqués.'

'Did you ever see an Englishman,' said I, 'who might pass for a Frenchman?' 'Jamais de la vie, monsieur!' replied he, with an accent of astonishment.

'Suppose him,' said I, 'a man of quality?' 'N'importe.'

'But,' continued I, 'suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well made, that he had been educated by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French tailor, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris?' 'C'est beaucoup, monsieur, mais ce n'est pas assez.'

'What!' exclaimed I, 'would you still know him to be an Englishman?' 'Assurément, monsieur.'

'What! before he spoke?' 'Au premier coup d'œil, monsieur.'

'The devil you would; but how?' 'C'est que messieurs les Anglois ont un air—une manière de se présenter—un—que sais-je moi—vous m'entendez bien, monsieur—un certain air si Gau——'

'Quel air, maraud?' 'Enfin un air qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur,' said he rapidly, 'mais que le diable m'emporte si c'est l'air François.'

To-morrow I shall take a view of this town, and proceed immediately after breakfast to Paris: meanwhile I wish you very heartily good night.

LETTER LXXXII.

Paris.

I MADE a longer stay at Besançon than I intended, and am now about to inform you what detained me. The morning after the date of my last, as I returned to the inn from the parade, where I had been to see the troops, I met a servant of the marquis de F——, who ran up to me the moment he knew me, and, in a breath, told me, that his master was at Besançon; that he had been exceedingly ill, and thought, by the physicians, in great danger; but his complaint having terminated in an ague, they had now the strongest hopes of his recovery. I desired to be conducted immediately to him.

I found the marquis alone; pale, languid, and greatly emaciated. He expressed, however, equal pleasure and

surprise at this unexpected visit; said, he had been in danger of making a very long journey, and added, with a smile, that no man had ever set out with less inclination, for he hated travelling alone, and this was the only journey he could ever take, without wishing some of his friends to accompany him. He rejoiced, therefore, that he had been recalled in time to meet me before I should pass on to Paris. 'But tell me,' continued he, 'for I have ten thousand questions to ask—but let us take things in order; eh bien, donnez nous donc des nouvelles du Pape? On nous a dit que vous aviez passé par la ceremonie de la Pantoufle. Ne pourroit on pas pendre au tragique une misère comme cela chez vous où le saint Pere passe pour une *Babylonienne* de mauvaise vie?' Before I could make any answer I chanced to turn my eyes upon a person whom I had not before observed, who sat very gravely upon a chair in a corner of the room, with a large periwig in full dress upon his head.

The marquis, seeing my surprise at the sight of this unknown person, after a very hearty fit of laughter, begged pardon for not having introduced me sooner to that gentleman, (who was no other than a large monkey), and then told me, he had the honour of being attended by a physician, who had the reputation of possessing the greatest skill, and who *certainly* wore the largest periwigs of any doctor in the province. That one morning, while he was writing a prescription at his bed-side, this same monkey had catched hold of his periwig by one of the knots, and instantly made the best of his way out at the window to the roof of a neighbouring house, from which post he could not be dislodged, till the doctor, having lost patience, had sent home for another wig, and never after could be prevailed on to accept of this, which had been so much disgraced. That, *enfin*, his valet, to whom the monkey belonged, had, ever since that adventure, obliging the culprit, by way of punishment, to sit quietly for an hour every morning, with the periwig on his head.—Et pendant ces moments de tranquilité je suis honoré de la société du

vénérable personage. Then addressing himself to the monkey, 'Adieu, mon ami, pour aujourdhui—au plaisir de vous revoir;' and the servant immediately carried Monsieur le Medecin out of the room.

Afraid that the marquis might be the worse for talking so much, I attempted to withdraw, promising to return in the evening; but this I could not get him to comply with. He assured me, that nothing did him so much harm as holding his tongue; and that the most excessive headach he had ever had in his life, was owing to his having been two hours without speaking, when he made his addresses to Madam de ——; who could never forgive those who broke in upon the thread of her discourse, and whom he *lost* after all, by uttering a few sentences before she could recover her breath after a fit of sneezing. In most people's discourse, added he, a sneeze passes for a full stop. 'Mais dans le Caquet eternel de cette femme ce n'est qu'un virgule.'

I then inquired after my friends Dubois and Fanchon. —He told me, that his mother had settled them at her house in the country, where she herself chose, of late, to pass at least one half of the year; that Dubois was of great service to her, in the quality of steward, and she had taken a strong affection for Fanchon, and that both husband and wife were loved and esteemed by the whole neighbourhood. 'I once,' continued the marquis, 'proposed to Fanchon, en badinant, to make a trip to Paris, for she must be tired of so much solitude.' 'Have I not my husband?' said she. 'Your husband is not company,' rejoined I; 'your husband, you know, is yourself.' 'What do you think was her answer?' 'Elle m'a répondu,' continued the marquis, 'ah, monsieur le marquis, plus on s'éloigne de soi-même, plus on s'écarte du bonheur.'

In the progress of our conversation, I inquired about the lady to whom he was to have been married, when the match was so abruptly broken off by her father. He told me, the old gentleman's behaviour was explained a short time after our departure from Paris, by his daughter's

marriage to a man of great fortune; but whose taste, character, and turn of mind were essentially different from those of the young lady. 'I suppose then,' said I, 'she appeared indifferent about him from the beginning.' 'Pardonnez moi,' replied the marquis, 'au commencement elle joua la belle passion pour son mari, jusqu'à scandaliser le monde, peu à peu elle devint plus raisonable, et sur cet article les deux epoux jouèrent bientôt à fortune égale, à présent ils s'amusent à se chicaner de petites contradictions qui jettent plus d'amertume dans le commerce que de torts décidés.'

'Did you ever renew your acquaintance?'

'Je ne pouvois faire autrement, elle a marqué quelques petits regrets de m'avoir traité si cruellement.'

'And how did you like her,' said I, 'on farther acquaintance?'

'Je lui ai trouvé,' answered he, 'tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter dans *la femme d'un autre*.'

The marquis, feeling himself a little cold, and rising from the sopha to ring for some wood, had a view of the street. 'O oh,' cried he, looking earnestly through the window, 'regardez, regardez cet homme.'—'Quel homme?' said I. 'Cet homme à gros ventre,' said he; and while he spoke, his teeth began to chatter. 'Ah, Diable, voilà mon chien d'acces—cet homme qui marche comme un Di—Di—Dindon, c'est l'aumonier du regiment.' I begged he would allow himself to be put to bed, for by this time he was all over shivering with the violence of the ague.

'Non, non, ce n'est rien,' said he, 'il faut absolument que je vous conte cette histoire. Cet homme qui s'engraisse en nettoy—nett—et—et—en nettoyant l'ame de mes soldats, faisoit les yeux doux à la femme d'un Ca—Ca—Caporal—Diantre je n'en peux plus. Adieu, mon ami, c'est la plus plaisante hist—sis—peste! demandez mes gens.'

He was put to bed directly. I found the court below full of soldiers, who had come to inquire after their colonel. Before I had reached the street, the marquis's va-

let-de-chambre overtook me, le ris sur la bouche, et les larmes aux yeux, with a message from his master.

The soldiers crowded about us, with anxiety on all their countenances. I assured them, there was no danger; that their colonel would be well within a very few days. This was heard with every mark of joy, and they dispersed, to communicate the good news to their comrades.

'Ah, monsieur,' said the valet, addressing himself to me, 'il est tant aimé de ces braves Garçon! et il merite si bien de l'être!'

Next day he looked better, and was in his usual spirits; the day following, he was still better; and having taken a proper quantity of the bark during the interval, he had no return of the fever. As he has promised to continue the use of the bark, in sufficient doses, for some time, and as relapses are not frequent at this season of the year, I am persuaded the affair is over, and that he will gradually gain strength till he is perfectly recovered.

He received me with less gaiety than usual, the day on which I took my leave, and used many obliging expressions, which, however you may smile, I am entirely disposed to believe were sincere; for

> Altho' the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp,
> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning.
> ——— Why should the poor be flattered?

Just as I was returning, we heard the music of the troops marching off the parade.—'Apropos,' cried he, 'How do your affairs go on with your colonies?' I said, I hoped every thing would be arranged and settled very soon.

'Ne croyez vous pas,' said he, 'que ces messieurs, pointing to the troops which then passed below the window, 'pourroient entrer pour quelque chose dans l'arrangement?'

I said, I did not imagine the Americans were such

fools as to break all connection with their friends, and then risk falling into the power of their enemies.

'Ill me semble,' answered he, 'que ces messieurs font assezpeu de cas de votre amitié, et aussi, quand vous aurez prouvé qu'ils ont tort, il ne s'en suivra pas que vous ayiez toujours eu raison.' 'Allons,' continued he, seeing that I looked a little grave, 'point d'humeur;' then seizing my hand, 'permettez moi, je vous prie, d'aimer les Anglois sans haïr les Américains.'

I soon after parted with this amiable Frenchman, whose gaiety, wit, and agreeable manners, if I may judge from my own experience, represent the character and disposition of great numbers of his countrymen.

After a very agreeable journey by Gray, Langres, and Troyes, we arrived at this capital a few days ago.

LETTER LXXXIIII.

Paris.

ALTHOUGH it is a considerable time since my arrival, yet, as you made so long a stay at Paris while we were in Germany, I could not think of resuming my observations on the manners of this gay metropolis. It has been said, that those times are the most interesting to read of, which were the most disagreeable to live in. So I find the places in which it is most agreeable to reside, are precisely those from which we have the least inclination to write. There are so many resources at Paris, that it always requires a great effort to write letters, of any considerable length, from such a place. This is peculiarly my case at present, as I have the happiness of passing great part of my time with Mr. Andrew Stuart, whom I found at this hotel on my arrival. The integrity, candour, and ability, of that gentleman's conduct, during a long residence, have procured him a great number of friends in this capital, and have established a character which calumny attempted in vain to overthrow. Now that I have resolution to take up my pen, I shall endeavour to clear the debt for which

you dun me so unmercifully. I own, I am surprised, that you should require my opinion on the uses of foreign travel, after perusing, as you must have done, the Dialogues lately published by an eminent divine, equally distinguished for his learning and taste. But as I know what makes you peculiarly solicitous on that subject at present, I shall give you my sentiments, such as they are, without farther hesitation.

I cannot help thinking, that a young man of fortune may spend a few years to advantage, in travelling through some of the principal countries of Europe, provided the tour be well-timed, and well-conducted; and, without these, what part of education can be of use?

In a former letter, I gave my reasons for preferring the plan of education at the public schools of England, to any other now in use at home or abroad. After the young person has acquired the fundamental parts of learning, which are taught at schools, he will naturally be removed to some university. One of the most elegant and most ingenious writers of the present age has, in his Inquiry into the causes of the Wealth of Nations, pointed out many deficiences in those seminaries. What that gentleman has said on this subject, may possibly have some effect in bringing about an improvement. But, with all their deficiences, it must be acknowledged, that no universities have produced a greater number of men distinguished for polite literature, and eminent for science, than those of England. If a young man has, previously, acquired the habit of application, and a taste for learning, he will certainly find the means of improvement there; and, without these, I know not where he will make any progress in literature. But whatever plan is adopted, whether the young man studies at the university, or at home with private teachers, while he is studying with diligence and alacrity, it would be doing him a most essential injury, to interrupt him by a premature expedition to the continent, from an idea of his acquiring the graces, elegance of manner, or any of the accomplishments which

travelling is supposed to give. Literature is preferable to all other accomplishments, and the men of rank who possess it, have a superiority over those who do not, let their graces be what they may, which the latter feel and envy, while they affect to despise.

According to this plan, a youth, properly educated, will seldom begin his foreign tour before the age of twenty; if it is a year or two later there will be no harm.

This is the age, it may be said, when young men of fortune endeavour to get into parliament: it is so; but if they should remain out of parliament till they are a few years older, the affairs of the nation might possibly go on as well.

It may also be said, if the tour is deferred till the age of twenty, the youth will not, after that period of life, attain the modern languages in perfection. Nor will he acquire that easy manner, and fine address, which are only caught by an early acquaintance with courts, and the assemblies of the gay and elegant. This is true to a certain degree; but the answer is, that by remaining at home, and applying to the pursuits of literature, he will make more valuable attainments.

I am at a loss what to say about those same graces; it is certainly desirable to possess them, but they must come, as it were, spontaneously, or they will not come at all. They sometimes appear as volunteers, but cannot be pressed into any service; and those who shew the greatest anxiety about them, are the least likely to attain them. I should be cautious, therefore, of advising a young man to study them either at home or abroad with much solicitude. Students of the graces are, generally, the most abominably affected fellows in the world. I have seen *one* of them make a whole company squeamish.

Though the pert familiarity of French children would not become an English boy, yet it merits the earliest and the utmost attention to prevent or conquer that awkward timidity which so often oppresses the latter when he comes into company. The timidity I speak of, is entirely differ-

ent from modesty. I have seen the most impudent boys I ever knew, almost convulsed with constraint in the presence of strangers, or when they were required to pronounce a single sentence of civility. But it was only on such occasions they were bashful. Among their companions or inferiors, they were saucy, rude, and boisterous.

If boys of this description *only* were liable to bashfulness, it would be a pity to remove it. But although this quality is distinct from modesty, it is not incompatible with it. Boys of the most modest and most amiable disposition are often overwhelmed with it; from them it ought to be removed, if it can be done, without endangering that modesty which is so great an ornament to youth, and indeed to every period of life. This, surely, may be done in England, as well as in any other country; but it is too much neglected: many consider it as a matter of no importance, or that it will wear off by time. We see it, however, often annihilate, and always impair the effect of the greatest and most useful talents. After the care of forming the heart by the principles of benevolence and integrity, perhaps one of the most important parts of education is, to habituate a boy to behave with modesty, but without restraint, and to retain the full possession of all his faculties in any company.

To attain, betimes, that ease and elegance of manner, which travelling is supposed to bestow, and that the young gentleman may become perfectly master of the modern languages, some have thought of mixing the two plans; and, instead of allowing him to prosecute his studies at home, sending him abroad, immediately on his coming from school, on the supposition that, with the assistance of a tutor and foreign professors, he will proceed in the study of philosophy, and other branches of literature, during the three or four years which are employed in the usual tour. It will not be denied, that a young man who has made good use of his time at school and at the university, who has acquired such a taste for science as to consider its pursuits as a pleasure, and not a task, may, even dur-

ing his travels, mix the study of men with that of books, and continue to make progress in the latter, when the greater part of his time is dedicated to the former. But that such a taste will, for *the first time*, spring up in the breast of a boy of sixteen or seveenteen, amidst the dissipation of theatres, reviews, processions, balls, and assemblies, is of all things the least probable.

Others, who think lightly of the importance of what is usually called science to a young man of rank and fortune, still contend, that a knowledge of history, which they admit may be of some use *even to men of fortune*, can certainly be acquired during the years of travelling. But what sort of a knowledge will it be which a boy, in such a situation, will acquire? Not that which Lord Bolingbroke calls philosophy, teaching by examples, a proper conduct in the various situations of public and private life, but merely a succession of reigns, of battles, and sieges, stored up in the memory without reflection or application. I remember a young gentleman, whom a strong and retentive memory of such events often set a prating very mal-a-propos; one of his companions expressed much surprise at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up such a store. 'Why, truly,' replied he, with frankness, 'it is all owing to my bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up such an unconscionable time in dressing my hair, that I am glad to read to keep me from fretting; and as there are no newspapers, or magazines, to be had in this country, I have been driven to history, which answers nearly as well.'

But it sometimes happens, that young men who are far behind their contemporaries in every kind of literature, are wonderfully advanced in the knowledge of the town, so as to vie with the oldest professors in London, and endanger their own health by the ardour of their application. The sooner such premature youths are separated from the connections they have formed in the metropolis, the better; and as it will not be easy to persuade them to live in any other part of Great Britain, it will be necessary

to send them abroad. But, instead of being carried to courts and capitals, the best plan for them will be, to fix them in some provincial town of France or Switzerland, where they may have a chance of improving, not so much by new attainments, as by unlearning or forgetting what they have already acquired.

After a young man has employed his time to advantage at a public school, and has continued his application to various branches of science till the age of twenty, you ask, what are the advantages he is likely to reap from a tour abroad?

He will see mankind more at large, and in numberless situations and points of view, in which they cannot appear in Great Britain, or any one country. By comparing the various customs and usages, and hearing the received opinions of different countries, his mind will be enlarged. He will be enabled to correct the theoretical notions he may have formed of human nature, by the practical knowledge of men. By contemplating their various religions, laws, and government, *in action*, as it were, and observing the effects they produce on the minds and characters of the people, he will be able to form a juster estimate of their value than otherwise he could have done. He will see the natives of other countries, not as he sees them in England, mere idle spectators, but busily employed in their various characters, as actors on their own proper stage. He will gradually improve in the knowledge of *character*, not of Englishmen only, but of men in general; he will cease to be deceived either by the varnish with which men are apt to heighten their own actions, or the dark colours in which they, too often, paint those of others. He will learn to distinguish the real from the ostensible motive of men's words and behaviour. Finally, by being received with hospitality, conversing familiarly, and living in the reciprocal exchange of good offices with those whom he considered as enemies, or in some unfavourable point of view, the sphere of his benevolence and goodwill to his brethren of mankind will gradually enlarge.

His friendships extending beyond the limits of his own country, will embrace characters congenial with his own in other nations. Seas, mountains, rivers, are *geographical* boundaries, but never limited the good-will or esteem of one liberal mind. As for his manner, though it will probably not be so janty as if he had been bred in France from his earliest youth, yet that also will in some degree be improved.

However persuaded he may be of the advantages enjoyed by the people of England, he will see the harshness and impropriety of insulting the natives of other countries with an ostentatious enumeration of those advantages; he will perceive how odious those travellers make themselves, who laugh at the religion, ridicule the customs, and insult the police of the countries through which they pass, and who never fail to insinuate to the inhabitants that they are all slaves and bigots. Such bold Britons we have sometimes met with, *fighting* their way through Europe, who, by their continued broils and disputes, would lead one to imagine that the angel of the Lord had pronounced on each of them the same denunciation which he did on Ishmael the son of Abraham, by his handmaid Hagar. 'And he will be a wild man, and his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.'* If the same unsocial disposition should creep into our politics, it might arm all the powers in Europe against Great Britain, before she gets clear of her unhappy contest with America. A young man, whose mind has been formed as it ought, before he goes abroad, when he sees many individuals preserve personal dignity in spite of arbitrary government, an independent mind amidst poverty, liberal and philosophic sentiments amidst bigotry and superstition; must naturally have the highest esteem for such characters, and allow them more merit than those even of his own country, who think and act in the same manner in less unfavourable circumstances.

Besides these advantages, a young man of fortune, by

* Vide Genesis, chap. xvi, verse 12.

spending a few years abroad, will gratify a natural and laudable curiosity, and pass a certain portion of his life in an agreeable manner. He will form an acquaintance with that boasted nation, whose superior taste and politeness are universally acknowledged; whose fashions and language are adopted by all Europe: and who, in science, power, and commerce, are the rivals of Great Britain. He will have opportunities of observing the political constitution of the German empire; that complex body, formed by a confederacy of princes, ecclesiastics, and free cities, comprehending countries of vast extent, inhabited by a hardy race of men, distinguished for solid sense and integrity, who, without having equalled their sprightlier neighbours in works of taste or imagination, have shewn what prodigious efforts of application the human mind is capable of in the severest and least amusing studies, and whose armies exhibit at present the most perfect models of military discipline. In contemplating these, he will naturally consider, whether those armies tend most to the aggrandizement of the monarch, or to defend or preserve any thing to the people who maintain them, and the soldiers who compose them, equivalent to the vast expense of money, and the still greater quantity of misery which they occasion.

Viewing the remains of Roman taste and magnificence, he will feel a thousand emotions of the most interesting nature, while those whose minds are not, like his, stored with classical knowledge, gaze with tasteless wonder, or phlegmatic indifference; and, exclusive of those monuments of antiquity, he will naturally desire to be acquainted with the present inhabitants of a country, which at different periods has produced men who, by one means or another, have distinguished themselves so eminently from their contemporaries of other nations. At one period, having subdued the world by the wisdom and firmness of their councils, and the disciplined vigour of their armies, Rome became at once the seat of empire, learning, and the arts.

After the northern barbarians had destroyed the overgrown fabric of Roman power, a new empire, of a more singular nature, gradually arose from its ruins, artfully extending its influence over the minds of men, till the princes of Europe were at length as much controlled by the bulls of the Vatican, as their ancestors had been by the decrees of the senate.

Commerce also, which rapine and slaughter had frightened from Europe, returned, and joined with superstition in drawing the riches of all the neighbouring nations to Italy. And, at a subsequent period, learning, bursting through the clouds of ignorance which overshadowed mankind, again shone forth in the same country, bringing in her train, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, all of which have been cultivated with the greatest success; and the three last brought, by the inhabitants of this country, to a degree of excellence unequalled by the natives of any other country of the world. When to these considerations we add, that there is reason to believe that this country had arrived at a greater degree of perfection in the arts before the beginning of the Roman republic, we are almost tempted to believe, that local and physical causes have a considerable influence in rendering the mind more acute in this country of Italy, than any where else; and that if the infinite political disadvantages under which it labours were removed, and the whole of this peninsula united in one state, it would again resume its superiority over other nations.

Lastly, by visiting other countries, a subject of Great Britain will acquire a greater esteem than ever for the constitution of his own. Freed from vulgar prejudices, he will perceive, that the blessings and advantages which his countrymen enjoy, do not flow from their superiority in wisdom, courage, or virtue, over the other nations of the world, but, in some degree, from the peculiarity of their situation in an island; and, above all, from those just and equitable laws which secure property, that mild free government, which abhors tyranny, protects the

meanest subject, and leaves the mind of man to its own exertions, unrestrained by those arbitrary, capricious, and impolitic shackles, which confine and weaken its noblest endeavours in almost ever other country of the world. This animates industry, creates fertility, and scatters plenty over the boisterous island of Great Britain, with a profusion unknown in the neighbouring nations, who behold with astonishment such numbers of British subjects, of both sexes, and of all ages, roaming discontented through the lands of despotism, in search of that happiness, which, if satiety and the wanton restlessness of wealth would permit, they have a much better prospect of enjoying in their own country.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est.*

* If they, who through the vent'rous ocean range,
Not their own passions, but the climate change,
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.

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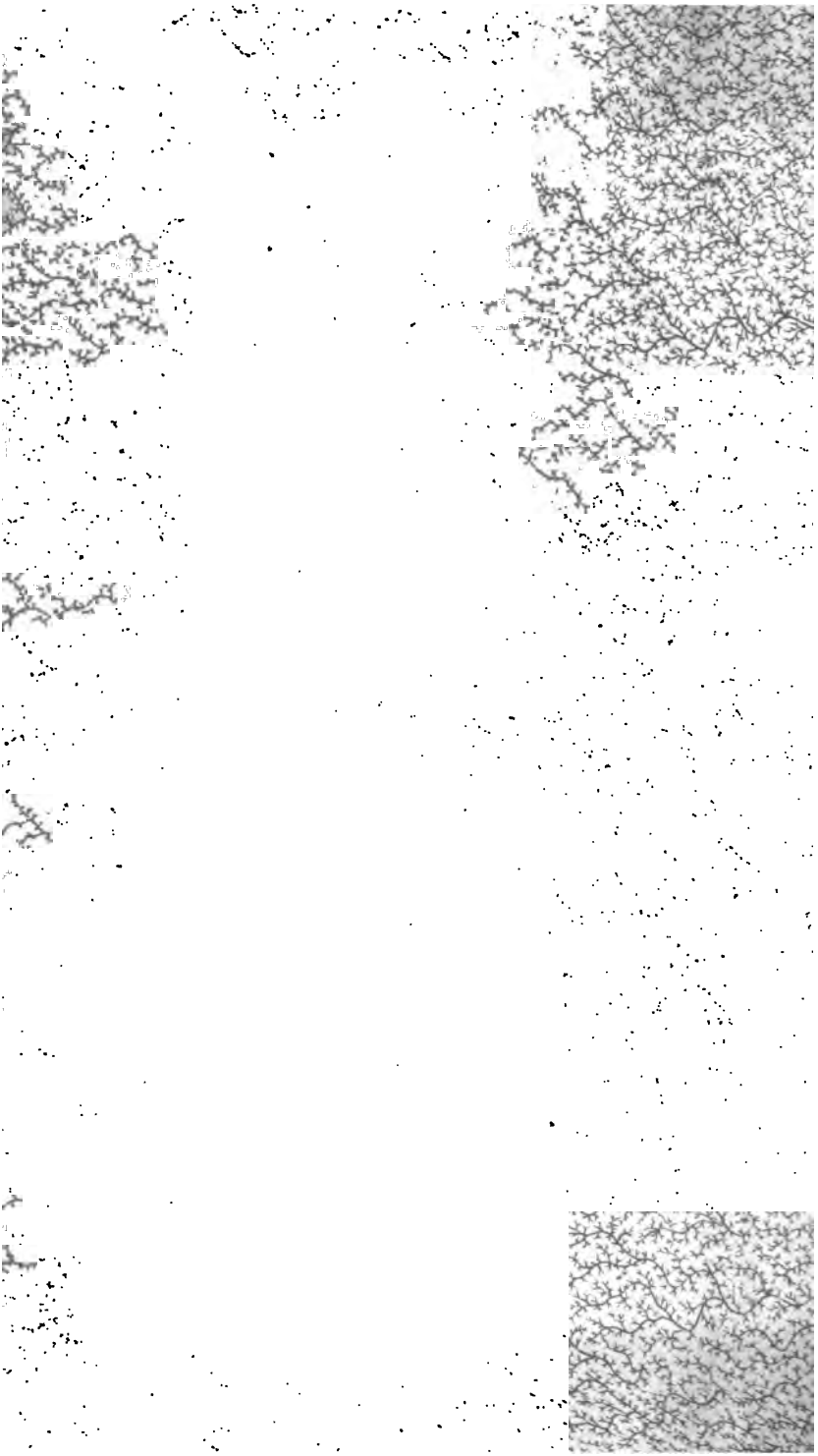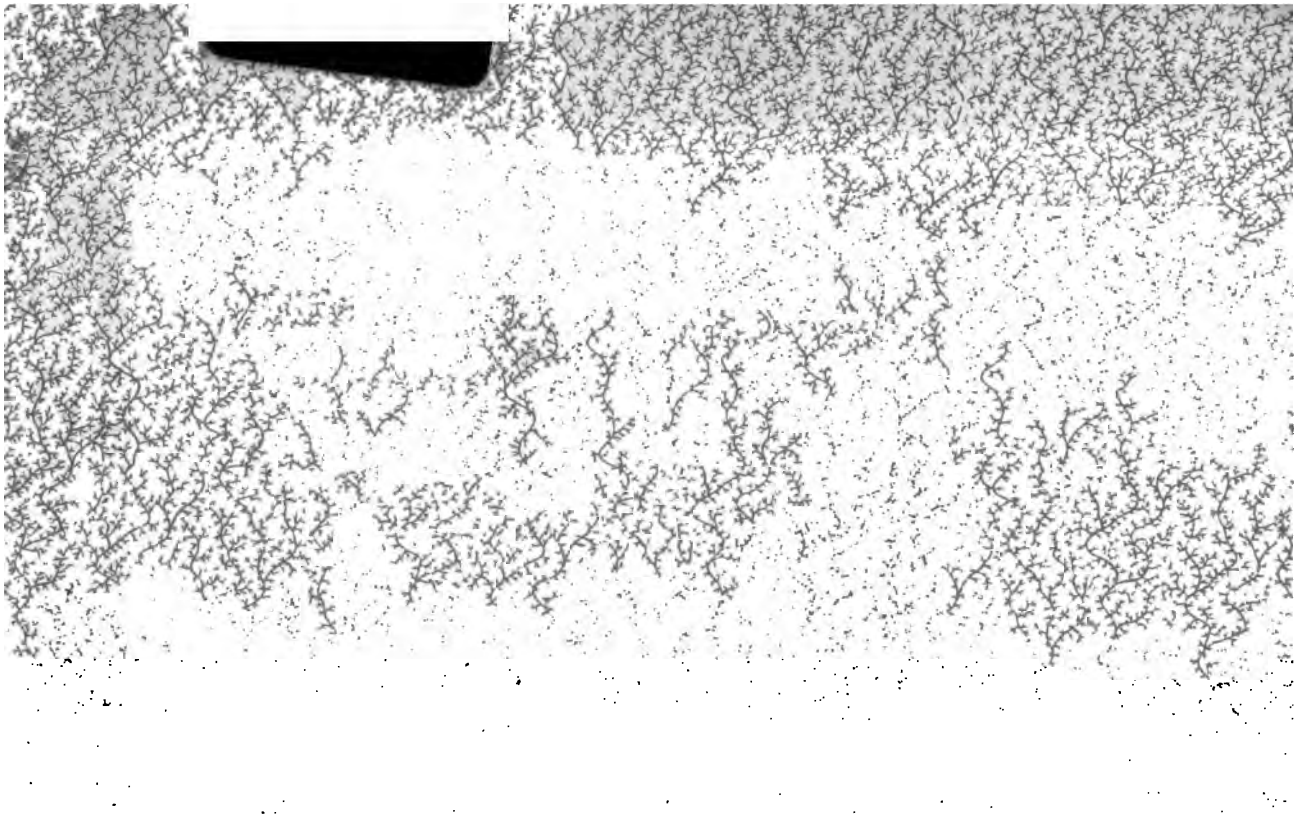
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